OLD WEST

Summer, 1967

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Frontier Times
OLD WEST
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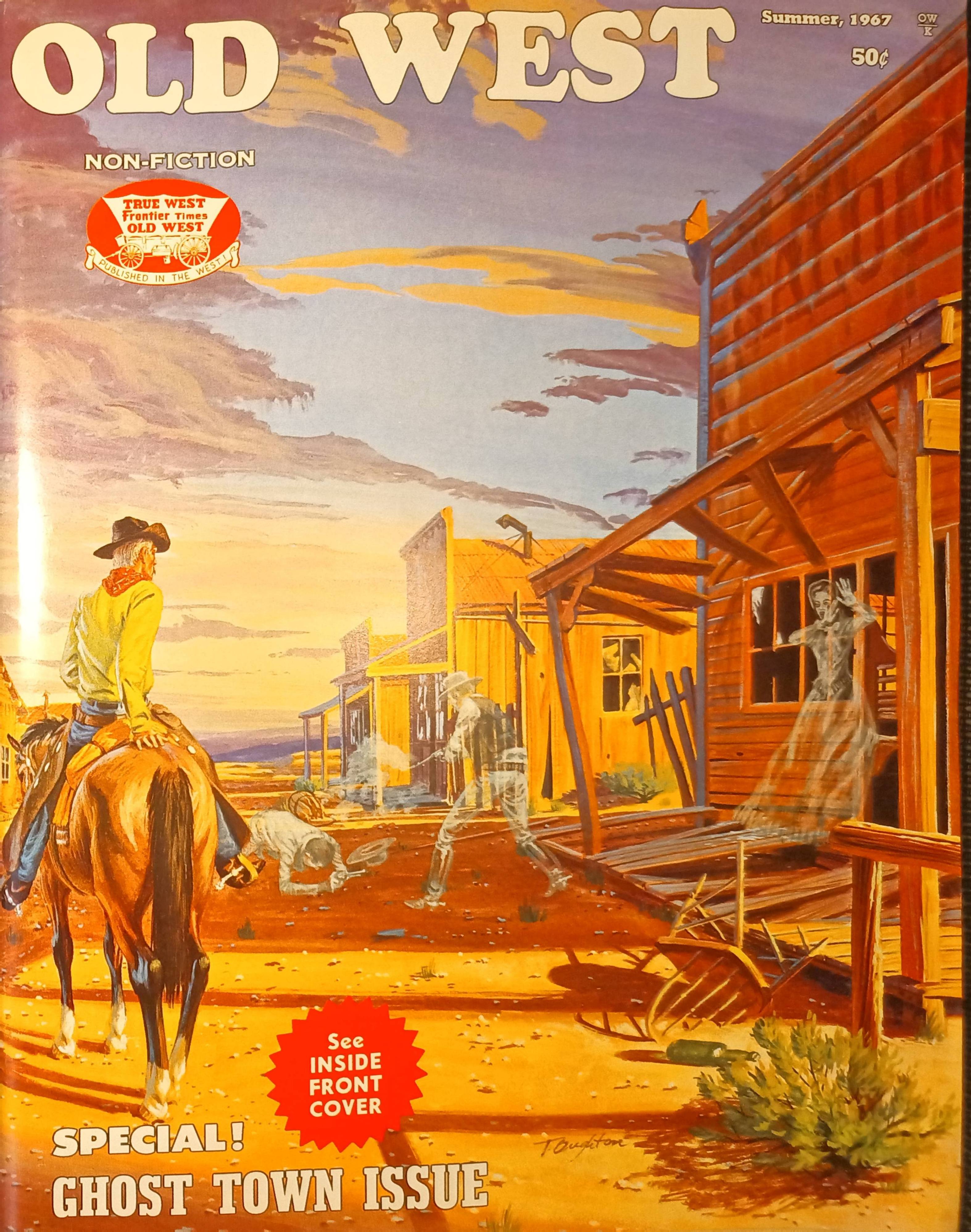

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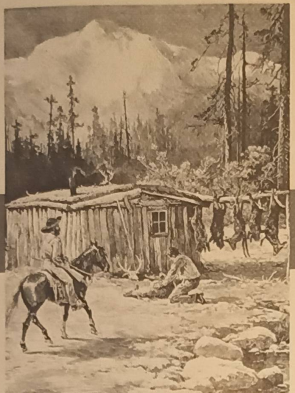
SPECIAL!

GHOST TOWN ISSUE

SUMMER, 1967 VOL. 3, NO. 4
WHOLE NO. 12

OLD WEST

A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION



BOOK BONUS!

RARE BOOK

Reprinted **COMPLETE** In This Issue!

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BY FRANK W. CALKINS
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SPECIAL FEATURE!

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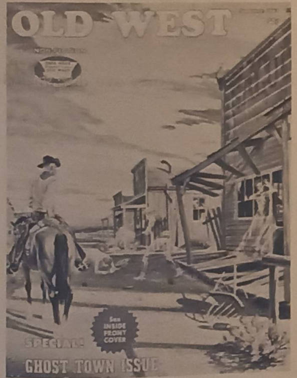

Cover Painting by
TAYLOR OUGHTON

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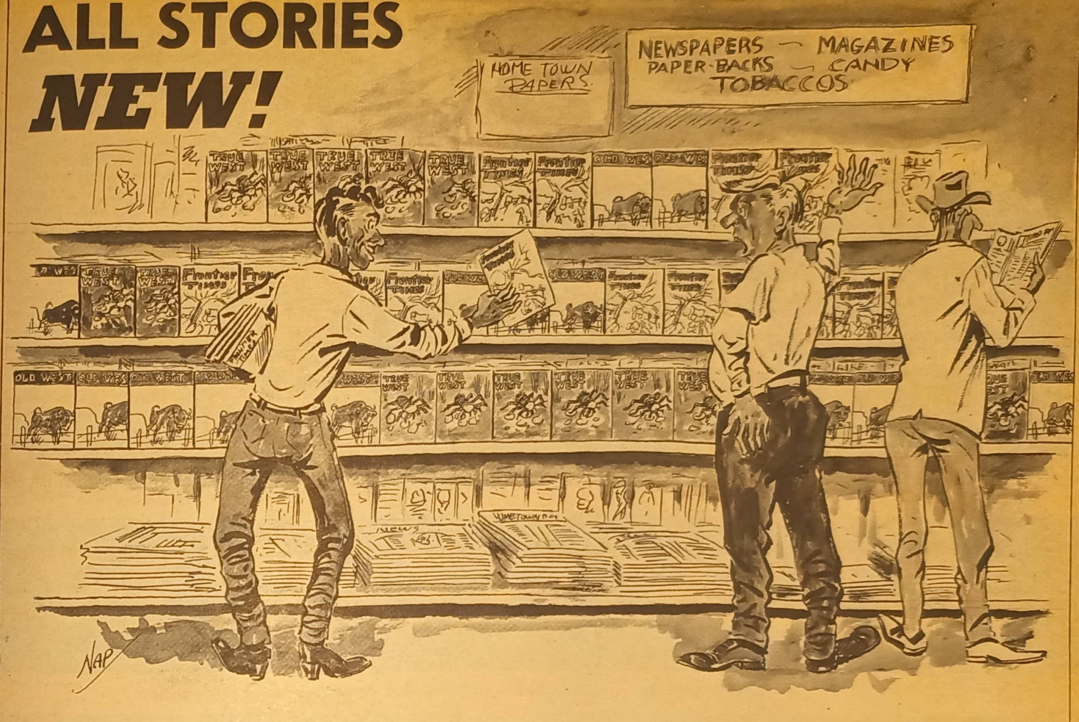
Publisher—JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Art—LESTER U. BEITZ
Editor—PAT WAGNER
Circulation—MARILYN WHITE

Editorial and Production
ELIZABETH SMALL
WESLEY FILER
FLORENCE BETTIS
JOE A. SMALL, JR.
LINDA LITTLE
JERRY SULLIVAN
ROBERT SMALL
MARY SANDERS
SUSIE RAMOS

OLD WEST is published quarterly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3668, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704, 50c per copy; $3.50 for 8 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico; $4.50 for 8 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1966 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

ALL STORIES NEW!



"Look, fella, I don't mind you pulling them out! But ALL of them?"

YOU SAW that on the cover of the Spring issue but I didn't have space to enlarge on it after the "Give One to a Soldier" piece. Hosstail-like, I always wait until the very last minute and they leave me a sort of "hole" for my "message" and then I get to write just so many words and no more. Since I am such a blabbermouth, it sure cramps my style (whatever that might be!).

Incidentally, the "magazines to soldiers" appeal really seems to be going over great from what we can find out through the mail from our readers as well as from boys in uniform all over the world. If you intended to send a subscription, some magazines or even one magazine and just sort of forgot about it, these boys read all the year around and it sure isn't too late to send them reading material now and right on throughout the duration. The addresses are there on page 1 in the Spring OLD WEST, page 4 in January FRONTIER TIMES and page 3 in February TRUE WEST. Again, if you don't send our magazines, send any publication you think they would enjoy. A great number of our readers sent the Special Gift Offer as well as other back numbers and full year subscriptions to all three magazines. Talk about appreciating something! One soldier wrote that he had twelve of his buddies waiting to read his first copy!

Now back to the all stories new business. It won't require much explanation but readers keep writing in asking if we aren't going to reprint more of the stories from early issues of TRUE WEST. We reached the point where TRUE WEST can be bought from our back issues department so we feel there is no reason at all to continue reprinting. Therefore, we'll continue with all stories new and try to give you the biggest 50c worth you can buy on the newsstands today!

Now is the time to ask how you folks like the "American Indian Gallery" that we carry on the inside back and the back cover of this magazine. We have received quite a few letters on this but we want a real vote. Looks like we are always voting on something but apparently you folks enjoy it, so squall like a Comanche if you don't like it and whisper gently "go on" if you do.

By golly, I never covered so many subjects in one spasm! Makes the thing sort of jumpy like a frightened frog hops, but if you have read my immortal prose before I am telling you no news!

I JUST got to spout off a little about the old books we have been publishing. If you have every issue of OLD WEST thus far, you have reprints of $568.00 worth of rare old books. Of course, they are not worth that as reprinted in magazines—(even I am not stoopid enough to believe that!). It does, however, make them available to those who can't spend premium prices just to read them—and I am included in that group! Of course we do not pick them solely for their value as a collector's item—they have got to be interesting and significant enough to where we think they flat deserve a much wider circulation. Some of these old books only had a printing of a few hundred and maybe only a half dozen are still in existence!

Anyhow, if you do not have all of these and want them, turn to page 65 and you can still buy every issue of OLD WEST that we have printed. We deliberately saved more back issues than usual but, even so, they are disappearing in a hurry.

Our next OLD WEST will carry a book on Indian fighting. It will also be our treasure number. These annual treasure, ghost towns, etc. issues have been very popular. We are careful to see that the pot is spiced properly with all other phases of frontier doin's just in case you do not like the particular subject we are featuring heavier than usual for that particular issue.

One more thing and I'll shut up. I sure want to thank you folks for finding and pulling out our magazines on the newsstands! It is a *tremendous* help—you just can't sell a magazine when it is buried. By golly, we ought to print some of your letters! One lady wrote that she glanced furtively over both shoulders to see if anyone was watching and pulled out all three magazines where they could be seen. I think she felt a little sneaky about it and kind of got a thrill. We got as big a bang out of this as she did. Actually, there is nothing sneaky about it—you are merely pulling the magazines back where they were in the first place, but if you get a kick out of feeling sneaky about it then just thrill yourself dizzy and if you never do anything worse, old Lucifer H. K. Satan is going to have one devil of a time kicking your hunkus downstairs!

See you purty soon.—Hosstail.

ELKHORN

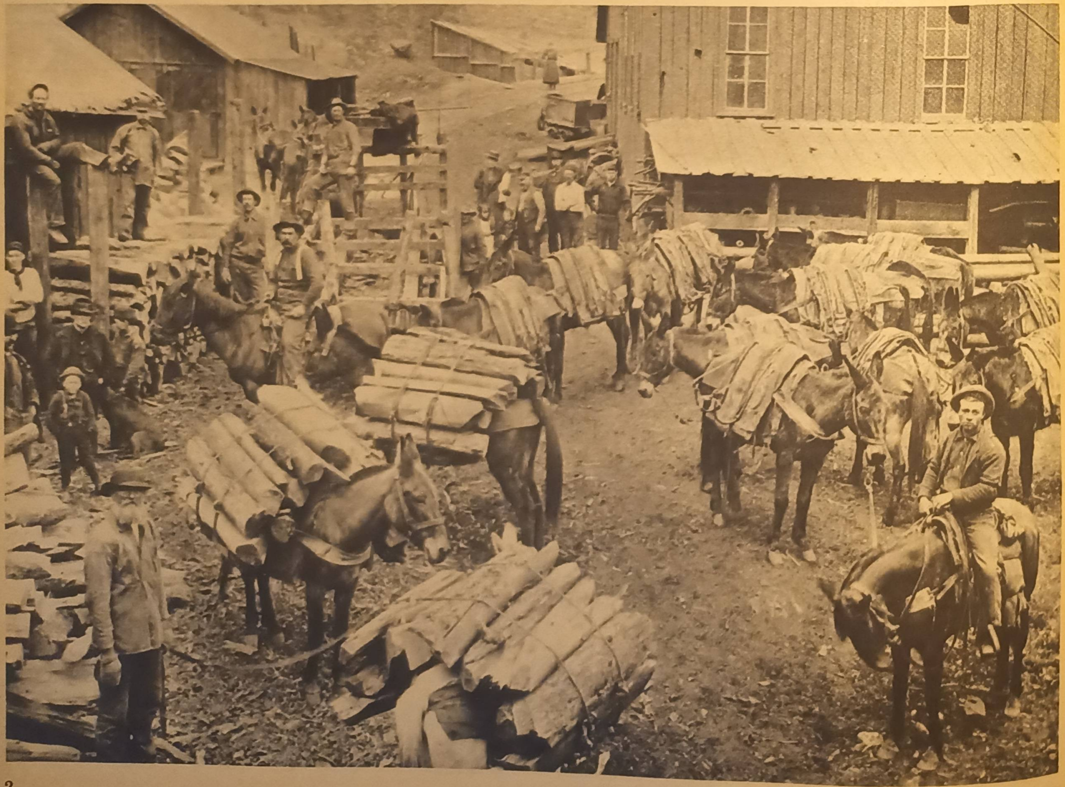
By JEAN M. MOORE

Photos Courtesy Author

If you could visit only one ghost town in the West, this old Montana settlement would come close to epitomizing all the false-front excitement of yesterday . . .

ABOUT TEN MILES southeast of Boulder, Montana, on Highway 91, a small but distinct sign points the way to a left turn which meanders through a valley dotted here and there with ranch houses and weary-looking, dirt-brown cabins. Short, fat cedar bushes squat like opened umbrellas on the mountainsides and give the area a sort of "Alice in Wonderland" look. The valley pinches down into a narrow canyon after about five miles, then after a steep incline, opens out into the old, picturesque mining camp of Elkhorn. Cradled among heavily timbered mountains, the soft green of forest evergreens seems to soften the bleakness of Elkhorn's old ore dumps and long-deserted buildings. At the head of the gulch, the dilapidated Elkhorn mill now sprawls in complete abandonment to the ravages of time, its sagging walls seeming to defy the natural laws of gravity.

Early-day picture of woodchoppers' yard, Elkhorn, Montana



In 1869, a Swiss named Peter Wys (also spelled Wyes) discovered gold in this gulch but, unfortunately, did not live long enough to benefit much from it. After his death in 1872 the property was acquired by Anton M. Holter, a successful Norwegian immigrant. Holter was a banker whose friends advised him that it was easier to prosper on the other fellow's money than to gamble his own on an unimproved mining property, but Holter went ahead with his plans. He took in as partners J. H. Shober, John Kinna, Neil Vawder, and M. M. Holter, his brother. They soon erected a five-stamp mill around which grew the mining camp of Elkhorn.

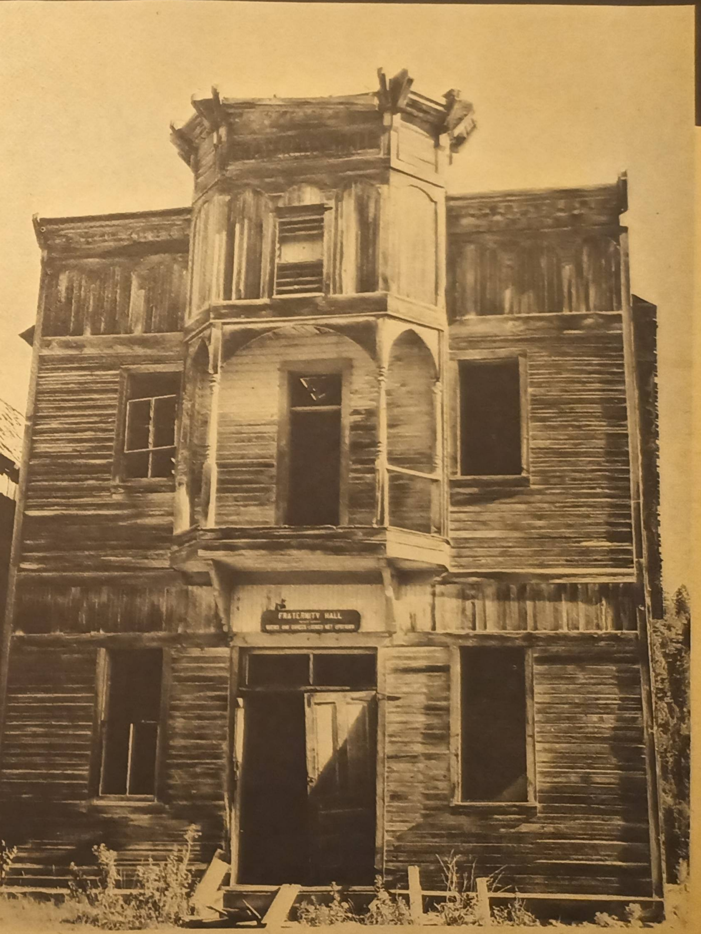
Elkhorn in its boom days numbered between 2,500 and 3,000 inhabitants. Logs were easy to get and made snug, easy-to-heat cabins. Frame houses were also popular and of course the usual false fronted business houses lined the long main street. According to an old Elkhorn map, there was a general store, a bath house, two barber shops, a meat market, a livery stable, a shoe repair shop, fifteen saloons (all doing a flourishing business) and some smaller businesses such as a home bakery and a dressmaking shop.

Two company doctors, Dr. William H. Dudley and Dr. J. F. Hinmers, took care of the miners' health. The "girls" were restricted to what the miners referred to as Bawdy Gulch.

Undoubtedly the most impressive building in town was Fraternity Hall. On the first floor was a stage with the typical garden type scenery; near the entrance was an enclosed stairway leading to a second floor. At the top of the stairway a small opening led out onto a balcony over the front door which was, and still is, a favorite spot to have one's picture taken. In this building were held lodge meetings, public meetings, basket socials, concerts by the famous Elkhorn Brass Band, prizefights, school programs, dances, vaudeville shows sent out by McQuire's stage circuit in Butte, and other entertainments.

Elkhorn devoted the summer to rock-drilling contests, horse races, horseshoe throwing and baseball games.

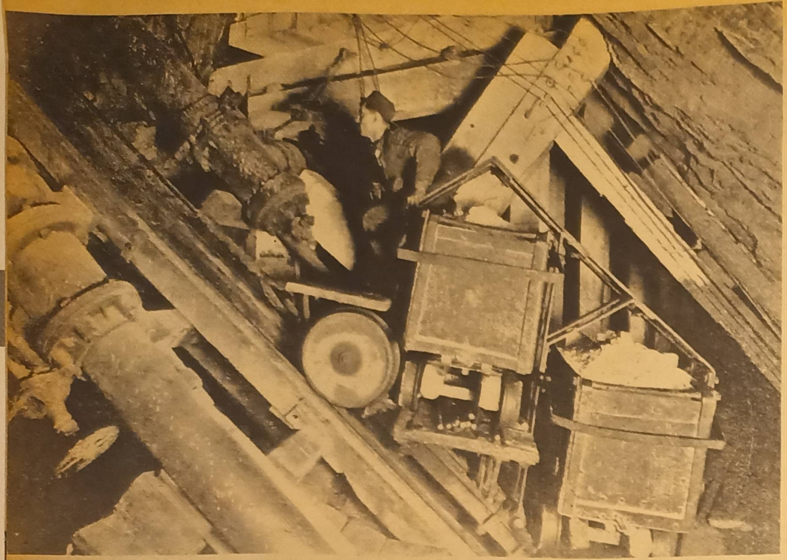
Above, Sam Perron, last of the prospectors, in front of assay office. At right, Elkhorn's old Fraternity Hall, the most photographed building in the state. It is a *must* for tourists' candid shots.



Sleigh riding and skating parties, taffy pulls and later phonograph parties made up the camp's recreation in the winter.

IN 1881 the Holter organization, with the discovery of refractory ores, found that fifty percent of the ore values was being lost. The only solution was to build a new mill capable of treating ore by chloridization, but such mills were very expensive and some of the partners were not in agreement. The property became inactive for about a year, at which time the company was reorganized. The new Elkhorn Mining Company installed a ten-stamp chloridizing plant that soon saved ninety percent of the ore values. Within the first ten months of its operation the Elkhorn produced bullion aggregating $188,375 in silver and $2,320 in gold, not bad pocket money for any man.

At the 800-foot level, ore values began to fall off. The Elkhorn Mine was purchased in 1888 by an English syndicate for a little over $500,000. The new



owners proceeded to remodel the mill and develop the mine, and the Elkhorn showed her gratitude by producing $200,000. In 1891 dividends paid off in the amount of $328,125. Before low silver prices finally put an end to production. $14,000,000 in silver alone had been taken from Elkhorn properties.

As in other early-day mining camps, Elkhorn's residents represented many nationalities. Norwegians and Swedes seemed to dominate the census and were considered excellent woodsmen as well as miners. There were also many "Cousin Jacks" although France, Germany, Finland and Poland were also well represented. The Elkhorn Mining Company employed from 300 to 350 miners during its heyday.

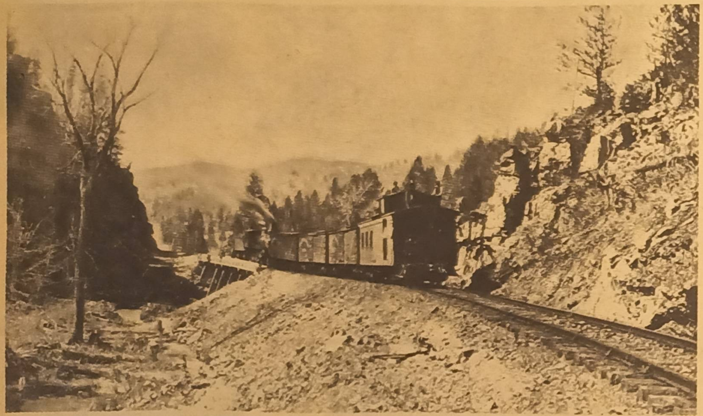
At one end of the camp was the woodchoppers' yard where wood was brought from the mountains on the backs of mules and horses. Five hundred woodchoppers were regularly employed by the Elkhorn mine.

By 1895 the Elkhorn was believed to be a "has been" with practically no ore in sight and was about to be abandoned when Walter Kelley, general manager, ran onto some previously overlooked deposits. Operations were resumed and continued until 1899, when operation costs could no longer be met and the mine was shut down.

That same year, the Northern Pacific Railroad built a branch line to the Elkhorn mine. The grade leading to the Elkhorn gorge was very sharp, with many dangerous angles, and the run was always a daring one necessitating a short train. Two bad wrecks are on record. Prior to the railroad service, supplies and mail were brought in by ox teams from Boulder. A passenger stage ran three times a week from Boulder and Helena.

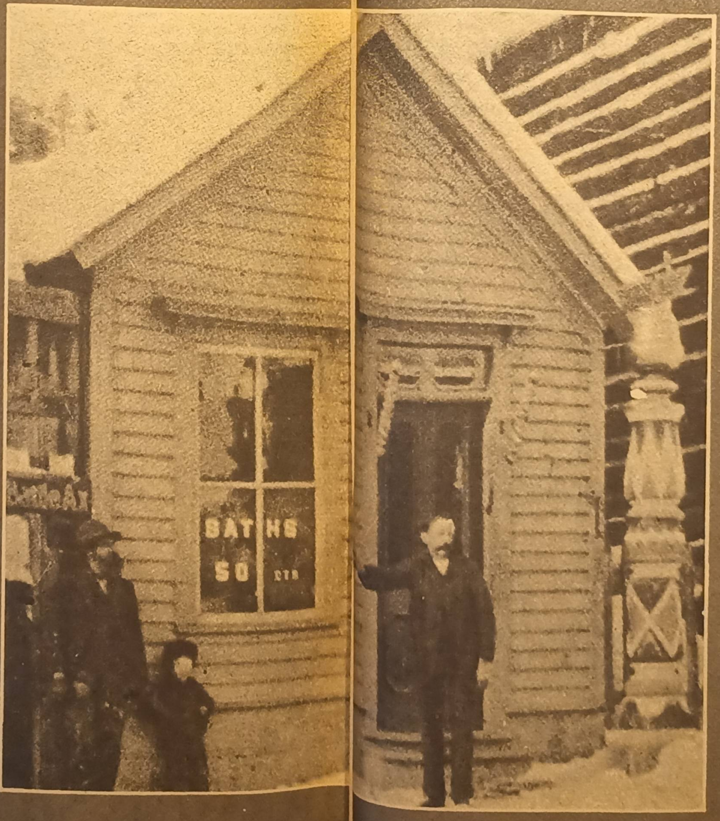
From the very beginning Elkhorn was extremely fire-conscious, undoubtedly because of its location between heavily wooded mountains. A camp ordinance re-

Top left, incline shaft at Elkhorn Mine shows method of hoisting ore on platform skips. Center left, train in gorge below town of Elkhorn. Lower, left, Elkhorn stage taken in front of present home of Mrs. Alice Dunks, Boulder, Montana.



Top right, early-day picture of Elkhorn ore sorting room. Center right, Elkhorn Trading Company store. Lower right, mining community children pose in front of Elkhorn's primary grade school. Below, 1886 photo shows Elkhorn Barber Shop.

ELKHORN TRADING COMPANY



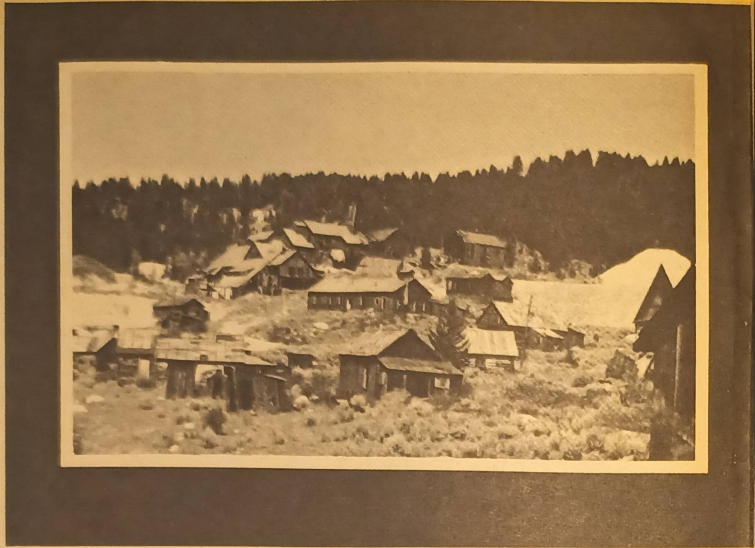
quired houses to have small reservoirs on the roofs, and mill buildings often had three or four barrels of water stored in case of an emergency.

A water man with his horse and a cart with a big barrel of water on it was a familiar sight as he delivered fresh water to housewives, dipping it out at so much a dip, with little or no regard for sanitary conditions. Contaminated wells, in fact, were thought to have been the cause of a cruel diphtheria epidemic which caused many deaths in the camp.

Only two really serious fights are recorded in Elkhorn's history (miners' brawls, no matter how bloody, didn't count). One fight ended in a death by shooting, and the temporary victor was hanged at Boulder, the county seat. Several versions of the murder have been told, but they all agree that the participants had had too much happy water and had had a dispute over what kind of music should be played at a dance. The other fight was supposedly over a woman, but the offender managed to leave camp quietly and was never heard of again.

Another story concerns a saloon bum who had an unusually fine voice, a likeable personality, gracious manners and no ambition. For singing to the saloon customers he received free drinks and lunches, plus a little cash every now and then for what he liked to call his savings account. He was apparently very happy with his chosen way of life until he fell in love with a widow who promised to marry him provided he quit his saloon entertaining and drinking, got a respectable job, and joined her church. It was a pretty big order for a man who had enjoyed his freedom for nearly forty years.

Much to the surprise of the camp, he accepted the challenge and went all out to keep his bargain, even transferring his vocal talents to a church choir. The minister of the church, wanting to encourage the new member, said to him, "Isn't it wonderful to be singing for the Lord after having given your voice to the devil for so long?"



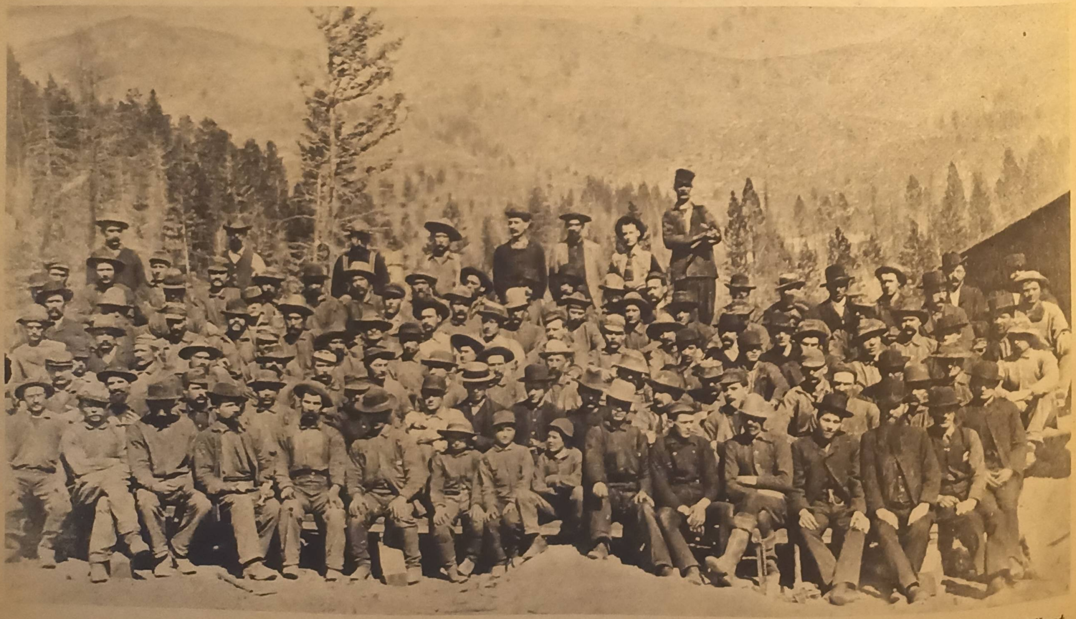
The reformed groom contemplated for a moment and answered, "Well, yes, I guess you're right, Reverend, but frankly the devil was better pay!"

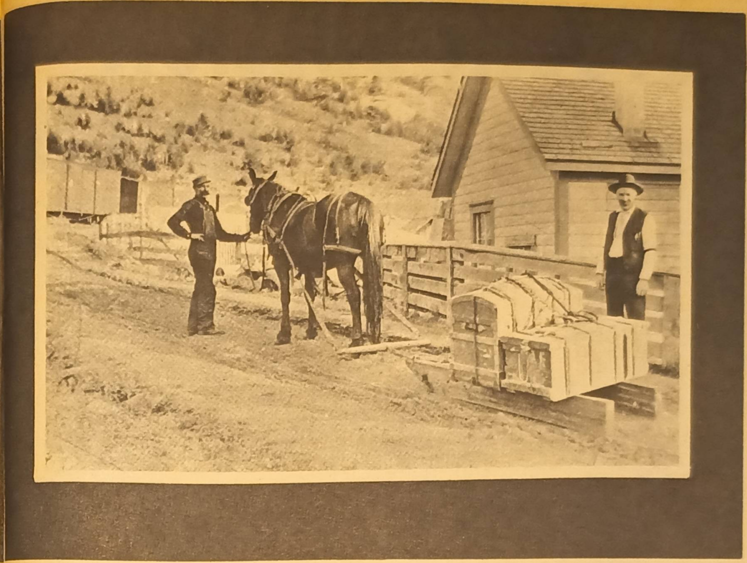
THE MINE was reopened in 1901 by John Henry and Frank Longmaid, who put approximately $79,000 into dewatering it. They built a new mill and made a profit by reworking the old mill dumps, but operation was sporadic and in 1912 it was worked by lessees.

Above the camp on the side of a mountain is the old Elkhorn cemetery. Summer sunshine filters through the tall evergreens and traces strange patterns of light on the weathered gravestones. On many, the dates of death are pitifully close. Resting together are five young children and their mother who died within a week in the horrible diphtheria epidemic. An old-timer once said that he could never forget when his little sister died and his parents, unable to get a horse and wagon through the deep snow, were forced to carry the child's body up the steep incline to the cemetery fighting for each step through waist-high drifts.

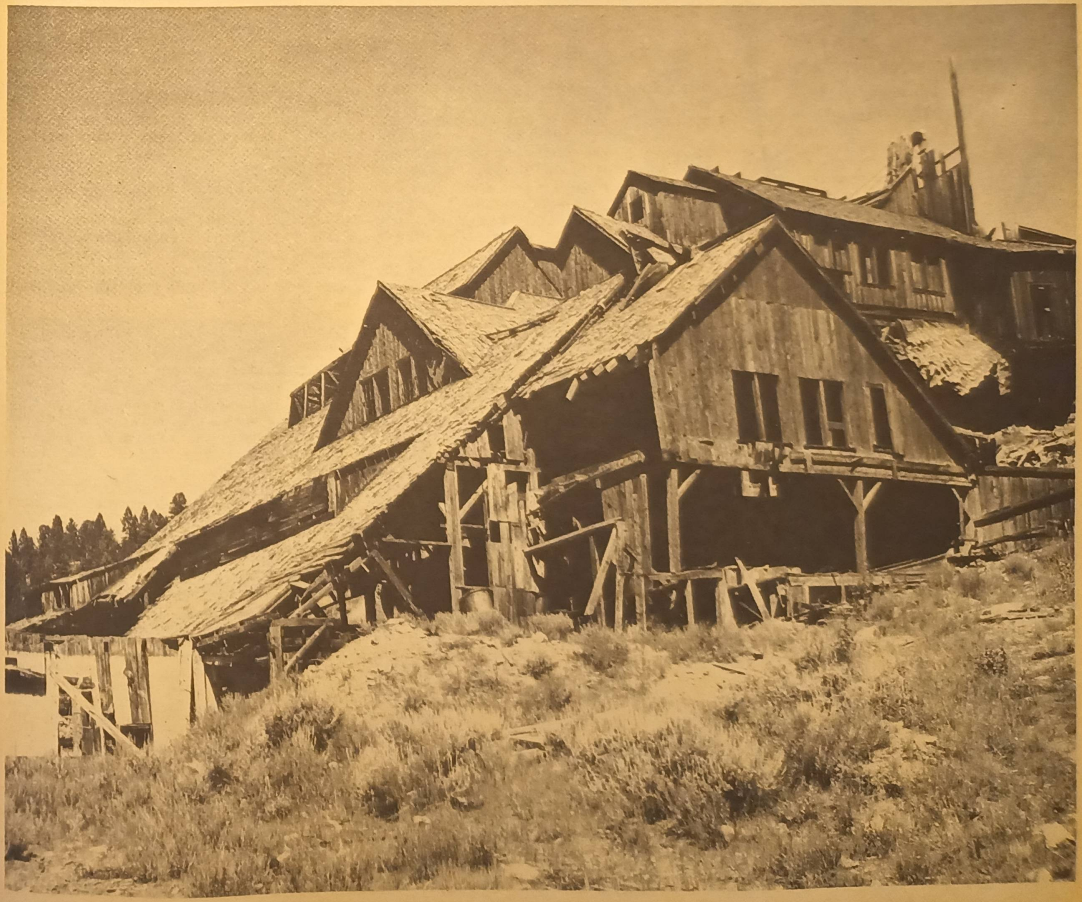
Elkhorn today is a favorite tourist spot and is enjoyed by hundreds of summer visitors who love to roam its weed-grown streets and peer into its windowless, sagging buildings. There is something about this Montana ghost town that makes many want to return for a second visit. On the steps of the old Fraternity House, which is now called the most photographed of all ghost town buildings, Montana's movie star, Gary Cooper, narrated a documentary film on the Old West shortly before his death. His last words caught the feeling of all of us who have visited Elkhorn—wouldn't it be great to live it all over again!

Group of Elkhorn miners

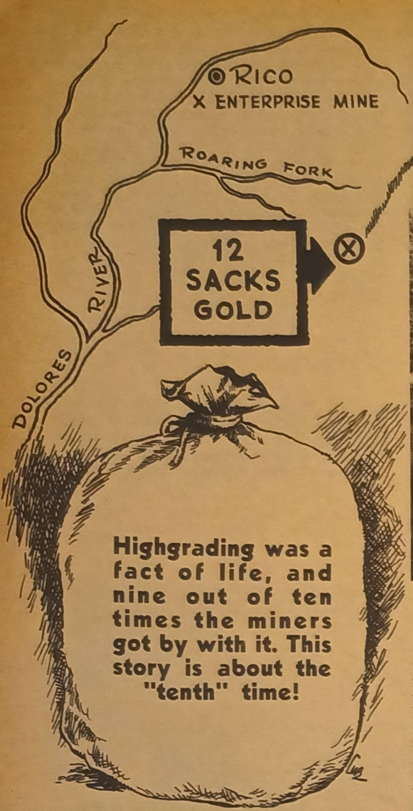




Far left, Elkhorn, Montana, showing sagging old Elkhorn mill at head of gulch. Left, Fred Bell, who ran the livery stable, shown here taking baggage to the depot. Below, recent picture of Elkhorn Mill.



STOLEN BULLION of INDIAN RIDGE



Highgrading was a fact of life, and nine out of ten times the miners got by with it. This story is about the "tenth" time!

Taken from GOLDEN TREASURES OF THE SAN JUAN, Copyright 1961 by John B. Marshall and Temple H. Cornelius, SAGE BOOKS (Alan Swallow, Publisher), long out-of-print but recently issued in a new edition.

La Plata Canyon

Photo Courtesy Author

SAFELY CACHED AWAY deep in the spruce forest adjacent to the Burnt Timber Flats on Indian Ridge, is a tidy little fortune of $40,000 in the richest gold ore ever mined in the La Plata Mountains. I helped to put it there years ago, when I was a teen-age boy, and there it still remains.

During the summer seasons of 1909, 1910, and 1911, I was the foreman, *caporal*, and packer on my father's sheep outfit on the Hermosa side of Indian Ridge a few miles east of the mining and railroad town of Rico, Colorado. Indian Ridge was the name given to the divide between the watersheds of the Hermosa and Dolores Rivers. It butted squarely up against the Cumberland basin at the head of the La Plata River and extended north about forty miles to the Spanish Peaks at the head of the Hermosa. This was a wild and untamed country, then as now uninhabited by anyone except an occasional stockman in the summer season, and by no one at all during the snowy wintertime.

Along the ridge ran an old Indian trail used by the Utes generations before the coming of the white man. It was one of my jobs to pack stock salt from the May Day switch, a spur on the Rio Grande Southern Railroad on the La Plata River, up over this old abandoned trail to our sheep outfit. It took a lot of salt for 7,000 ewes and their lambs, eating the fresh, green forage, so my trips after salt were very frequent.

The Rio Grande Southern, known in railroad circles as "The Little Giant," was a famous narrow-gauge line through the rugged mountain country of southwestern Colorado. It was the connecting link between Durango on the south and Ridgway on the north, but between these two points it made a wide circuitous swing west to the Dolores River and followed up that rugged mountain canyon to the famous mining camps of Rico, Ophir, Telluride and others. The line of the railroad from May Day switch to Rico had about the same relation to the trail I followed, as a bow would have to its string. The Indian trail was a cutoff between the two points.

The May Day switch was located on the Bar, a wide tableland on the west side of the La Plata River, opposite the famous mine of that name. A short distance upriver was the equally rich and famous Idaho Mine. Both of these diggings were in plain view of the switch, and many were the miners that watched "the Kid", as I was known, come and go with his pack string of burros. And on different occasions, the Kid saw miners stealing furtively along in the twilight through the scattered clumps of scrub oak with a small sack of highgrade over their shoulders, to conceal it somewhere.

Sometimes, when I was rounding up my jacks to pack them, I would accidentally find one of these caches where the wind had blown the protecting cover of oak leaves off it, but since I wanted to live a long life and not be crippled at the beginning of it, I very carefully left them alone. To molest some other man's highgrade was serious business, and I knew it. I did not want any serious business.

Highgrade and highgrading are technical terms known to the industry wherever rich ore is mined. Highgrading is the practice engaged in by some of the workmen of sorting out and appropriating to their own use and profit the richest pieces of ore they can get away with. In short, it is stealing ore. The ore so taken is highgrade, but is usually known to the trade in each district by some local term. In the La Plata quadrangle it was called "grommets", while over at Creede the local term was "rubies", and in Telluride it was "mocha" and "java."

Highgrading was a crime punishable by fine and imprisonment if a man got caught. But in those days the chances of getting caught were not very great after a man got his grommets out of the locality and marketed. To get them away from the immediate vicinity of the mine was the most difficult problem. And that is where I came in.

EARLY one September morning in 1910, I was loading my pack string with salt at the switch, preparatory to getting off on my long trek back into the mountains. A fellow came over to talk to me. He was a big man, over six feet tall and proportionately broad. He was all bone and muscle. To a kid like me he looked like a giant. He said he was a miner from one of the nearby mines.

"You have a good string of pack jacks," he remarked.

"Yes, I do," I replied. "I have to, to get this stuff through to where I'm going."

"And where is that?" he asked.

When I told him it was on Indian Ridge almost up to the old Rico toll road, he got very interested. He asked me a lot of questions about the country. He inquired where the various trails turned off Indian Ridge on the Dolores side toward the Rio Grande Railroad, and then he asked me, "Kid, how would you like to make $50?"

"I'd like it fine," I replied. I had a hunch right then what the job was to be.

"Can you keep your mouth shut?" he asked.

"For $50 I can be absolutely deaf, dumb, and blind," I answered.

"Good enough. This is what I want you to do. I have a load of stuff down here that I want you to pack over to Rico for me. I'll go along with you. There will be about 800 pounds in the lot, so bring along enough jacks to pack that amount without loading any one of them very heavy. We may want to travel fast. Bring a saddle horse for me, and be here just about dark a week from tonight. I'll meet you somewhere along this road between here and the mouth of the canyon and show you where to go."

I came back with my pack string at the proper hour on the evening specified, and sure enough, my man, known as Long John, met me on the road some little distance above the switch. We turned off the road at this point and traveled about 200 yards westward through the oak brush. Here we found another man standing guard over a pile of sacks of grommets. Long John explained to me that this man was his partner and that the sacks of ore were the stuff they wanted me to move.

"There are twelve sacks altogether," he said, "and they weigh seventy pounds apiece, so now you know how to figure your loads. But be damn sure and tie them on securely, because we don't want to lose any of them; and let us get busy and get out of here, pronto."

Both men were nervous and on the alert. The partner did nothing but stand over near the edge of the little clearing with his rifle across his arm, peering into the twilight and listening for the sound of approaching feet. Long John tried to help me load the burros, but he knew nothing about packing and was more a hindrance than a help. But it did not take me long to do the loading. In about twenty minutes we were ready to go. As we pulled out in the deepening twilight and headed north into the darkness of the La Plata Canyon, I heard his partner say to Long John "I'll meet you at the other end of the line."

Long John and I traveled all night with that burro string. We got out of La Plata Canyon and over the highest and most rugged part of Indian Ridge. Daylight found us back down to timberline at the head of South Roaring Fork. We decided to camp there for the day to let our stock rest and to get some sleep ourselves.

As we were unloading, Long John said to me, "Listen, kid. I ain't fooling you a bit, and I know it. You know that this stuff we are packing off here is highgrade ore, and you are right. It is the richest ore out of the richest mine in the La Platas. Me and my partner have been a long time in getting it together, and now we don't want to lose it. I want to hide these sacks for the short while we are camped here. Each one of them is worth better than $2,000 and I ain't kidding you." (And that was at the old price of gold. Add seventy-five per cent for current value.)

"That is easy," I replied. "Just throw each jack's saddle and blankets over his load as we unsaddle them and when we get through there will be nothing in sight but the empty saddles."

I did not doubt Long John's estimation of value in the slightest degree. In fact, I thought it rather modest because I knew that ore had been taken out of both the May Day and the Idaho worth $50 a pound. I deeply regretted that I did not have a major interest in that $40,000 batch of highgrade. I was sorry that I was not a highgrader.

TWO MORNINGS later we broke timber on the edge of Burnt Timber Flats, where the trail from Monteloros switch on the Rio Grande Southern came out on top of the ridge and joined ours. There was Long John's partner waiting for us. He had come around on the train to that siding and had walked up the hill to intercept us. Long John was greatly surprised to see him. I had a hunch that all was not going as planned.

The two men held a rather earnest conference at a point too far away for me to hear what was said, but when it was over they approached me and Long John said, "We won't take this stuff any farther now, kid. Tain't safe. We want to hide it back here in the timber somewhere and wait until the excitement dies down. You stay here while me and my partner take the jacks back a little way and unload them."

How far back into that dense forest those two men went I do not know. They were gone about three hours. They cached the ore, however, because the burros were unloaded when they came back. Long John gave me a specimen of the ore for a keepsake along with $50 he paid me for packing the ore that far. I have that specimen yet. It is about the size of half a walnut and contains far more gold that it does quartz. An assay-

(Continued on page 59)

Rico, Colorado

Photo Walker Art Studios, Montrose, Colorado

Arizona's Toughest RANGER

By MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

> **"I can die with the knowledge that I did my best in a hard situation."—last words of Jeff Kidder.**

Ranger Jefferson C. (Jeff) Kidder

ARIZONA Territorial Ranger Jeff Kidder, and Cowman Bart King with three of his cowboys found King's twenty rustled steers barely inside the Mule Mountains from Sulphur Springs Valley.

The two thieves, discovering they were being pursued, had cut loose to escape deeper into the mountain fastnesses.

Sending the recovered stock home by two riders, King and the other cowboy continued with Kidder. Within a mile they found where the panicked thieves had split. King and his cowboy took the set of horse tracks leading south.

Kidder continued alone on the second trail, ascending steadily through steep canyons and up mountain slopes to a flat summit. He expected to find his man there—instead, the rustler found him.

In a spot where horse tracks faded on the rocky ground, Kidder dismounted, dropping his bridle reins, and advanced bent over searching for tell-tale sign. He made a bad error, for the spot was ringed with timber.

From a tree behind him a chilly voice ordered, "Stand up straight, Ranger. I allus did want to meet one of you s-o-b's out in the open!"

Kidder listened intently for the faintest click of a rifle hammer. When it came he leaped sideways, whirling around in the air. Before reaching solid footing his gun spouted flame and lead. Three bullets whammed into the cow thief before he could fire a shot. Small wonder, for the young Ranger was probably the fastest draw in his part of the West.

Kidder walked over to where the dead man sprawled face up between two trees. The rustler was blackheaded and his face was covered with a heavy beard. The worn range work clothing contained no item of identification; nor did his horse, tied fifty feet away, provide a clue.

Kidder packed the body down out of the Mules and reached the BK ranch headquarters at midnight. King and his cowboy were home, having lost their rustler's sign. Neither the rancher nor any of his men recognized the dead cow thief. He was buried in an unmarked grave.

The Ranger never did learn the identity of the first man he killed as an Arizona Territorial Ranger that August of 1903. And Jefferson C. (Jeff) Kidder was something of a mystery man himself. Little has ever come to light about probably the most "gunfighting famous" of Arizona's tough Rangers. He was born and reared near Jacinto, California. When the Arizona Rangers were organized in 1901, he read reports of them as fighting men.

Kidder went to Phoenix hoping to join the organization, when he was about twenty-three years old. At that time he looked so youthful he appeared to be still in his teens. He was what he looked, too—a green kid.

On inquiring in Phoenix how to go about enlisting, the man he asked smiled broadly while inspecting him. "Kid, every one of that hairy outfit is an expert gunfighter and an ex-cowboy to boot. Better earn your spurs before trying it!"

The man made a colossal understatement. The Territorial Rangers were not only topnotch with firearms, but most were long experienced ex-Texas Rangers and former county sheriffs.

NOT THE LEAST discouraged Kidder set about fitting himself for Ranger qualification. He obtained a ranch job and worked up to being a top hand. While doing so he acquired a Colt's .45 and a Winchester rifle. All his wages went for cartridges to perfect his marksmanship.

Unexpectedly he inherited a considerable sum of money from his father's estate, and promptly went to Douglas, closer to Ranger headquarters at Bisbee. From then on he did nothing except practice every day drawing and firing a six-gun. By the time he had exploded $4,000 worth of cartridges Kidder had made his reputation as a crack shot. Ranger Captain Thomas H. Rynning heard about him.

One day the young man walked into Rynning's Bisbee office and earnestly inquired about taking on. Enlistment papers were handed him forthwith. Jeff Kidder became a Territorial Ranger April 1, 1903.

Not even ex-Rough Rider Rynning could peer behind the bland countenance to decipher his worth. Less yet did the Captain suspect that Kidder would quickly prove to be the fightingest member of the force. Deadly with a gun, he had no nerves and would gleefully take on a scrap against any odds. This fault—if fault it was—would get him killed amid thundering border guns.

A likeable sort, handsome, six feet tall, and the youngest of them all, he made friends easily despite an iciness in the pale blue eyes which was not offset by a winning grin.

One rumor handed down in western lore claims he inherited his fighting ability from an uncle who died with General George A. Custer at the battle of the Little Big Horn. Like various other statements about Kidder this one falls considerably short of the facts. His uncle was Lt. Lyman S. Kidder of the 2nd U. S. Cavalry, not the 7th. With an escort of ten troopers he was killed with them by a large band of Indians on Beaver Creek, 1867, while taking dispatches to Custer then encamped on the Republican River.

The Arizona Rangers, from the time Burton C. Mossman organized them, adhered to three inviolable rules. A Ranger must never surrender his gun regardless of circumstances, never retreat, never allow himself to be manhandled. Violation of any one edict meant instant dismissal.

At left above, the adobe jail, each door leading into a concrete-floored cell. Kidder, badly wounded and bleeding, was thrown into one at far right. Above, Captain Thomas H. Rynning, commanding officer who enlisted Kidder.

Only one Ranger was ever bounced out in such disgrace.

Esprit de corps had already been well drilled into Kidder when his first test came at Flagstaff in northern Arizona. Sent there on a rustling case he closed it by arresting two cowboys working for Billy Roden. They were caught moving rebranded cattle stolen from Roden's neighboring cowmen.

Refusing to believe them guilty, Roden jumped on Kidder in Sandy Donohue's saloon. Cursing the Ranger he stormed, "If you didn't have that badge and gun on, I'd beat hell out of you!"

Kidder's gun and star clattered onto the bar quickly, his hand balling into fists and whamming into Roden as the cowman charged. Heavier, four inches taller and an experienced brawler, Roden believed he faced an easy conquest. To his surprise, when he did manage to hit Kidder, the Ranger didn't go down. The men fought furiously for twenty minutes in a ring of spectators. Finally exhausted, Roden went down under a hard jab.

When helped to his feet, Roden shook Kidder's hand and thereafter became his friend.

Most county officers strongly resented the Territorial Rangers. This feeling existed strongest in Graham, Cochise and Santa Cruz Counties. Curiously, in those same counties stock thieves and other criminals pillaged at will and on both sides of the international border. Ranger headquarters were established at Bisbee rather than in the Territorial capital at Phoenix for this reason.

NEW MEXICO outlaws also raided into Arizona. Their steals were rushed back into New Mexico almost before they were discovered. The worst of these bands operated from a ranch near Alma. Their riders rustled in Graham and Greenlee Counties, openly flaunting the law. New Mexico officers didn't bother them at all so they were safe once over the line.

Capt. Rynning assigned Kidder to this case, following his shoot-out with rustlers in the Mules. Removing his badge, Kidder crossed into New Mexico and easily got a job at the suspected ranch. Meanwhile Sgt. William (Timberline Bill) Sparks and Pvt. Louis Jorgenson stood by at Clifton. Kidder was to send them word, if possible, where a steal would be made, so they could close in.

Soon gaining the confidence of the outlaws, Kidder rode west with them into the vicinity of Duncan below Clifton. That night in a gambling dive he unexpectedly got a chance to send word to the waiting Rangers by a constable. The difficulty was that he had no idea exactly where the outlaws would strike. Their leader proved that closemouthed.

Liquored up and riding from town before dawn, the outlaws picked up a hundred head of cattle from a valley ranch and streaked for New Mexico. Sparks and Jorgenson couldn't possibly get to him, or so Kidder reasoned.

Above Virden, short of New Mexico, the rustler leader halted for a blow. Kidder decided to act, for once over the border he packed no official authority. Strolling casually a few feet away from the hunched outlaws he suddenly whirled with six-gun leveled and identified himself as a Ranger.

For an instant they gaped at him stupefied, then streaked for some adjacent rocks. Kidder killed two before they made it. Bullets drove him to cover also, and from there it turned into a stand-off fight. The sun grew hot and finally stood directly overhead. Kidder couldn't make a concluding move—it looked like he had had it.

Then astonishingly the brittle voice of Sgt. Sparks lifted behind the rustlers' position, "You're covered!"

Surmising where the gang might cross the border, Sparks and Jorgenson had rushed there and, fortunately, had heard the gunfire which had been exchanged.

Kidder said afterwards, "I was sure glad to see them old boys pop out of the rocks!"

On returning to Bisbee, Kidder became embroiled in one scrape after another. July 4, 1904, found the mining town celebrating wildly. Strolling up Brewery Gulch that afternoon, Kidder entered a saloon. Two drunks wheeled into him as he ordered beer. One knocked his hat off and was promptly sent down kicking. His companion backed up.

Leaving that saloon minus his beer, Kidder tried another. This seemed his unlucky day. A brawny miner chose him on sight and for the second time he had to whip a man. Disgusted, he left but got no farther than a block when a friend of the first man he had knocked cold plunged at him from a building front. In short order Number Three lay unconscious on the boardwalk.

The next day each of them charged Kidder with assault and battery. The local magistrate, being told that Kidder knocked the miner's teeth out with his gun barrel, held the Ranger for grand jury action under $1,500 bail.

Local and county sheriff's officers at this time were arresting Rangers on any and all trumped-up excuses.

Aroused over Kidder's summary treatment, Lt. John J. Brooks (in charge during Capt. Rynning's temporary absence), threatened to fill Bisbee with Rangers.

A week later Kidder overhauled a horse thief with two purloined animals and had to draw his gun to arrest him. Jailed and released on cash bond, the thief swore to a warrant charging Kidder with assault with a deadly weapon.

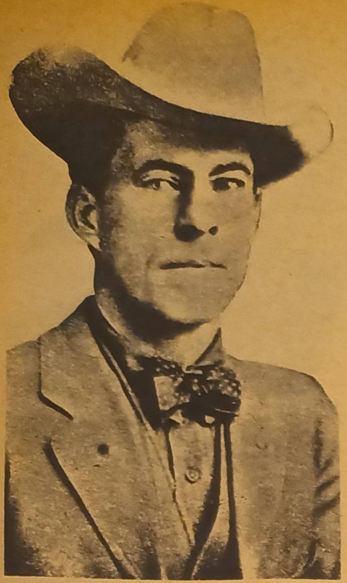
Although this charge fell through, Kidder faced a Tombstone Justice of the Peace August 30, was found guilty, and fined $300 for his first fight in Bisbee on July 4. Appealing this sentence he remained free on the same $1,500 bond. In the end all the charges were squashed when a grand jury refused to indict him.

WHEN Bisbee miners rioted, wrecking the town, local officers couldn't stop them. Businessmen appealed for Rangers to restore order. Kidder and four others did so, arresting ten ringleaders. They were all "Wobblies," Industrial Workers of the World agitators trying to foment a general strike.

About this time Capt. Rynning discovered at least one of Kidder's secrets. He could read, write and speak Spanish fluently. The smuggling traffic over the international border had gotten beyond all control. Rynning assigned Kidder this nearless hopeless case.

Rangers wore no uniforms and sans badges resembled ordinary working cowboys, which all of them had been. Kidder haunted the border town dives regularly, and the first fact he ferreted out was that Mexican officers were in cahoots with the smugglers. His informers were principally from Naco, "smuggler capital," eighteen miles from Bisbee.

A tipster informed him a contraband pack train heading north would cross the night of November 10. When Kidder re-



Ranger Captain Harry C. Wheeler, Jeff's best friend and commanding officer the last year of his life

ported to Capt. Rynning, three additional Rangers were detailed to assist him.

Lying in wait in a desert canyon southeast of Warren, they saw twenty laden burros appear in the night handled by seven drivers. The smugglers, when called on to surrender, opened fire instead. Four were shot down; their companions managed to escape. The burros packed Mexican pesos. Their silver content at that time brought a high premium in the United States.

From that raid until the summer of 1905 Kidder managed to knock off six more smugglers' trains. Then a rumor reached him that a mysterious big-time contraband runner planned to cross arms and ammunition from the U. S. to Mexican revolutionists opposing President Porfirio Diaz. Capt. Rynning, unable to spare more men at that time, sent only Pvt. John F. Greenwood to join Kidder.

For weeks the two Rangers haunted little-known trails and remote canyons above the border. Unfenced and carelessly guarded in those days, it could be negotiated anywhere. Fearing the smugglers had already crossed, Kidder rode over the line to the mud-walled village of Sansabe. There, a friendly contact informed him that the big train would pass down Cottonwood Canyon and over the border two nights hence.

Kidder and Greenwood set their ambush within a half-mile of the line. Thirty pack mules came down the canyon floor a little after midnight. Five riders were strung out beside them. When the brief fight ended, two Americans and one Mexican lay dead on the sand. Two of unknown nationality escaped.

Driving the captured pack mules to Bisbee, Kidder and Greenwood turned over to U. S. Customs officials 15.000 rounds of ammunition and 500 .30-40 Krag rifles. For this haul Col. Emilio Kosterlitzky, Commander of rurales for the Northern District of Mexico issued Kidder a special Mexican officer's commission. It enabled the Ranger to follow smugglers across the border and make arrests.

Unfortunately, this commission revealed the identify of the "barroom loafer" to the smugglers, and Kidder promptly had a price on his head.

A short while after, he made another discovery. A wraith-like American, seemingly come from nowhere, was operating a million-dollar contraband business both ways. He often used the name "McDonald." King of smugglers, his many bands were unknown even to each other. From El Paso west to San Luis below Yuma, not only merchandise and stock but Orientals were handled. When furnished this information, together with a few secret details of his operational procedures, U.S. Customs officials knocked off five smuggler bands in rapid succession. Kidder assisted them in capturing ten Chinese and their two guides near Douglas.

Those out to "get" the Ranger were not fooling. Twice he was shot at from a long distance. Then one night a man plunging from a dark Bisbee alley almost knifed him. Slightly wounded in the left thigh, Kidder downed his would-be assassin. The dead man was unknown in Arizona and was presumed to be a Mexican national dispatched for this specific purpose.

TO LET the heat cool off Kidder, Capt. Rynning sent him north to work with Sgt. William A. Olds at Williams. The Grand Canyon country was then a hotbed of stock thieves. From hiding they struck north of that town and drove south below the transcontinental lines of the Santa Fe Railroad.

A crafty gang of three rustlers stole fifty head of CO Bar steers at Valle near Grand Canyon National Park. Moving west rapidly, they crossed below Kingman onto Big Sandy. Olds and Kidder were in pursuit a day after the theft. When trail evidence revealed the steers were becoming sore-footed the lawmen knew the thieves must halt soon.

Unhurriedly they scouted Big Sandy, located and jumped the rustlers' night camp. Only two crawled out of their single blankets to surrender when ordered. The undetected third, watching from hiding, drew a sure bead on Olds. He missed as Kidder got him from one side.

In a few weeks rustlers were practically out of business in that area, and scarce. So occasionally Kidder took the train east to Flagstaff. One night he sauntered into Black's Saloon. County officers there did not resent the Rangers but ill feeling existed among local citizens.

A prominent Flagstaff man had enlisted in the Rangers for duty in the north. He had served five days when a drunken crowd seized him, stripping off his badge and gun. Repeatedly tossed against a saloon wall, he offered no resistance. When this news item appeared in Flagstaff's *Coconino Sun*, Capt. Rynning dismissed the new recruit by telegram. For this the ex-Ranger's friends hated them all.

Unaware of this development, Kidder entered Black's Saloon in Flagstaff. Some toughs gathered ominously near as he stood at the bar. Sensing danger and always wary as a cat, Kidder eased carefully away to avoid being surrounded. A moment later a whiskey glass was thrown at him as the entire bunch charged. Flattening two, Kidder tripped a third, and the others sprawled over prone bodies. While they unscrambled, cursing loudly, Kidder gained a side wall and leveled his gun.

"I'll accommodate you one at a time, gents! Line up where you are." Holstering his six-gun he added, "While I'm working one over, you others better stand pat!"

No takers appeared among the glowering mob even before proprietor Black called, "You're messing with Jeff Kidder, boys!" The Ranger's fighting fame had reached there before him.

In the spring Kidder was ordered back to Bisbee. Following a long period of inactivity smuggling once more had broken out all along the border. The customs people wanted him for undercover work but requested that he make no arrests personally because of the risk. Kidder told his friend Lt. Harry C. Wheeler that such an assignment was not to his liking.

Late that March Capt. Rynning resigned to become the Territorial prison warden and the governor named Wheeler as his successor. The fighting Kidder was a favorite of Wheeler's who now advanced him to sergeant. He also turned him loose again but warned, "Don't go getting yourself killed by sneak gunhawks!"

That July Kidder told Capt. Wheeler he had reason to believe the mysterious smuggler chief, McDonald, was headquartering at Tucson. Orders to various bands of line-crossers seemed to originate from there. Kidder got the job of undercovering him, which was what he wanted most.

Not showing himself in prominent public places, the Ranger worked largely at night. Before long his attention centered on a middle-aged, graying and handsome man of prepossessing personality. This individual stayed close to Tucson's old adobe town. Quite frequently he rode a bay horse into the surrounding desert at night.

Although Kidder followed him a number of times, he failed to close in on a clandestine meeting. But meeting hirelings in secret places, he definitely was. Tracking in daylight afterwards, Kidder easily traced him to some abandoned hut or to a jacal where he would talk to a lone rider at length.

THE WEEKS turned into months with no conclusive evidence being gained. Then McDonald disappeared briefly from Tucson, and customs spies reported him in Nogales, Sonora.

A slick-appearing, educated Mexican shortly after offered Kidder a bribe of $25,000 if he would resign from the force. That convinced him that McDonald was indeed the king-pin smuggler. A tail put on the bribe offerer followed him back across the line into Nogales.

Capt. Wheeler sent a recently enlisted Ranger to assist Kidder. Unknown, the new officer could move about freely as a spotter. For awhile McDonald loafed. Then suspicious looking Americans and Mexicans were observed on several occasions entering and leaving his adobe building before dawn.

Plans were made to follow McDonald the first time he left with one of his callers. It happened quickly one midnight in what turned out to be an emergency. The suspect saddled a bay horse in his private barn, taking off on the run alone. Kidder and his Ranger helper managed to keep him in sight until he crossed the Santa Cruz River well below Tucson.

They were riding around cautiously trying to pick up their quarry again, when strange sounds attracted them. Kidder crawled to the rim of a deep, dry wash. Fifteen pigtailed Chinese surrounded McDonald and two Mexicans. All were jabbering away like mad.

Arizona Rangers Lt. John Brooks, Sgt. Arthur A. Hopkins and Capt. Thomas H. Rynning. They were the top three officers when Kidder enlisted.

Slipping back, Kidder and his partner moved up the wash, slid over in a bend and advanced stealthily afoot. They were almost behind McDonald's broad back before a Mexican discovered their presence. When ordered to surrender, McDonald wheeled around, a six-gun spouting flame.

Kidder fired once, dropping McDonald with a shot through the center of his forehead. At the same instant the Chinamen and Mexicans scattered in every direction despite the Rangers' warning shots overhead.

Taking to their saddles, the Rangers tried to overhaul the Mexicans first, but they were seen no more. Daylight disclosed they had fled south, mounted.

It didn't take more than an hour to flush the exhausted Chinese from rocks and bushes. They had walked a long way across the desert, packing bundles and boxes containing their few possessions. On herding them back to the wash, Kidder found McDonald's body gone.

In Tucson later that morning an interpreter learned that the Chinamen's guides had robbed them of what money they had left after paying the smugglers' exorbitant fees. Trackers following two men who had removed McDonald's body on his bay horse, lost the trail far west in Altar Valley.

The mystery of his identity and the disappearance of his body has never been solved.

The million-dollar smuggling business toppled when he vanished. Bereft of a master-mind, the little guys came upon sorry days. They were easily knocked off by customs line riders. Only sporadically were contraband crossings attempted in subsequent years. Nor were other hatchet men sent after Kidder. But word did reach him that Mexican officials along the border hated him more than before. He had put an end to their heavy payoffs for letting smuggler bands through.

CATTLEMEN north of Nogales requested a Ranger to inspect suspected rebrands. Kidder reported to them, working with ranch crews during February and March, 1908. Two days before the end of the month he rode into Nogales. At the post office he received some letters. One was from Capt. Wheeler telling him to report in, as his enlistment was nearing expiration. The second contained a few short lines from a minor Mexican customs officer at Naco. Written in Spanish it asked that Kidder see him soon.

Kidder spent the night in Nogales, then set out directly east for Naco on his way to Bisbee. Crossing mountains and semi-arid ranges, he stayed each night with cattlemen who were his friends. In late afternoon of April 3, he rode into the sand- and sun-swept village of Naco on the Arizona side, stabled his horse, and walked over into Mexican Naco.

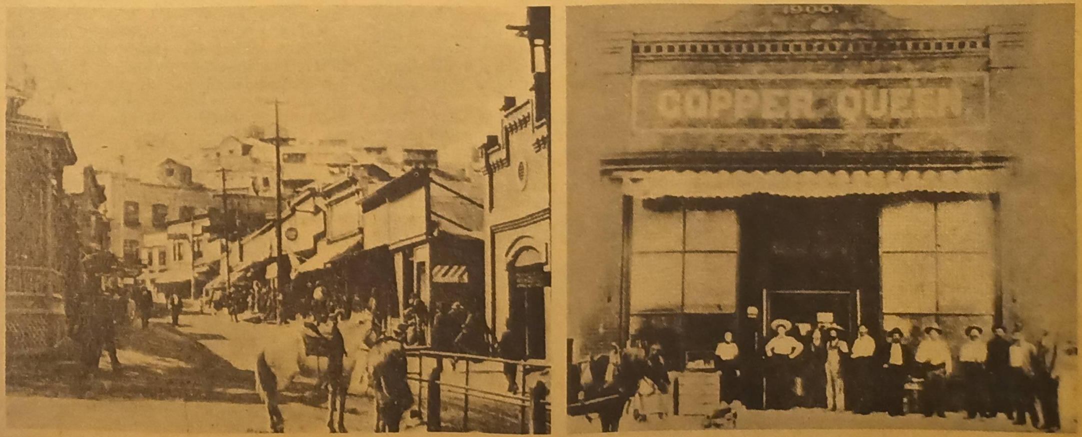
He ate supper in the front of an establishment containing a bar and gambling tables in the rear half. On leaving there he strolled around, entering several saloons. Nowhere did he find his contact.

Naco wasn't a large town. Kidder knew most of the people residing there, including the chief of police and his officers, the officers and men at the rurales barracks, and Mexican customs and immigration officials.

Although Capt. Wheeler had told him not to enter Mexico again, especially Naco, Kidder felt it might be most important to learn what his contact had to report. He believed that time had healed old wounds somewhat, and besides all that, he wasn't the least afraid of any of them. He could never have been more wrong.

On his rounds he smoked a fine cigar, ventured a few dollars gambling and grew restless. He couldn't understand the failure of his contact to show himself. At one o'clock in the morning he started up a long dusty street towards the border fence gate. On arriving before the restaurant where he had eaten earlier, Kidder hesitated, and then entered. Pausing in front a few minutes, he talked with two waitresses before entering the bar.

Shown at left below is Brewery Gulch, Bisbee, where Ranger Kidder had three fights in one afternoon. At right, Copper Queen Mine Company store, the principal mercantile establishment in Bisbee when that city was Territorial Ranger headquarters.



Arizona Rangers of 1908. Captain Wheeler is third from left.

Abruptly he halted and turned around.

Right at that instant the fateful hour for Ranger Jefferson C. Kidder arrived. Arizona newspapers never agreed on the details of what led to the blazing gunfight that ended the career of the gunfightingest Territorial Ranger. Wild tales are still being related and even Capt. Wheeler, who investigated, couldn't straighten out the facts. At the time he tried, the Mexicans implicated in the lengthy gun battle were all heading for tall timber.

A few witnesses relaxed later and did tell Arizona friends what they saw transpire. From them and from careful culling of records something near the true story emerges. All details will probably never be known, especially those secrets concerning the combine against Kidder.

Very definitely a trap had been laid for him on the spur of the moment when he arrived unexpectedly in Naco. The trigger was a waitress named Chia, a cheap little prostitute who disappeared from Naco before daylight.

Missing his wallet when nearing the barroom entrance and knowing it had been in his pocket when entering, he had called, "Chia, hand me back my money. You're a pretty clever pickpocket—but not this time."

She didn't waste a second denying the accusation. After all, the scheme included Kidder's death to occur for insulting a woman.

Chia screamed, "Policia! Policia!"

She didn't have to strain her lungs. Two were already posted, waiting inside the bar not over ten feet away. Guns already drawn, they opened fire at Kidder while bursting through the entrance. A bullet struck him in the middle, coming out in the small of his back.

Drawing his gun lightning fast, Kidder fired in return, backing slowly to the front wall. There, overcome with weakness, he fell to the floor.

The policemen were later identified as Tomas Amador and Doloresa Quiz. Struck by Kidder's accurate shooting, Quiz dropped stone dead. Amador, also hit by two bullets, fell forward and expired. Except for one of their first shots they emptied their guns without hitting Kidder again.

Employes of the bar and restaurant flooded the small front room quickly, but they were careful to keep their distance since Kidder had reloaded his gun. Pushing himself upward off the floor he hugged the front wall, and managed to get outside. Fresh air made him feel better momentarily, but after walking a hundred feet or so he sat down exhausted on some porch steps.

THAT Kidder managed to kill the policeman assigned to get him in what clearly was an ambush, caught rurales and the local police chief flat-footed. It took the latter several minutes to collect a large force of his men and rurales from their barracks, one block away.

They did not move in on Kidder, openly risking death. Instead they slithered between the walls of close set buildings and concealed themselves behind any handy cover. Dozens of them poured a steady rifle fire at the Ranger where he sat.

Firing an occasional shot to hold them off, and rising slowly with superhuman effort, Kidder set out for the border 150 feet away. No bullets brought him down, although he sustained several more wounds. He kept shooting back, reaching the border to find the gate unaccountably closed.

Attempting to climb over it, he failed because of sapped strength. He then slid down beside it and rolled over, firing steadily at the converging Mexicans. Twice he shifted position to evade their hot lead.

During this period of at least three quarters of an hour, no one appeared on the American side to aid him. Certainly the customs men, just on the other side, were aware of what was going on, yet not one stirred himself to do anything about opening the gate—and for a man who had risked his life helping them time and again.

Kidder lay there, bullets digging dirt around him, standing off the police and rurales until he had expended his last cartridge. Before that happened he had killed four and wounded an unknown number. Completely helpless at last, he yelled at them to come on and get him. He was through.

Approachingly warily, his enemies found it so. They dragged Kidder to jail, kicking and beating him every step of the way. Tossed ruthlessly into a cell, he was rendered unconscious by gun and rifle barrels.

The final minutes of the fight having been witnessed from the American side, news of the battle and the premature announcement of Kidder's death flew all along the border. Men who tried that night and the next day to see him were refused permission. But events elsewhere occurred rapidly. The news reached Col. Kosterlitzky. He dispatched an ominous warning of coming to investigate his rurales' part in the fight. That changed the picture immediately.

A Cochise County deputy sheriff was allowed to visit Kidder. He had the Ranger removed to a private home and brought two American doctors across the line. They were too late to save his life. Wanton beating with gun and rifle barrels had aggravated his wounds.

Asked why he had crossed the line when so many threats had been made against his life, Kidder told the deputy sheriff it was to see his contact. He asked that Wheeler be told to keep trying to locate him for his information must be important. The Mexican officer's name was Jose Sechristo. Wheeler found he had been mysteriously knifed to death three days before.

Kidder's last words were, "I can die with the knowledge that I did my best in a hard situation." Flagstaff's *Coconino Sun* editorialized, "It would be difficult for any man, no matter how able, to say more or as much in fifteen words than the dying Ranger. Verily he spoke a volume."

Arizona's nerviest Ranger died at seven o'clock the morning of April 5, 1908. His body was taken to Bisbee where his fellow-lawmen held a funeral; burial was at Jacinto, California.

Col. Kosterlitzky in great anger drummed the Naco rurales out of service. It was claimed that he hanged six of them out in the desert (his method of handling captured Mexican criminals). All Naco saloons, gambling places and restaurants were closed for thirty days. By the time he had finished, every official and every man implicated in Jeff Kidder's death was either in prison or removed from office.

Ida Barker Blake, who drove the ox team from Texas, is shown here with the first three of her nine children. Photo was taken at Barker log cabin at Beulah, New Mexico.

Photo Courtesy S. Omar Barker

The Barkers Look at the Old Days

A FAMILY MOVES WEST

By ELLIOTT S. BARKER

Photos Courtesy Author

THE SUDDEN BOUNCING on the spring seat of an ox-drawn covered wagon as it left the dim road and picked up speed on the prairie was fun for me, a three-year-old nubbin, but not for the driver, my pretty fifteen-year-old sister. "Whoa, Spot! Whoa, Coalie!" she coaxed again and again. But it was no use, the stolid oxen were running away.

Controlled only by voice command and a bullwhip, there was no stopping them. Fortunately, the terrain was smooth. Pa and Mother in two horse-drawn, covered wagons with four little girls aboard, were far behind, and we were on our own.

Last night we'd made a dry camp and the stock had had no water since the day before. Now, in mid-afternoon, trudging along under a blazing sun, they desperately needed water. A shallow prairie lake lay a quarter mile ahead. When the thirsty oxen smelled and saw the water they took off for it in high.

"Whoa, Coalie! Whoa, Spot! Whoa, now," the young bullwhacker commanded. But Spot and Coalie paid no attention and ran hard for the shallow, mud-bottom lake. Nor did they stop at water's edge to drink but rushed as far out as they could go until the wagon bogged down to the axles and they themselves were belly deep in the gooey mud.

"We'll get drowned!" I cried. The fun of the fast, bouncy ride had all at once been replaced with fear the like of which I had never known.

"Shut up, cry baby," Ida said, "we'll get out." At fifteen my buxom sister already knew how to speak with self-assured authority.

Benny, my nineteen-year-old brother who, with eleven-year-old Charlie, was driving some cattle and horses, had seen the fiasco and galloped up on his saddle mare, Nellie, to help us. "Stay in the wagon," he said. "We'll hitch on and pull it out backwards."

Once the oxen got their bellies full of water they began floundering in the muck but couldn't budge the mired wagon an inch. I was bawling and blubbering, scared stiff that the wagon would sink out of sight and we'd drown. "Hush up or you'll get throwed in the lake," Ida scolded.

By now Pa, driving one wagon and Mother the other, had caught up, as had the loose cattle and horses. Tugs were unhitched, neck yokes slipped off the wagon tongues and teams driven to the lake's edge to drink. Then the job of getting the ox-wagon out was begun.

First Pa waded in, crotch deep, and unhitched the oxen and, still yoked, drove them around and hitched their draw chain to one end of the rear axle. Next he hitched his team, Durgen and Old Yellow, to the other end beside the oxen. But good pullers as they were, the two teams couldn't budge the mired wagon. So Mother's team was hitched on ahead of them with another long chain.

"Now, Spot! Coalie!" Pa yelled cracking the bullwhip over their backs as Mother and Benny handled the horses. "Now, all together." The three teams lurched against yokes and collars and the wagon began to move. Once started, the three teams easily rolled it up onto dry land.

I climbed down out of the wagon and went running to Mother to tell her about the runaway and my harrowing experience. The teams were rested a little while, then hitched up to their respective wagons and the caravan rolled on over

S. OMAR BARKER'S STORY
"CALL-CATTLE" OF THE MOUNTAINS
BEGINS ON PAGE 18

Photo Courtesy S. Omar Barker

Squire L. Barker at age 80

Ox team dragging in logs for firewood

the Texas plains to make camp near another lake at sunset.

This was mid-September 1889. Squire Leander and Priscilla Jane Barker had sold out their small ranch-farm near Moran, Shackleford County, Texas, and were heading toward the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico. The five-hundred mile, overland journey had started on August 22 and, now, just a few miles southwest of Amarillo, Texas, they had passed the halfway mark.

The children were Benny; Ida; Minnie, thirteen; Charlie; Pearl, eight; Mattie, six; Grace, a two-month-old baby; and me. My oldest sister, Alice, had married Troupe Turner and was living in Colorado.

The family fortune consisted of fifty-six head of breed-cattle, twelve head of mares and colts, a yoke of oxen, two teams of horses, and three covered wagons loaded to the top of the sideboards with necessary travel and camp equipment, food, clothing and a few necessities for setting up housekeeping at trip's end.

THE REASON for pulling up stakes and heading for the New Mexico mountains was two-fold. The drouth and hard times of 1887 and '88 made finding a better situation desirable. Perhaps more important was my mother's health. She had long been severely afflicted with asthma and a change to higher altitude held hopes of relief. Pa had corresponded with a Doctor Sparks, an asthmatic, who had settled some thirty miles northwest of Las Vegas at an altitude of 8,000 feet and had been completely cured.

It may also be that under the surface there was a smoldering desire to get back into mountain country. Pa was raised in the Allegheny Mountains of Virginia, and Mother in the Blue Ridge country of North Carolina.

Squire L. Barker was a medium large, strong man with a heavy, reddish brown beard. He was an industrious, hard-working person of many skills—farmer, rancher, blacksmith, stonemason, millwright, and as a side issue, a Church of Christ preacher. He teased and joked a lot, had a rather violent temper, was kind to his family but firm and demanded strict obedience. He liked to hunt and fish. That and his preaching (for free) were about the only things he would sometimes neglect his work for. He liked to have his own way but Mother sometimes adroitly made him think her way was his.

Priscilla J. Barker, though plagued with ill health and burdened with raising eleven children (final count), was habitually cheerful. She sang a lot as she worked, some old folk songs but mostly religious hymns. She was always busy—keeping house, cooking, washing, ironing, sewing and making garden. Of course, the girls helped as they became big enough. Mother was of medium build, with brown hair and blue eyes. She fussed at us kids rather than punishing us but some way kept us in line.

Both parents were courageous and endowed with the pioneer spirit. Otherwise they never would have started this long covered wagon trip with an infant and seven other children.

Three days before the runaway episode the caravan was plodding along a little-used road across the broad plains when, to everyone's amazement, they suddenly came to what looked like the jumping off place. It was the south rim of Palo Duro Canyon south of a little village known as Amarillo, Texas.

With trepidation the wagons were eased down the steep, rocky, winding road into the canyon. Pa with the oxen set the pace for Mother and Ida with the horse-drawn wagons. At one place the road was so steep that the hind wheels of the wagons had to be locked with chains to hold them back. We kids walked down the hill behind the wagons. Despite the precarious descent, the refreshing environment of the canyon was a novel and most welcome relief for the plains-weary family.

There was a small stream of clear, running water and occasional deep pools with fish in them. My brother Charlie recalls that the rugged canyon with its verdure was one of the most beautiful sights he had ever seen—wildflowers, green trees and brush and wild grape vines with ripening fruit all over the place; and lush grass, stirrup high, in the meadow above the crossing. The crossing was somewhere near the famous old Goodnight Ranch.

Pa picked a nice campsite on a level spot overlooking the creek with plenty of firewood handy. It would be a two-night camp and a more auspicious spot for the needs, comfort and enjoyment of the travelers and their livestock could not have been found anywhere.

Except for one team, the stock got the best of it for the lay-over day was a mighty busy one for everybody. Supplies were running short, so one wagon was unloaded and Pa drove about eighteen miles to Amarillo to replenish them.

At camp it was a clean-up and wash day. Benny and Charlie scoured the area for rattlesnakes and gathered wood for an all-day fire to heat water in big, iron kettles. It was nice to have wood instead of cow chips to burn.

The accumulation of dirty clothes, towels and bedding was indeed quite a pile. Ida and Minnie helped Mother all day with the tremendous task. Ida was a leader. She was a strong, willing and competent girl who cheerfully did her share of the work. Minnie was well developed for her age, too, but was always an unhappy child who looked on the dark side of life. However, while she often complained, she never shirked her assigned tasks.

Pearl and Mattie were a happy, congenial pair who never quarreled. Pearl was a skinny, red-headed, freckle-faced girl. She was very talkative and read everything available.

Benny and Charlie looked after the livestock which, with lush forage, was an easy task. Everybody took time out for a good bath in the creek. Some of the kids got the bellyache from eating the sour, wild grapes. It was quite a day.

At dusk Pa got back from Amarillo with a load of supplies and delighted us kids with some hard candy he bought at the country store. Both he and his team were tired and dusty. "I'll get a bath in the morning," he said. But Mother had hot water ready and insisted he take a tub bath in the tent. "Let's all be clean tonight," she said.

THINGS seemed to move slowly the next morning. Perhaps it was because everyone was loath to leave the verdant paradise in which we had reveled for two days. It was near noon when the team hauled the heavily laden wagons out of the canyon to the flat plains on its north rim.

So far the caravan had been traveling northwest, but now it turned and headed almost due west with Endee, New Mexico, seventy miles or five days away, the next settlement of any kind.

It would be ridiculous to expect the reader to believe that I, then a kid of three years, could remember the details of the trip; yet hearing the stories told by my parents and older brothers and sisters through the years makes many of them seem that I do really remember them. In refreshing my memory, about four years ago, I got a lot of information from Ida, who has since passed away. Now I am dependent upon Charlie, presently a practicing attorney at eighty-eight, to fill in the gaps and provide some details.

The Salt Fork of the Brazos River, which we had crossed on the fourth day, was very alkaline or gyp, as it was called, unfit for humans but stock could drink it. A spring coming out of the creek bank was cold and potable, so the water barrels were filled from that.

Shortly after crossing the Salt Fork, some twenty miles northwest of Haskell, Texas, we pitched camp at the edge of a big prairie dog town. The spectacle of the little animals standing straight up on the rim of the mounds around their burrows and repeatedly giving their two-syllable, high-pitch, low-pitch, alarm bark was fascinating. With each bark there was a flick of the tail. When we kids approached, the bark changed from a high-pitch low-pitch, to two high-pitch syllables, which is their danger warning signal.

After the twelve-by-fourteen wall tent, in which Pa, Mother, the girls and I slept, was already set up, it was discovered that there were diamondback rattlesnakes all over the place. Unable to endure the sun's heat they were now emerging in the cool of evening from burrows or other shelters.

The oxen had been unyoked and the teams unharnessed and turned loose to graze. To round up the stock, hitch up and move camp seemed too big a task. So, since rattlers don't hunt folks up to bite them but strike only when approached too close, it was decided to stick it out.

Mother remembered an old theory that snakes won't crawl over a rope on the ground and had Pa circle the tent area with ropes. Charlie and Benny, who were used to spreading down a soogan for their bed anywhere out under the stars, moved inside the ropes next to the tent. Whether or not the ropes were effective, no snakes entered to disturb the sleeping family.

Pup and Ring, our two dogs, had an opportunity at this camp to add to their skill in killing rattlesnakes.

Pup would tease one by circling it and barking viciously, while Ring stood by as close as he safely could, alert and ready for action. When the snake would strike, Pup saw to it that he missed, then instantly he would seize it just back of its head before it could strike again. Ring would grab it farther back in his strong jaws. Then the dogs would have a tug-of-war until they pulled the snake in two. Before the long trip was over they had killed many a rattler that way and never were bitten.

AND SO, leaving prairie dogs, rattlesnakes, gyp water and cactus behind, the wagons were on their plodding way once more.

A few days later the family passed Matador which consisted mainly of the headquarters of the ranch of that name. The foreman, a picturesque cowboy with a deep blue birthmark covering one side of his face, rode for miles with the travelers, subjecting them to all kinds of questioning as to who they were, where they were going, and the like. Perhaps he suspected they were nesters planning to settle on the huge ranch.

In our herd of cattle was a very large, heavy-horned Holstein bull that had yet to be defeated in a fight. The caravan came across a herd of Matador cattle in which was a big, red, long-horned bull. The bulls began bellowing and pawing the ground, challenging each other to battle. The ranch foreman said to Benny, "You better keep your stock moving and take care of that bull of yours."

Benny, always soft-spoken, replied, "Old Spot will take care of hisself."

"I'm a-warnin' you," the foreman said.

Charlie, who had greatly enjoyed several bull fights along the way, boastfully put in, "Spot will chouse that bull of yours clear out of Texas."

Spot trotted out to meet his challenger, bellowing and with eyes blazing. The two animals circled each other pawing the dry earth, each looking for an opening to charge. Then they crashed head on and the desperate fight began. Wagons were stopped so that all could watch and root for Old Spot. The bulls viciously pushed each other this way and that. They backed off and came together again like a pair of locomotives.

It might seem that the challenger's long horns would give him the advantage, but such was not the case. Spot got in between them, constantly maneuvering for a thrust in the ribs. The struggle was a desperate one not quickly ended. But it could be seen that Spot was out boxing his opponent, so to speak. The turf was dry and they kicked up an awful dust.

At long last Spot got his chance and, giving his antagonist a mighty blow in the ribs, knocked him flat. The red bull bellowed in pain. He jumped up and took off as fast as he could run, but Spot was right after him, ripping into flanks and hindquarters with sharp, heavy horns. After a hundred yards Spot turned back but the red bull kept going.

"I told you so," Charlie boasted.

The humiliated ranch foreman turned and rode away and the wagons rolled on with something to talk and laugh about.

Three days later they were passing Plainview, a couple of miles to the west, when a mirage put on a spectacular show. The heat wave distortion of the atmosphere made the group of one-story houses look like tall watchtowers dancing on the plains. Many mirages were seen along the way but those at Plainview were by far the most spectacular.

Along here I was first introduced to big game, which has been a vital part of my life. Pronghorn antelope were becoming common, with a herd in sight almost constantly throughout the day. Often they would run parallel to the wagons for a little way, then cross only a short distance in front of them. Occasionally a coyote or two would be seen but they were not as plentiful as antelope.

THE AIR was calm and warm the morning we broke camp three days from the New Mexico boundary. Then about ten o'clock a "norther" struck like a flash. A brisk northwest wind, chilly as an iceberg, swept across the high plains. There was no moisture with it, but the wind soon became so strong and cold that the livestock refused to face it and tried their best to turn back and drift. Teams threw their heads madly and had to be urged to keep going. Pa had to take over the ox team from Ida and use the bullwhip sharply to keep them in line.

The two young cowboys, wearing nothing but cotton shirts and trousers, as was customary for boys where we came from, almost froze to death. Despite the cold, they had to ride hard for hours to keep the herd together and moving behind the wagons. Charlie says that he has never been as cold as he was then.

Such northers are characteristic of the high plains and many lives have been lost and thousands of cattle have perished in similar blizzards. Had there been rain, sleet or snow with this one it would have been disastrous.

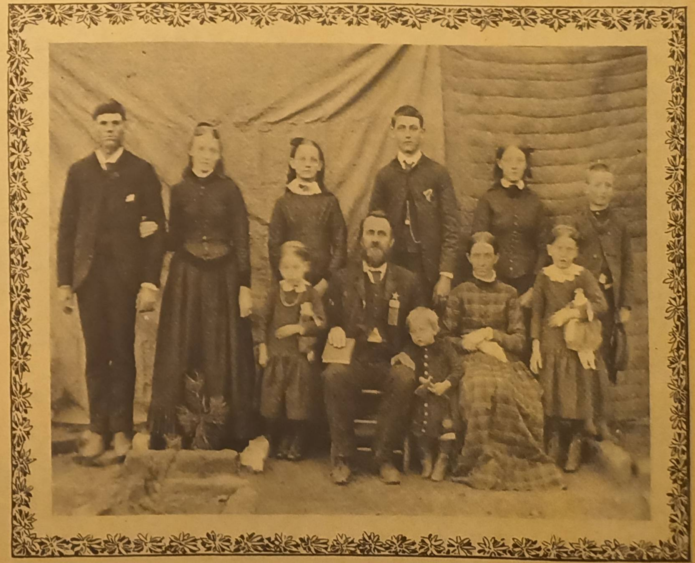
There was no noon stop and everybody was worrying about night camp and how the stock could possibly be held together. Then in mid-afternoon the cold wind died down. The bright sun soon took the chill out of the air with no real damage done, but the family had had a taste of unaccustomed things to come in the New Mexico mountains.

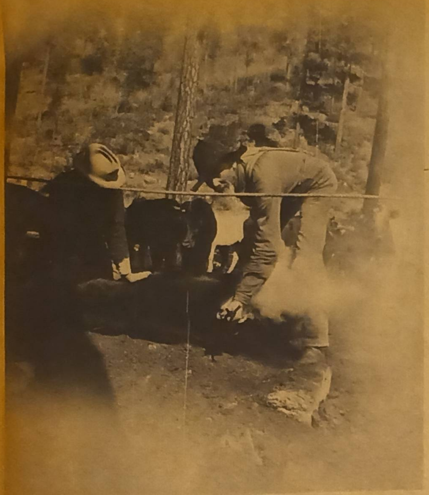
Two days later the caravan came to the caprock, fringed with scrubby timber, and dropped off into the mesquite brush, yucca and red, sandy soil country of the broad Canadian River valley. The river itself wound its tortuous way through a rock-rimmed gorge some fifteen miles to the north. Camp was pitched a quarter mile from a waterhole where the stock could drink. Dead brush and limbs from the scrubby trees provided plenty of firewood.

We suspected that we were now in New Mexico but could not be sure. The little settlement of Endee was still two or three miles ahead. Anyway, this was a pleasant camp in an environment wholly different

(Continued on page 66)

The Squire L. Barker family the year before the covered wagon trip. Seated, Squire L. and Priscilla J. Barker. Couple at left, Troupe and Alice Barker Turner. Children, center, Elliott S.; left, Mattie; right, Pearl; back row, left, Minnie; Benny; Ida; Charlie.





S. L. Barker branding. Photo taken about 1906.

"CALL-CATTLE" OF THE MOUNTAINS

By S. OMAR BARKER

Photos Courtesy Author

I WONDER if anybody else ever handled cattle the way Pa and us boys did when I was a young'un up on the Sapello. Maybe I should say "us boys and girls," because Ma and my sisters often helped, too. I doubt if Pa's methods would have worked very well for even a medium big outfit, but there never were more than about 100 head in the SLB brand, because that was all there was enough range for, up there in the mountains.

That was both before and during the early days of the U. S. Forest Service, but Pa and his neighbors rarely overgrazed the Beaver Creek and Lone Tree Mesa country, even without restrictions, for the simple reason that there was no profit in raising mountain cattle if they didn't come out fat in the fall—and they didn't get fat if the range was overgrazed.

Real-for-sure cowhands from the cockleburr country would laugh at the way us mountain folks worked cattle, but for Pa's half-wild, mixed-breed critters in a rough, brushy, timbered country, his system worked mighty fine.

The main key to it was the cows' natural hunger for salt on a sweet grass range. We didn't put out block salt here and there for the stock to lick whenever they wanted to, the way Forest Service regulations now require. Pa carried loose salt in a sack behind his saddle and used it as a lure. Whenever he wanted to gather the cattle for any purpose, he simply stopped in some suitable open meadow on Beaver Creek, let loose with all the wind in his big, healthy lungs and called them. If they heard him—and they usually did—they came. No come, no salt. Mostly the response was unanimous.

Someimes Pa would start calling on the steep, aspen-lined trail from Lone Tree Mesa, and by the time we got down to Beaver Creek, cattle would already be crowding at his heels. There Pa would dole out the salt in little handfuls here and there on the ground—and how those cattle did crowd and fight to get to it! A few cows that had done service in the milkpen at the ranch would be tame enough to come close for a dollop of salt direct from hand to tongue, but there were always a few wildies out on the fringes that wouldn't come within fifty yards of man, woman or child, afoot or ahorseback, salt or no salt.

That cattle call of Pa's was a whamdinger. Us boys and the womenfolks used the same syllables, but none of us ever could match Pa for volume, tone, distance and fetching power. I don't know how nor where this bovine-beckoning bellow of Pa's originated. Maybe he brought it with him from his native Virginia mountains, or maybe he picked it up during his twenty-year sojourn in Texas before settling in these New Mexico Rockies in 1889.

The nearest I can come to spelling it is thus: *Swook! Swoo-ook! SWOO-OO-OOK!* Vocalized *crescendo fortissimo*, it would bring cattle hightailing from a good two miles away. Sometimes Pa added a softer "*sook-sook-sookow*" as sort of a confidential, reassuring salt-promise for any critters that happened to be nearby.

But it was that big old canyon-echoing *swook* that really emptied the woods of cattle. It sure saved a lot of riding. Sometimes an old bossy with a right young calf would not come, especially if she suspected us of aiming to drive her in for a summer's service in the milkpen—which none of the range cows ever seemed to enjoy very much. Then somebody might have to ride out quite a patch of brushy, canyon-cut country to find her. Other times such an old bossy would leave her calf hid out under a brush a mile or two away and come anyhow.

Finding such a cached calf wasn't always easy. You might think that all you would have to do would be to follow the old lady when she went back to it. But sometimes she wouldn't even start back for several hours, and then if followed she would loiter along as if she had plumb forgot that she had a calf, or else lead off in the wrong direction.

The Old Barker Ranch at Beulah

Pa often remedied that by sic'ing the dog on her. During most of my boyhood we had a big curly black dog named King who was an expert at tormenting a cow, nipping her heels and dodging when she turned to fight. Usually just a few minutes of "dogging" would get a cowmom so worked up and excited that she would forget her bovine guile and hurry to her calf to make sure the dog didn't get there first.

ANOTHER ONE of Pa's unorthodox ways to make locating the cattle easier was to put a variety of cowbells on eight or ten of the older cows. Since most of these leaders had favorite areas of the range and each one usually had a little bunch with her, it was pretty easy to locate the cattle even when we didn't want to gather them. With as small a herd as the SLB's, we knew every critter, especially every bellcow, individually—even had all the she-stuff named. Often we could stop on the point of a ridge where the listening was good and tell just about which cattle were where without ever seeing them.

"That's ol' Midge's bell over yonder across the canyon," Pa would say. "Sounds like ol' Kate's bunch up on the Upper Mesa. I reckon that's ol' Cuba with her wildies up around the Forks, but I don't hear ol' Eva anywhere."

Ranchers using the same range nowadays ride and ride and ride to find their cattle, with rarely ever a bell to listen for nor a *swook* with which to gather them. With block salt at established salt grounds at all times, as required by the Forest Service, calling likely wouldn't work anyway.

Moving the little SLB herd of "out-cattle" over the mountain to Beaver Creek in the spring and back to the ranch in the fall was not too hard a chore. The cattle loved their summer range. Each spring with the rising of the grass some would drift back to it of their own accord. To drive the rest, one rider, usually Pa or Ma, would lead out up the trail, *swooking* and dribbling a little salt, while as many of us young'uns of both sexes as could find a horse to ride pushed on the laggards from behind.

There never were enough saddles to go around, but even Ma's youngest (me) astraddle of a bony old workhorse bareback could help chouse perverse laggards out of the brush. I wonder, incidentally, how many eight to twelve-year-old boys of today have ever suffered the exquisite sting of salty horse sweat in a crotch chafed raw by an unpadded equine spine?

In the fall Pa frequently let the out-cattle stay on Beaver until a snowstorm or two brought most of them home to meadows and haystacks of their own accord. The rest, usually wildies, we had to go after, and it might take some pretty hard brush-popping to convince them that the ranch was a better place to spend the winter than Beaver Creek.

There was one beautiful, golden-yellow, line-back cow that we never did convince. When she was branded as a calf was the only time we ever got her in a corral. My older brothers tried several times to run her down and rope her, but once she took to the brush they might as well have tried to catch up with a wild buck deer. Once a couple of tophand cowboys from out on the flats tried to help us bring her in, but they couldn't even keep in sight of her for five minutes. Every year of her life Ol' Wildy wintered on Beaver Creek among the snowdrifts, yet always came up in good shape in the spring. Finally one fall Pa shot her, butchered her out where she fell, and packed the meat in.

A time when driving SLB cattle was almost more than even the best of brush-poppers could manage, was when we brought the out-cattle in for calf branding along about midsummer. Early calves had already been worked on before the cattle went to summer range, but late calves also had to be attended to, and except for an occasional lucky catch, none of us was good enough with a rope to catch them loose on that rough, brush-and-timber range. So Pa would *swook* up the whole herd on Beaver and we'd just about ride down every horse on the place bringing them in.

That was one time when a salt-caller ahead on the trail wasn't much help. Those cattle loved the lush grass and freedom of their summer range, and they stubbornly resisted every effort to make them leave it in mid-season. Those wise old hornies knew every crook and turn of the steep trail. At almost every switchback one or more old cows would jump the track and hit the brush back toward Beaver Creek at a dead run. I've got scars on my knees yet from the tree-bumping runs we had to make to head them.

The SLBs were about as mixed up in breeding, color, size and shape as bovine critters can get. To improve the longhorn strain that he brought with him overland from Texas, Pa tried a succession of new bulls of various breeds: a Holstein, a Jersey, a red Durham, a Hereford, and finally a black Angus. We had cows of every hue and shade from white to black to red to yellow to brown, with plenty of brindles, roans, speckles and linebacks. Some had wide horns, some wore the short Jersey curl.

WITH a big family to feed, Pa and Ma picked the likeliest bags—ten or twelve of them—for milkpen service, letting their calves share the udder at each milking. Whenever one of these milk penners freshened on summer range, we generally had to drive a dozen or more of the out-cattle in with her for trail company. Once the cow was penned, we turned the others out and they hit the trail back to Beaver Creek.

If the milkpenner was fairly gentle, we might get a rope on her and lead her in, or tie a clog to a front foot and drive her alone with her calf. A couple of cowboys rope-handling a sharp horned critter out on the open flats is one thing. Rope-wrestling one up and over a steep mountain on a narrow trail is something else again.

One time my brother Marion and I, still in our teens, got a rope on a fairly gentle milkpenner we called Lucy and started home with her. Marion furnished the pull with a rope from her horns to his saddlehorn. I furnished the push by riding close behind and twisting her tail. This system worked pretty well until the trail went into the timber. There, the first thing we knew, the cow had the lead rope tangled up in some aspen saplings and herself down with her back downhill and her durn fool neck all twisted. It looked like we'd have a dead cow on our hands in about two shakes if we didn't get her up; and the rope was so tangled in the brush that slack from loosening it at the saddlehorn didn't get to the cow.

I got my knife out to cut the rope, but Marion was already stooping over Lucy's head, trying to work loose the needed slack. He got the slack all right, but he didn't get out of the way quick enough.

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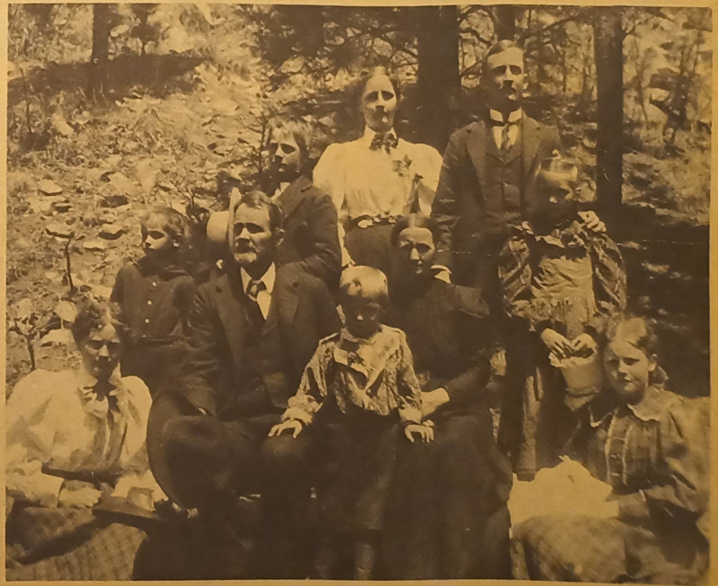
Squire Leander and Priscilla Jane Barker with eight of their eleven children at Beulah, New Mexico about 1899. Seated front, left to right: Pearl, Squire L., S. Omar, Priscilla Jane, Mattie. Standing: D. Marion, Elliott S., Minnie, Charles B., Grace.



UTAH'S UNKNOWN

By GEORGE A. THOMPSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Remains of the Nephi Mine are shown at left with the desert and salt flats in the background. Lower left, old cabin at Boston Terrace; Newfoundland Mountains in background.

The Newfoundlands loom like a fortified castle surrounded by a moat of sand. This range is *not* a place for inexperienced explorers

THE NEWFOUNDLAND Mountains are located in Box Elder County in the northwest corner of Utah—probably one of the most isolated and untraveled sections in the country. These mountains, surrounded on all sides by the Great Salt Lake Desert, are not part of any other chain. The Newfoundlands have the appearance of being the most desolate and foreboding of places.

The desert is such that any rainfall turns the surface into a quagmire, impassable to vehicles. The mountains themselves are composed chiefly of cambrium granite, one of the oldest and hardest of rocks, with a cleavage which produces sharp edges, especially hard on tires and footwear. Desert Peak is the highest point on the range, 6,984 feet, but seems to be much higher because it rises over 2,500 feet above the salt desert below.

According to available records the range, though apparently heavily mineralized, has never been successfully mined, due mostly to transportation difficulties and the problems of building and maintaining a camp there. All supplies, including water, have to be freighted in. There are several small springs, but some contain arsenic and are poisonous, and the others are too salty for human consumption.

During the fall and winter seasons when the desert area becomes a bog of sticky grey mud, anyone on the range becomes dependent upon the Southern Pacific Railroad for supplies and transportation. The Southern Pacific runs east and west just past the north end of the mountains. Advance arrangements can be made for a local freight to stop once a week (on Wednesday); however the time of arrival for this train varies greatly.

Most early emigrants bypassed the area, partly due to the lack of water, timber, and feed for livestock but chiefly because the Newfoundlands were not on any well known or traveled trail of the time. The now infamous "Hastings Cutoff" did pass to the south of the mountains but very few used this route, the ill-fated Donner party being the best known exception. The sticky mud flats, deep sand, and the harshness of the area were instrumental in causing the Donners to be late in arriving at the Sierra Nevadas. Wagon tracks from the Donner party (and possibly others) are still said to be found in the hard crusty salt of the desert. Occasionally some weathered and rusted remains of discarded property of early travelers can be found but these relics are now limited to nearly unrecognizable pieces of metal from trunks, wagons, and such.

Later, tracks of the old Central Pacific Railroad were hurriedly laid some thirty miles northeast of the range in the rush to meet those of the Union Pacific at Promontory Point. This was in 1869.

Livestock grazing by early Mormon settlers probably did not extend to the Newfoundlands. Sheep, however, were driven into the area and their unrestricted grazing was responsible for destruction of the limited feed. Sheep are still run on the range during the winter months, but because of the extreme roughness of the canyons and ridges only the fringe areas bordering the desert are utilized. During some winters it is necessary to provide pellets for feed and, when a dry winter is encountered, water is hauled from Wendover, some sixty miles to the west.

THE DESERT area was first organized as the Box Elder mining district in 1866, and later the mountain areas as the Newfoundland District. Although there is considerable evidence of early-day mining on the range there is little written record of this activity. Commercial shipments of ore, though unrecorded, probably were made for there are several old workings of a size indicating they were in operation for several years and that some profit or hope of profit must have been realized or expected. There is at least one shaft which appears to be several hundred feet deep (reportedly 600') and a number of tunnels, some of which extend into the mountain face for hundreds of feet. Considering the hand labor methods used at the time these diggings represent a great deal of time and labor.

What most of the old diggings were worked for is unknown. A number of people well versed in mining and mineralogy have examined the sites and have found no mineral of great value, certainly nothing which would warrant the extent of the workings, especially in view of the price of metals during the time in which they were in operation.

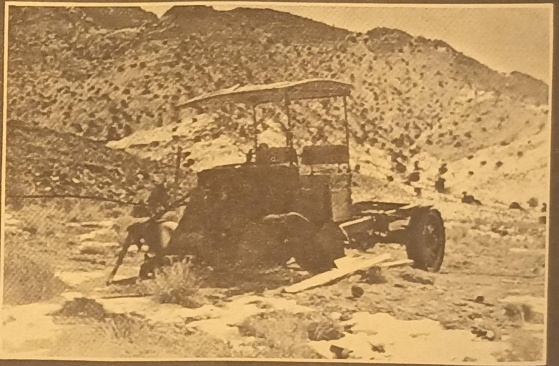
There is considerable copper in the area and the waste dump of the old Nephi Mine is composed of a large quantity of low grade copper. I took part in shipping some eighty tons of this ore and found that the costs of shipping were hardly repaid. There is also considerable manganese on the range but it has never been worked or shipped. Bismuth is also known to exist, although no actual mining of this ore has been done, so far as is known.

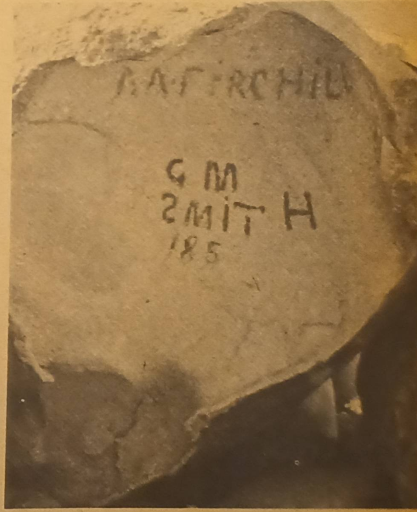
The mountains also have some large deposits of tungsten, some of which have been worked recently. I worked for a company which shipped some several hundred tons of this ore, only to encounter milling problems and governmental restrictions which resulted in considerable financial loss to the company. One engineer examined the range and pronounced it to be a prospector's paradise stating that almost any mineral could be found, including both gold and silver. Gold ore in the past was worked north of the range near Lucin and recent reports indicate that a body of gold-bearing ore is being worked on a small scale on the southwest side of the range.

There are a number of fascinating reminders of early mining operations, one of the most interesting of which is a large group of grey sandstone rocks located near the northwest end of the range. On them are written names of a number of early-day people, whether emigrants, miners, or those just stopping temporarily is not known. Some of the names date back to 1853 and most are still readable. They appear to have been written with some type of grease or tar and are so placed that the elements have not too adversely effected them. Near the rocks is an old cabin built of railroad ties. It appears to have been built in comparatively recent times, perhaps by a miner or trapper, but evidently has not been used in many years.

ON THE east side of the range and approximately mid-way its length is a canyon whose empty mouth stares toward the desolate Lakeside Range some twenty-five miles across the barren salt flats. There are a number of old workings in this and adjoining canyons, all quite well preserved, but none revealing the reason for its existence. In one of these canyons Bart Duke, foreman for the Sun Uranium Mining Company, found a piece of gold-bearing float. Its source was never located. This canyon is mentioned in particular because one of the most interesting of all relics is located here. At the mouth of the canyon sit the remains of an ancient truck—a 1902 model International long relegated to oblivion. An intriguing feature of the vehicle is the engine which is mounted backward with the fan toward the fire wall rather than toward the radiator (which has been removed). The truck

(Continued on page 52)





Left, vintage International truck abandoned on east slope of Newfoundland Mountains. Lower left, derelict buckboard at Boston Terrace. One of the name rocks is shown at lower right.

By A. L. CLARK

The GOLDRUSH FOLLIES

Dust is for spending—ask any 49er! The Varieties put a tune in the air, bubbles in the glass, aces in the deck, and girls just across the footlights!

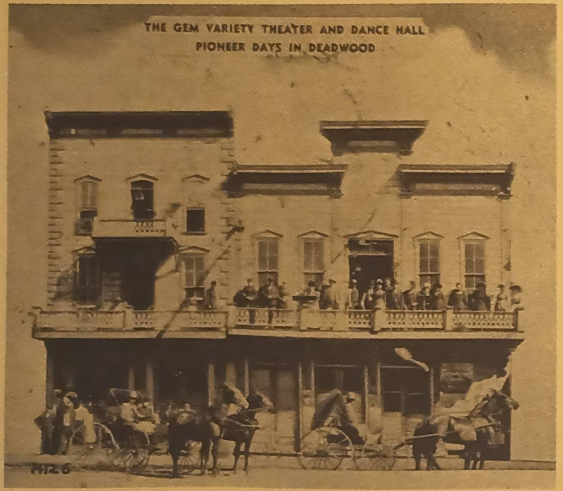


Photo Courtesy Author

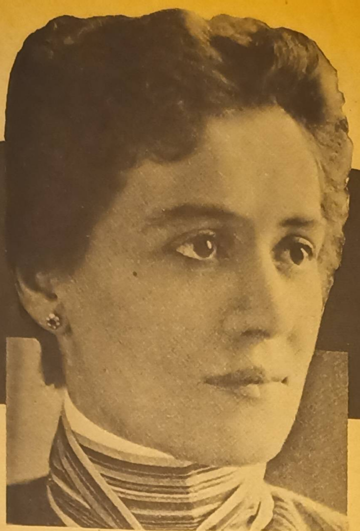


Photo Courtesy Author

Annie Ashley, (the late Mrs. John Barton) played all of the principal Variety Halls of the West in the 1880s and '90s. During her tours, Annie Ashley saw serious gunplay in El Paso, Texas, and Tombstone, Arizona. She knew Wyatt Earp and recalled a backstage visit Earp paid to her and her husband when they were playing at the Baldwin Theatre, San Francisco. At left, the Gem Theatre in Deadwood. The band played nightly concerts on the outdoor balcony and performers came out in costume to advertise the show.

THE FIRST variety (or vaudeville) theatre in the world, according to the late Ralph Wray of Los Angeles, was Samuel E. Tetlow's Bella Union, on the north side of San Francisco's Portsmouth Plaza. It may be that Wray, who was a veteran trouper and chronicler of California theatrical history, took in too much territory. But the Bella Union definitely was the first variety theater in the trans-Mississippi West and its success spawned scores of imitators.

The gold rush of 1849 was only a few months old when Tetlow opened his famed gambling house at 706 Washington Street. The Bella Union had plenty of competition, for around the Plaza were a number of other casinos—the Parker House, El Dorado, Aguila de Oro and Verandah among them—so he fitted up the hall next door to his gambling place as a theater. This, he felt, would provide diversion for his patrons when they had had as much excitement at the gaming tables as they could stand—or afford—and keep them from straying off to rival casinos.

Thus was born the West's first "combination house"—a place where adventurers could drink, gamble, watch more-or-less talented performers in their singing, dancing or acrobatic specialities, and possibly enjoy a brief companionship with one of the handsomely gowned dancehall girls.

When an anti-gambling ordinance was passed by the city council in the early 1850s, Tetlow closed his casino and devoted his full attention to the theater. Madame Tetlow was installed at the entrance to collect admission charges, and the Bella Union prospered.

From its stage were graduated a number of entertainers who went on to fame and fortune. These included Lotta Crabtree who, upon her retirement from the stage in 1891, was reputed to be the richest actress in the world; Joe Murphy, who made his debut at the Bella Union in 1852 and later amassed a fortune from his Irish plays—"Shaun the Postboy," "Kerry Gow," "Maum Cre" and "Help!"; Ned Harrigan, who became famous after he formed a partnership with Tony Hart.

At the Bella Union, Harrigan was teamed with Sam Rickey. They sang and cracked jokes in Irish, Negro and German dialects. Harrigan and Rickey, immensely popular at both the Bella Union and a rival house called the Pacific Melodeon, then traveled to Chicago where they added to the cast of Arlington, Cotton & Kemble's Minstrels. Then Harrigan wrote *The Mulligan Guards*, a march song that was sung by performers in all parts of the land. Rare was the parlor upright piano which did not display a copy of *The Mulligan Guards* in the elegant Eighties.

Others who achieved more than local celebrity following their Bella Union engagements were the Worrell Sisters—Sophie, Jennie and Irene; C. W. Cogill and Frank Cooper, song and dance team; H. R. Archer, baritone; Lulu Delaney, serio-comic singer; Fred Maeder, leading man; Patti Rosa, singer; and Pauline Markham, who "dropped out" of a western tour of Lydia Thompson's British Blondes to become a great San Francisco favorite.

Also worthy of mention are Johnson & Bruno, for Gus Bruno of this team played all the variety halls of the Pacific Coast and Mountain West, and anyone who leafs through the files of frontier newspapers for the late '70s and '80s will run across his billing time after time.

Wray appeared on the stage of the Bella Union in 1878. By then the entrance had been shifted from Washington Street around the corner to Kearney, which in those days was San Francisco's principal thoroughfare—for amusement-seekers, at least.

SO GREAT was the demand for variety shows in San Francisco during the quarter-century following the Civil War that room for them could not be found on the streets around Portsmouth Plaza, so many "went underground." This was the period of cellar theaters.

The first cellar theater was opened about 1869 "at the northwest corner of Kearney & Pine," so Wray reported to me. "Some very good performers appeared at this house, which continued in operation, under various managements, until the Nineties. This cellar was about 30 by 60 feet in floor space, and the others were of similar dimension."

Another cellar theater was Canterbury Hall on the east side of Kearney Street, between Washington and Jackson and near the Bella Union's main entrance.

"San Francisco was about the only city in the United States where cellar theaters were tolerated," Wray commented. "None could seat more than 300 people. Ventilation? There was none. The bar was the mainstay of these places, although some clever artists did appear in them."

Not all of the Bella Union's competitors took to the cellars. One of the most successful, Gilbert's, was upstairs at the southeast corner of Clay and Kearney. Here, in 1863, appeared Lotta; the Worrell Sisters; William Bernard, who later became a partner in the troupe of Birch, Wambold, Backus and Bernard's San Francisco Minstrels; Johnny DeAngelis, father of Jefferson DeAngelis, a later-day musical comedy star; and Joe Murphy.

By the late Seventies, the Bella Union had slipped badly. Tetlow had taken a partner, one William Skeantlebury, and the co-proprietors frequently quarreled over details of management. One evening in the summer of 1879, an employe of the theater informed Tetlow that Skeantlebury was armed and vowing to all within earshot that he would kill Tetlow "before I eat or sleep this day." So Tetlow testified in court the following April; for after he had been informed that Skeantlebury was out to get him, Tetlow had gone to his room and got his own pistol, returned to the theater and shot and killed his partner.

Tetlow's plea of self-defense won an acquittal, but the already tarnished reputation of the Bella Union was damaged beyond repair. Tetlow lost control of the house, its ownership passing to a contractor named McAtee.

Upon the recommendation of variety hall manager James A. Browne, McAtee brought out from Denver an experienced variety artist and manager named Harry Montague to manage the historic house. Montague immediately closed the theater for a complete renovation. He had the interior repainted, installed new scenery, imported fresh talent from the East—all to no avail. Here is the program for Saturday, February 26, 1881:

The entertainment will commence with Billy White's Telephone, with Billy White, Owen Dale, W. J. Russell, George Wallace and James Reilly.
Musical selection, Isadore Frank's Orchestra
Zoe Benthan, artistic Highland Fling
Duncan Sisters, Carrie and Sophie, serio-comic stars
G. Arthur Doty. . . . "If I Only Had a Beau"
The Lamonts, Tom and Henry, trapeze artists
Henry LeClair, Protean character comic, in a musical quick-change act titled "Married and Not Married"
Ralph Wray, the premier exotic dancer, in his lofty kicking act
Harry Montague, in original songs
Sheridan & Reilly, in Hibernian songs, dances and whistling
Miss Frankie Howard, charming singer and dancer

(Continued on page 48)

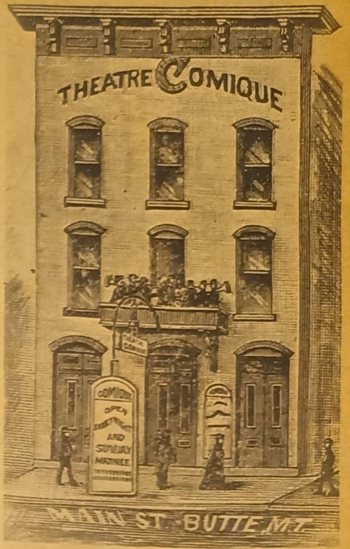
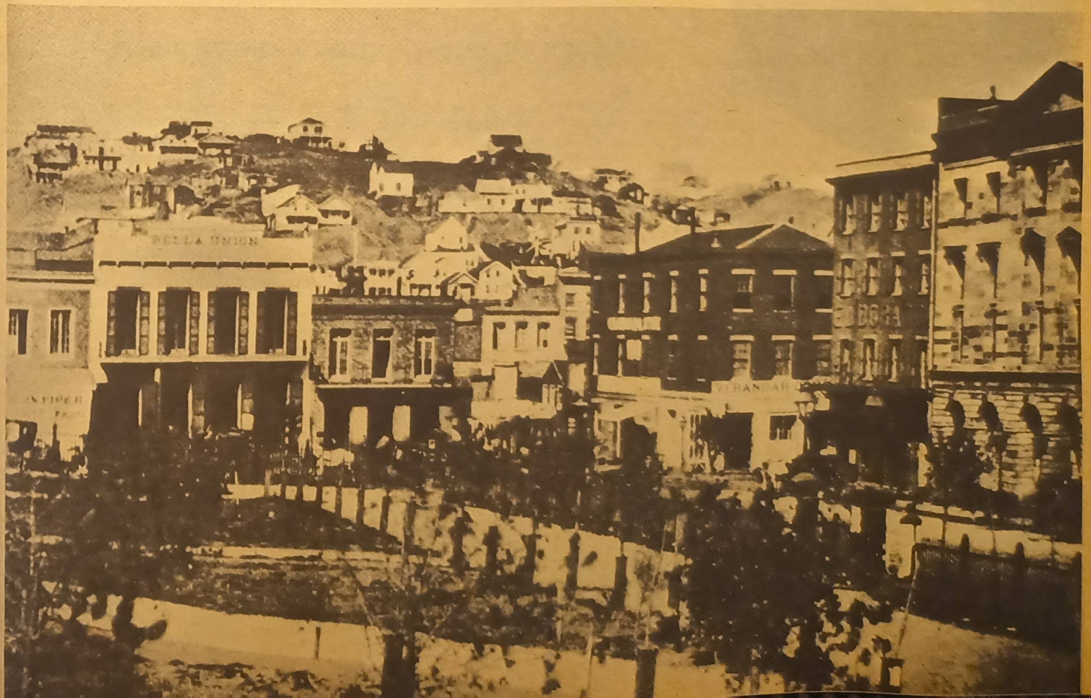


Photo Courtesy C. Owen Smithers & Son

Old print above shows the exterior of Butte's Theatre Comique which opened its doors in 1882 before the Utah & Northern Railroad was completed between Ogden, Utah, and Butte. Below is a photo of a hub of the early West—San Francisco's Portsmouth Plaza and the Belle Union as it appeared in 1856. Nearby were the Parker House, Varandah, El Dorado and Aguilla de Oro gambling halls. Telegraph Hill is in the background.

Photo Courtesy California State Library



First house built in Wise County, Texas

Photo Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

SPECIAL!
FROM OUR OLD
Frontier
Times

BATTLE at BALL'S RANCH

WRITTEN IN 1910 By JOHN WARREN HUNTER

BALL'S RANCH was on the road leading from Decatur, Wise County, to Jacksboro, Texas. Fort Richardson was located at the latter place and was garrisoned by several companies of the Sixth U. S. Cavalry under Col. Paddy Starr. Ball's Ranch was several miles north or northwest of Decatur and some thirty-five or forty miles from Fort Richardson. It was a small ranch and, until some years after the war, was the only habitation immediately on the Jacksboro road for a stretch of many miles. The following account of the raid on this ranch is furnished by one of the participants in that struggle:

In the fall of 1868, I went from Jacksboro to Jefferson, Texas, and bought a bunch of horses for the cavalry service. The government was paying good prices for cavalry stock and I expected to reap a handsome profit by selling them to the purchasing agent at Fort Richardson. Near Jefferson, I picked up a young man by the name of Holford and hired him to assist me in driving my stock to market. He was a raw, inexperienced young fellow, about my age (twenty-two), and had never been on the frontier. However, there was something about him that persuaded me to believe that he could be relied on in a tight place, and we soon came to terms. I told him of the dangers we might encounter, gave him fair warning, and agreed to pay him $100 for his services when I had disposed of my horses.

We started with our little *caballada* and soon discovered the need of a pack mule. At Sulphur Springs, where Holford's father lived, we stopped a couple of days and from some horse traders from San Antonio, I bought a mule to serve as a pack animal. He was a small, wiry, lithesome beast of the tow-headed variety and from all appearances, taking into account his temperament, obstinacy, eccentricities, endurance and all-round cussedness in general, he could have laid claim to a lineal relationship to that species of his race introduced into New Spain by the *Conquistadores* some three and a half centuries ago. Briefly, he was what was known to all Texans as a "Spanish mule."

During our journey for the first three or four days this mule made a splendid record. He showed himself gentle, docile and obedient. He never tried to stray from the herd, kept in the middle of the road, and at times followed along close in the rear. We became greatly attached to our mule and we named him "Benemerito." (Keep an eye on Benemerito; he is to figure conspicuously in the tragedy to follow.)

We traveled leisurely in order that my stock should reach Jacksboro in good shape; grass was green and abundant along the entire route, and being well supplied with camp equipage borne on the back of the patient and amiable Benemerito, we made the journey pleasantly until we reached Decatur, then a mere village far out on the frontier.

Here we were informed that while there were no Indians reported as being in the country, yet it behooved us to keep a sharp lookout, as they had been troublesome all fall and, as there were few settlers along our route to Jacksboro (Fort Richardson), we could not exercise too much care. We should be ready to fight any moment. Each of us carried a cap-and-ball Remington six-shooter and it was suggested by those at Decatur that we take along a couple of Spencer rifles, with a good supply of cartridges. To this we readily agreed, since it did not cost us anything. For the protection of travelers and those living on ranches along exposed sections of the border, the government kept a supply of guns with ammunition at convenient points. On demand, these were furnished as a loan, and had to be returned or accounted for.

Being thus heavily armed and well mounted, we set forward on our journey without the least fear of Indians, and with an indifference to danger that proved our undoing.

WE LEFT Decatur late in the afternoon and camped a few miles out, each taking his turn during the night as guardsman. Bright and early the next morning we were in the saddle, cheerful and bouyant since two more days would take us to the end of our journey. It was here that Benemerito began to reveal his true character, in other words, his innate cussedness. He showed a spirit of rare insubordination that morning while being packed, which was simply astonishing. Along the road, during all that forenoon, he was mean and desperately contrary. He would leave the road to follow every hog-trail, and every gully and ravine that intersected the main road was his chosen path. At a muddy pond where we allowed the horses to enter in quest of water, he laid himself down and wallowed in the mud and slime, saturating our small stock of clothes and blankets and ruining our little stock of grub.

During the morning drive, some five miles out from Decatur, we overtook a train of seven wagons from Grayson County. These were loaded with flour which was being taken to the Jacksboro market. We also met a small wagontrain returning from Fort Richardson, and the men with this outfit informed us that the way was clear, and that it had been several weeks since Indians had been in the country.

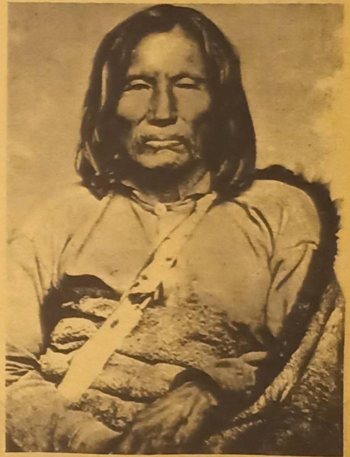
We were in the Cross Timbers and all that forenoon our road lay through open post-oak woods. At noon we halted in this open woods where the grass was good, and rested about two hours, allowing the stock to graze and trying to dry our blankets and wearing apparel. We made a scant meal from our mud-soaked grub, after which Holford took a nap while I kept watch.

It was, as I remember, about 3:30 p. m., when we began to saddle up to resume our journey. My horses were scattered around over a space probably three or four acres, lazily browsing. I caught and saddled one of the best horses in the bunch and ordered Holford to do likewise, but to my surprise he announced his determination to ride that mule the rest of the day as a punishment for the mule's devilment in the forenoon. I protested against such a foolhardy course and tried to convince him of the folly of riding a tow-headed mule in a region where at any moment we were liable to attack by Indians. I reminded him of his promise to stay by me through thick and thin and also of my agreement to stay close to him in a pinch, but in that agreement it was not presupposed that he would risk his and my chances by riding a little old Spanish mule when there were plenty of fleet horses to be had. He swore he was going to ride the hell out of that mule, Indians or no Indians.

"I am going to stay by you this evening as long as you stay with me and the mule," was his argument, and I had to acquiesce. He was about as stubborn as the mule and refused to listen to reason.

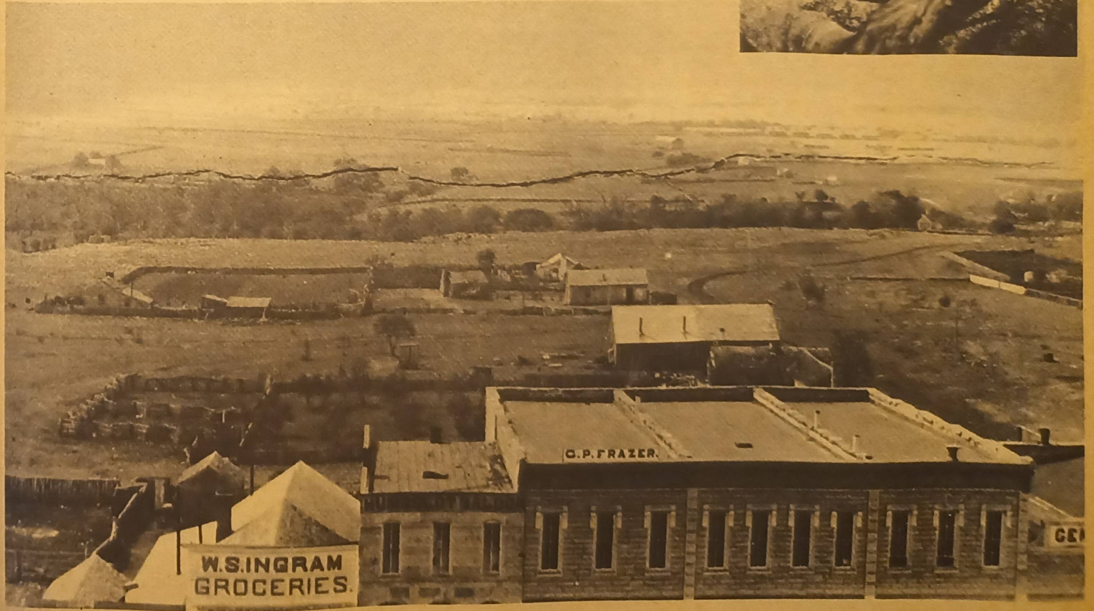
He secured the pack on one of the horses, and began to saddle Benemerito. Meantime, I had saddled and mounted my horse. I rode up alongside Holford, facing south, the direction from whence we had come that forenoon. The road ran north and south, and we had open woods in every direction except to the southeast where the timber was quite dense, extending to a point about 150 yards from our position. I had been over the road before and knew that Ball's Ranch was in that vicinity, but just how far I did not know. In truth, I did not think much about it.

Photo Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library



Satank (Sitting Bear), sub-chief of the Kiowas. Below is Jacksboro, Texas, looking south. Fort Richardson is visible in distant right background.

Photo Courtesy Russel Jones, Jacksboro, Texas



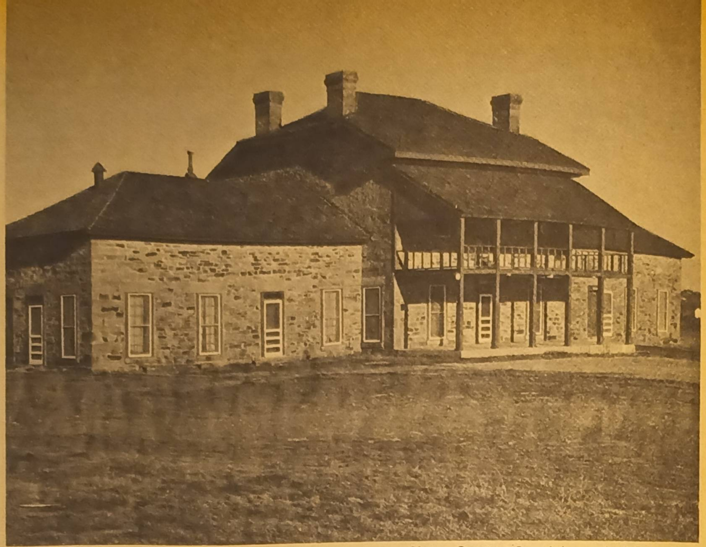


Photo Courtesy Russel Jones, Jacksboro, Texas

Hand dressed stone exemplifies the permanent occupancy outlook the War Department had for Headquarters, Fort Richardson.

Benemerito cut all kinds of mule capers while being saddled, and Holford, being naturally slow in his movements, was a long time in getting him rigged up. While sitting on my horse, watching Holford and occasionally swearing at his slothfulness, I chanced to look down the road over which we had come and in the distance through the open woods I caught a glimpse of a blue coat. I mentioned this to Holford and advanced the idea that probably it was a scout from Decatur returning to Richardson.

"Can't be," said my man. "They told us yesterday that there were no scouts in this part of the country," and he proceeded with great deliberation to remove his flank girth in order to shorten it so as to fit his mule.

I could not suppress a vehement outburst of profanity, but it had no more effect on Holford than it had on the mule. At last, when the mule was saddled and I thought we were to begin the roundup of my horses, Holford had to make a cigarette before mounting. More chagrin, more cussing.

HAVING lighted his cigarette (with flint and steel) and while in the act of getting into his saddle on the now almost revolving mule, a large party of Indians charged upon us from the thick timber southeast of us. There were perhaps as many as twenty in the bunch although, at that time, it seemed to me that the woods were full of them. They came on with loud yells and screeches, and in order to give my man time to mount, I opened fire; then as he sprang into the saddle I wheeled my horse and said to him, "Come on!"

My horse had not made over three leaps when I heard Holford cry out, "For God's sake don't leave me!"

Glancing back, I saw a sight I shall always remember. It was most ludicrous. Although in the very jaws of death, Benemerito had taken the "studs," and was going round and round, while his rider was belaying him, right and left with his pistol. I turned and dashed alongside of him and shouted, "Jump on my horse behind me!"

When I said this, the Indians were within forty steps of us, still advancing and yelling and firing, some using pistols, but most of them seemed to be armed with bows and lances. There was a big Indian in the lead who wore a white woman's sunbonnet, such as were the fashion in that day. This old savage had a new Remington pistol which he fired almost pointblank at me. I cut down on him with my first shot after having reached Holford's side, and knocked him off his horse.

It so happened that when I fired, Benemerito's head had swung around and was almost directly under my pistol when I fired. I don't know whether it was the sound of the concussion that caused him to want to get away from there, but at all events he lit out. His head happened to be pulled around into the right direction, and—well, he flew, and I began to think Holford was going to run off and leave me.

As he started, Benemerito caught a dogwood switch (arrow) just above the root of the tail, and this may have helped to put ginger in his feet. Holford caught two switches in his back about the same time, while an arrow pinned my pants (just above my knee) to my saddle.

The ground before us sloped off in a northwest course and our only hope was to reach the friendly shelter of a thicket or the banks of a creek. After racing three or four hundred yards with the Indians a close second, we came to a small dry creek in which stood an oak tree that supported a large grapevine. A few steps from this tree, the bank on the east side was about four or five feet high, perpendicular, and this gave us good protection for the time being.

We hastily dismounted, tied our stock to the grapevine, took to the bank and opened up on our pursuers. There were only seven in the bunch; the rest evidently had stopped to round up my horses. These seven halted when they saw us run down into the creek bed and seemed to be waiting for the coming of their comrades. They remained mounted, kept their shields well to the front, and remained at a safe distance beyond the range of our Spencers.

At the outset a shot had knocked Holford's pistol from his hand, and had taken off one of his fingers; and as we felt safe for the time being, I set about dressing my man's wounds, as he was in great pain. I applied a handful of dirt, the only remedy at hand, to his wound and bound it with a strip of my handkerchief. Of course, I left his trigger finger unbound. I then pulled the arrows from his back, and he was ready for action.

MEANTIME we had sized up the surroundings. There was no west bank to the creek at the point of our location. The ground sloped up from the bed of the creek into an open prairie and in that direction we had no protection whatever, except that of the old oak tree. We were in a tight place. We reasoned that as soon as the main body of Indians had rounded up our horses, they would surround us and seeing our exposed condition on the west, would attack from that direction and we would be at their mercy. We agreed to sell out as dearly as possible and when I suggested that as a last resort we kill our horses and make a breastwork of them, with the utmost coolness Holford remarked, "Kill your horse first. I am going to ride that damned mule out of here."

During all this while we were crouched under the sheltering bank, I taking the precaution to rise up and send a shot once in a while to let the enemy know that we were strictly on the defensive. As they saw but one head appear above the bank, they evidently drew the conclusion that one of us had been killed.

At any rate, they set up a fierce yell and made a charge. Holford, who had been lying on the ground, having become very sick from the pain caused by his wounds, sprang to my side, and we opened fire. At this the Indians wheeled their horses and fell back. Holford's first shot struck one of the foremost of the bunch, and as they went off he was being held on his horse by a comrade. Nor did these two stop with the others when they got beyond the range of our guns, but kept going in the direction of the main body.

This left only five in our front and these dismounted, gathered in a group and seemed to be trying to bind up a wound of one of their number. While watching this movement, we were startled by sounds coming from about a quarter of a mile northeast of us. Yells, screams and the discharge of firearms rent the air with a din sufficient to appall those not accustomed to Indian warfare.

The five in our front sprang to their horses and throwing their shields over their backs, sped away in the direction of the conflict. My first conclusion was that after having rounded up my horses, the Indians had started along the main road and had run into a troop of the Sixth Cavalry on their way to Decatur; and the prospect of recovering my *caballada* added force to our spurs.

We lost no time in mounting and being off, right on the heels of those five savages. Holford forgot all about his wounds, and Benemerito showed no lack of speed. The chase was through open post-oak woods and, when having covered probably a half mile, we came suddenly to the road and on a ridge overlooking Mose Ball's ranch where the battle was being waged.

Really, Ball's was not a ranch, in the present acceptation of the term. It was a typical frontier settlement or home. The residence was a cabin, or rather two small cabins built of hewn logs with an entry or open passage between, and like all frontier houses these contained loopholes at convenient intervals in the walls. The yard, something like half an acre, was enclosed with a palisade of split logs set deep in the ground and extending about four-feet six-inches above ground, and along the top of this fence or palisade, a binder was securely nailed down.

In the absence of artillery, such a palisade was sufficient to enable two or three men to hold their own against a large body of Indians.

Two gates opened into this palisaded yard; one a large gateway in front, next to the road which ran north and south past the house; the other was a smaller gate in the east palisade and from which led a path to the well. The well was in a field east of the house some 150 or 200 yards from the gate. The house was on a ridge and at the northwest corner of the field which contained only five or six acres, as I remember. This field lay in a cove formed by a high-timbered ridge that curved round from the northeast to the southwest of the ranch, this ridge being several feet higher than that on which stood the house, and was beyond rifle range.

As stated, in pursuit of the five Indians that had held us at bay, we came suddenly onto the road on the ridge at the southwest corner of the field. The west string of the fence which was "staked and ridered," ran parallel with the road to the house about four hundred yards distant, and two-thirds of the way downhill.

WHEN WE CAME to the road, we pulled up. I shall never forget the scene that came into view, and it took us only about a second to size up the situation. The field and yard were in full view. The former swarmed with Indians, yelling, shooting and advancing toward the house. Puffs of smoke came from the yard fence. The din was too great to hear the report of the ranchmen's guns, but we knew that there were fearless men there defending their home and family.

The Indians we had pursued leaped their horses over the fence on the ridge, which had been torn down by those already in the field, and joined their comrades in the onslaught on the ranch house, while we dashed down the road toward the house. The Indians, seeing our movement, tried to head us off, but the staked and ridered fence saved us. They could not make their horses leap this obstacle, and before they could remove the rails we dashed past amid a shower of arrows and bullets and reached the house.

As we approached the gate, a ponderous affair, Mrs. Ball threw it open, giving us speedy admission. We dismounted in the yard while the brave woman was closing and barring the heavy gate, and without displaying the least excitement, she said, "Turn them nags loose, boys, and keep your heads. Don't you be a bit scared. That's old Red Feather and his thieving gang of cutthroats, and don't you waste any cartridges, but shoot to hit and hit to kill."

We had only time for a glance at the yard. In front of the cabin lay a woman, dead as we supposed, and a little child sat by her, caressing her face and crying piteously. Guns rested against the fence at intervals, with cartridges placed in gourds and pans conveniently near. These had been placed in position by Mrs. Ball. All this was noted as we ran to where two old men were firing rapidly from the east palisade which seemed to be the main point of attack. These old frontiersmen were Mr. Mose Ball and his neighbor, Mr. Shira, and when we reached them they both shouted almost in the same breath, "Shoot all around the boy! Don't hit the boy!"

Two young girls who stood near, and at times showed their knowledge of guns, set up the same cry. All of this was meaningless to us; we knew nothing of any boy, and had no time to ask for explanations. The Indians were making a desperate charge, but were driven back with heavy loss. A large number not engaged in this charge remained at and around the well from whence they sent showers of arrows that fell all around us.

Mrs. Ball, during all this time and until the Indians drew off, busied herself encouraging the men, occasionally dashing a gourd of water into the face of the woman who lay apparently dead, picking up arrows and breaking them,

Frontier craftsmen of the highest order—stone masons building square in Jacksboro, Texas

Photo Courtesy Russel Jones, Jacksboro, Texas

and when a rifle became hot from firing, she was on hand with a fresh gun, loaded and ready for destruction. All the while she kept up that same admonition, "Don't hit Willie! Shoot all around the boy!"

I suppose ten minutes had elapsed—perhaps longer, men don't often count the moments when in a fight with Indians where they are outnumbered fifty to one—when I saw a boy dart from under a wagon that stood in the corn rows near the well and around which the Indians were thickest. He ran but a few steps when a large portly Indian, wearing a scarlet red cap of feathers, and who was on foot, lunged forward. He struck the lad with his bow just below the knees, causing him to stumble, and as he rose, the big Indian seized him by the arm.

All this took place in full view of the house and of all in the yard. Mrs. Ball and her daughters became frantic, and cried out, "Oh, he's got Willie! He's got Willie! Men, for God's sake, why don't you shoot that Indian? Shoot old Red Feather! Don't you see he's got Willie?"

The boy was struggling to get loose and while so doing, Red Feather's shield slewed around to one side. At that instant four guns blazed from the palisade that protected Mr. Ball's yard, and old Red Feather's yell that had so often sent a thrill of terror to the souls of defenseless women and children on the frontier, became forever silent. At the crack of these guns, he threw up his hands and fell his full length backward, pierced by three balls, either one of which would have been sufficient to send his blood-seeking soul to the lowest depths of hell.

WHEN THE CHIEF—for such he was—fell, the boy finding himself unfettered, made another break for the house. A smooth path led up a gradual rise to the gate. One of his sisters mounted the palisade and, with one hand holding to the high gatepost, with the other she waved her bonnet, shouting lustily; "Run, Willie, run!"

Willie needed no exhortation, no extra incentive. I have seen some champion runners in my time, but I have never seen a pair of human legs get over the ground with the marvelous speed that eleven-year-old boy made. His mother stood with her hand on that gate-bar, and as he came up, the gate flew open, Willie passed through, and fell within a few feet of where his sister (the woman we supposed was dead) had lain in a faint. The woman had recovered, but of here I will speak later.

"He is all right," I heard the mother say, and then she broke forth in a strain of praise and thanksgiving to God for the delivery of her child from the hands of the savages that under more quiet circumstances, would have melted one to tears, but with us there was no time for sentimentalities.

When Red Feather fell and the boy lit out, half a dozen Indians, all afoot, made a dash after him and got as far as the path leading to the house when two of them hit the ground. The others turned and ran back to the bunch around the wagon where they all remounted and made a charge towards the gate. This was, however, only a feint to enable them to recover the bodies of the two who had fallen in the path. These they got, but the venture cost them two more of their braves and one horse, which was killed as the rider stooped down to grasp his dead comrade.

This closed the fight. The Indians began to withdraw from the field. They lanced the horses that were too badly wounded for future service and left their carcasses in the field and around the well. The yoke of oxen at the wagon met a like fate.

As they slowly retired, we saw a number of their braves lying limp across horses which were led by their comrades. A large number rode double, the man on the crupper supporting the man in the saddle. Thus, the entire body disappeared beyond the ridge southeast of the ranch; the battle was over. We claimed the victory, and now we had time to count the cost.

The little field near the house had been cultivated in corn, and on the afternoon in question, John Bailey, son-in-law to Mr. Ball, who lived with the old gentleman, hitched a yoke of steers to a wagon and, accompanied by Willie Ball, went to the field to begin gathering the corn crop. They began their task near the well and had barely started to work before the attack was made.

Mr. Shira, a neighbor, who lived a few miles away, came over to Mr. Ball's on a friendly visit, and arrived about the time Mr. Bailey started to the field. While these two old frontiersmen were seated in the yard, discussing the merits of the guns the government was furnishing people who lived on the border, Mrs. Bailey, more alert than other members of the family, first discovered the Indians as they were leaping their horses over the fence, and gave the alarm.

Mr. Ball told me that when this alarm was given and he looked in the direction indicated, he saw the Indians pouring into the field from three sides, their horses leaping the fences like so many frightened deer. Evidently they had been watching the ranch, and the capture of the boy was their main object. Mr. Bailey was armed with two six-shooters, and when the Indians closed around him he fought with the courage of a hero until he fell pierced with arrows and lances. The attack was so sudden, and the onset was so furious that he had no time to seek shelter other than that afforded by the small wagon. Finding himself thus in the open, he told Willie to get under the wagon, and then with rare nerve and courage, with a pistol in each hand, he turned upon his foes, firing right and left, shot for shot. After emptying all the chambers of his pistols with fatal effect, he fell covered with wounds.

The cowardly savages scalped him and mutilated his body in the most shocking manner. Mrs. Bailey and those at the house with her witnessed this tragedy in the field, and when this wife saw her husband fall down and heard the exultant yells of the savage fiends, her heart sank within her and she fell in a swoon, and so remained until the battle was far spent.

When Ball and Shira saw the Indians charging on Bailey they promptly opened fire, but with little or no effect as the distance was too great. It was just about this time that Holford and I reached the house.

A few minutes after the Indians disappeared over the ridge, they set up a most weird and doleful howl, mourning over their dead. There is no tongue, no words, no language to describe this after-feature of the battle. For several minutes we stood listening to the dismal wail and finally Mr. Shira turned to the little group and as near as I remember addressed us in a strain like this:

"NOW, you young fellers, you may git yerselves in yer best fightin' trim. Them red devils are madder'n blue blazes; ole Red Feather got his light snuffed out an' no tellin' how many more of the thievin' layout have bin made good Injuns in this little deeficulty. An' now their dander is up an' they've got the smell of blood. Thar's enuff of 'em to wipe out this ranch, an' they know it, so you may begin to pick yer flints and git ready to cut the patchin'. Thar's goin' to be some of the tallest fightin' right round here you ever read about, an' it's goin' to come off mighty soon. Them Injuns are mad, an' don't you ferget it."

Mr. Ball did not agree with Mr. Shira in his forecast. He reasoned that the Indians were too badly whipped to think of renewing the attack; but notwithstanding, every precaution was taken for a stout resistance in case the old pioneer's prediction came true.

Suddenly the mourning ceased, and a few moments later they appeared in formation—a long line drawn up on the ridge and facing the house. The horsemen were about four steps apart, as near as we could guess, and the line extended nearly the entire length of the ridge. Evidently it was a ruse to frighten us, but it failed.

From about the center of this line one of their number rode out, bearing a dirty rag that had once been white, holding it aloft on a switch. He advanced down the road toward the house to a point where he deemed himself a little beyond the reach of our guns. Here he halted, stood up in his saddle and made us a speech.

In appearance, he must have been a chief, and Shira declared him to be no other than Satank. At any rate, he was rigged out in a great profusion of Indian toggery, his face besmeared with paint, and he carried a very fine shield which he was careful to hold steadily in his front while making his harangue. He was mounted on a stockily-built black horse with long mane and tail. Not a one of us understood a word of the Indian dialect, so he interspersed his talk with a good deal of Spanish and some English.

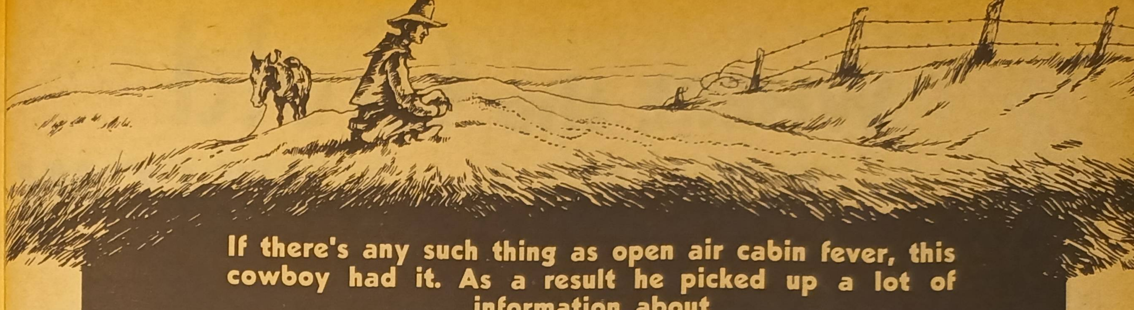
I had a good knowledge of the Spanish language and when he employed a word or phrase of that tongue, I interpreted it to the two old men. All this, coupled with his signs and gestures, conveyed to us that he wanted us to know that he had two hundred warriors then and by sundown he would have five hundred more. We had hurt some of his people and they were mad, and were going to burn the ranch. They had two white women and several white children taken that morning, he said, and if we fired another gun, these captives would be brought out in full view of us and cut to pieces, and then our turn would come next. They did not ask us to surrender. No, no. If we would take the women and children and leave the ranch, we would not be molested. But do as we chose, they were going to burn the ranch.

This was about the substance of his threat, and while waxing warm in his discourse, Mr. Shira asked Mr. Ball to bring him his long-range buffalo gun.

"Git me that gun, Ball," said the old hero. "I'd give fifty mother cows to git to unjint his hell-fired neck, the thievin' ole liar."

Shira was told that the buffalo gun had been disposed of in a trade, and that he would have to rely on his Spencer.

(Continued on page 56)

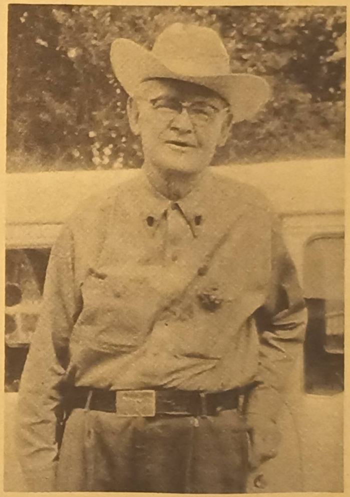


If there's any such thing as open air cabin fever, this cowboy had it. As a result he picked up a lot of information about

The BIG OLD RED ANTS OF COW COUNTRY

By BERT JUDIA
as told to EVE BALL

Photo Courtesy Author



Bert Judia at 86

THERE'S NO harder work than doing nothing. I never minded any amount of work, but that killing time can get monotonous. I guess maybe that's what got me interested in ants. I'd always studied the animals on the range, and knew their ways; but it was on the JH works that I began watching ants and picking up knowledge of how they got the job done.

I had been working for Jeff Isaacs on the west side of the Organs in New Mexico, just across from the W. W. Cox headquarters. Mr. Isaacs bought three horses from Arizona, and I gentled them for him, and once they were broke the Isaacs boys wanted to take them from me. I got mad and quit.

I went to Willcox, Arizona, to the JH Cattle Company, southwest of town. When I rode in the foreman wasn't there, but the manager, Mr. Sparks, was and I hit him up for a job. He said Homer Brooks was out gathering horses but that he needed a man and would probably take me on.

He did. He gave me fourteen head of saddle horses, a pack horse, a night horse, and a wrangling horse besides some mounts. He told me I'd better shoe them as he was going to send me out on a roundup at the San Simon. I shod horses nearly all one day; the next I pulled out for San Simon headquarters about fifty miles away.

Joe Wheeler ran the outfit and Little Joe was his *segundo*. They started the works the morning after I got there. The first roundup we made I got seven head of JH cattle—cows, calves, and yearling steers. It was late July and it was hot. In those days there was open range and cattle would drift. Outfits would notify their neighbors, and each would send a rep. There were about eleven stray men besides me looking after the interests of their employers. The San Simon usually worked down within two or three miles of Solomonville (Solomon now) before breaking up.

By the middle of the works I had picked up fifty JH cattle. The stray herd had built up to a pretty fair bunch. The boss changed men from standing day guard all the time, and the stray men helped on night guard or anything else needed.

We'd been out quite a while before we worked on the slope of a mountain. I don't know what date it was, but we were all beat when it frosted. The grass was good and when the cattle had filled up on grama a lot of them lay down. There was nothing to do. That's when I started looking around for something to help pass the time.

I NOTICED a nest of red ants on the prod. Those things were all business. They had a trail about forty feet long, and they were going back and forth over it like mad. Those going toward the den were carrying grama grass seed for their winter's food supply. What stumped me was the way they organized the work and the route.

The outgoing ones stayed to their side of the trail, and if any had to get out of the way, it was the empties. They had foremen scattered along the trail to direct traffic. If an ant happened to start toward home without a load, the foreman went out and took him out of line. If the culprit was crippled or disabled, the boss would step on the line and have a couple of out-going ants take him back to the ant hill. And it seemed that if one was returning empty without justification the boss would go into the line and get two out-going red ones to take him out to one side of the trail and kill him. They would grasp him and stay clamped till he was dead. I couldn't help but think that they had it over us when it came to handling deadbeats. I figure that a little of that kind of medicine would cure a lot of laziness.

One thing that seemed very curious was the fact that at intervals along the trail, which was cleared of everything else, the ants left a stiff grass blade standing. It would be about six inches high, and stripped of everything but that stalk. I don't know yet why they used it as they did. The loaded ones coming in with a burden would climb that stem and come back down it onto the trail. Maybe they wanted the climb for observation, to make sure that they were headed for home; but smart as they were it seemed as though they should have known the trail led to the hill. No matter how close they were to the opening, they climbed that stem.

We held the stray herd for several days, and I got so interested in watching those ants that I forgot about being bored. I found another bunch just beginning their works. They were building their trail. They worked three gangs. Each bunch had its own job. One cleared the trail; another carried sand and debris out of the hill; and the third collected and carried grama seed. When the first two had completed their jobs, they joined the burden bearers. Everybody worked except the bosses. They had that figured, all right.

I almost hated to leave those ants; and whenever I found any later, if it was so that I could take the time, I watched them and studied their methods. I believe they are the most intelligent insects there are. Some people say the same of bees, but I sort of doubt it. And what strength! I've seen them carry gravel

(Continued on page 46)

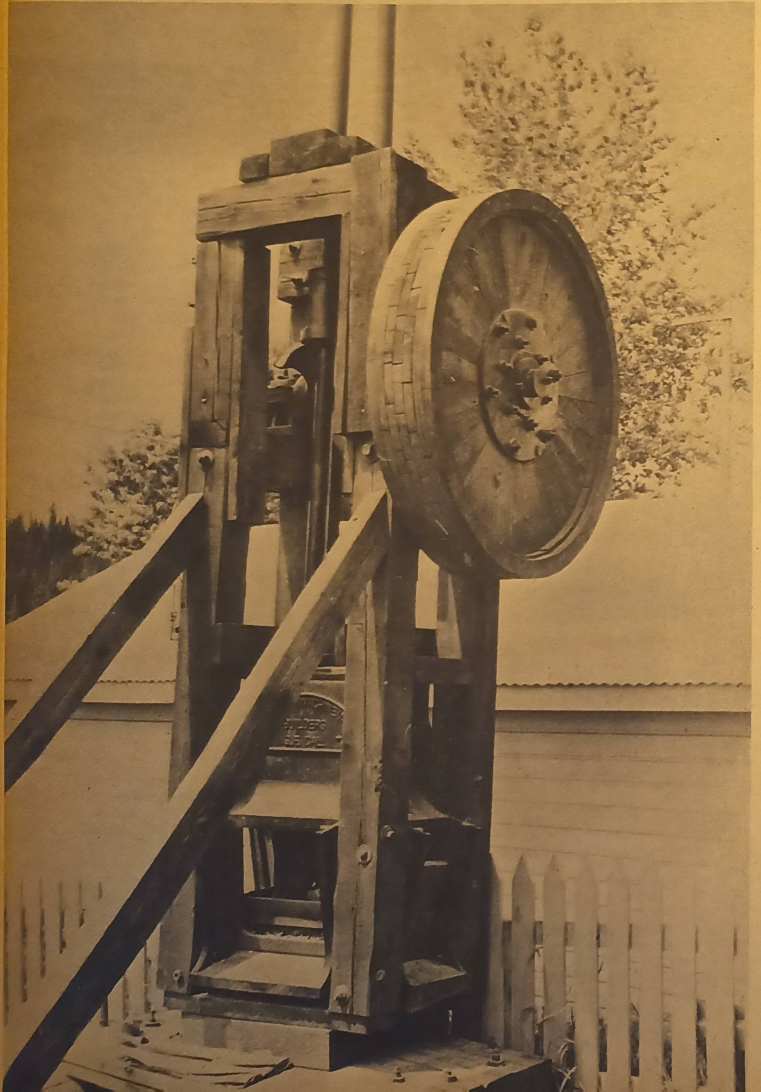
WHERE the Gold TURNED from YELLOW to GREEN

Idaho's Clearwater country got that famous "second chance" and made the most of it

By FERRIS WEDDLE

Photos by Roscoe LeGresley, Kooskia, Idaho

A reminder of days of past glory is the stamp mill standing in the courthouse yard at Pierce. Many other relics of the mining days are on display in the local high school, in various stores, bars, and homes—along with mementoes of the earlier lumberjack days.



LEAN AND WIRY, sitting his colorful Appaloosa pony with dandified grace, the yellow-haired youth rode into Pierce on a warm spring day in 1861. Behind him meandered a string of pack mules loaded heavily with foodstuff, hardware, and kegs of whiskey. Cincinnatus Hiner Miller's eyes were bright with expectation as he viewed the new town that had been spawned by yellow gold in the wilderness. The rutted, muddy pathways that served as a street were lined with tent, pole, log and brush dwellings.

Booted, bearded miners by the scores rushed out to meet him eager for the mail he carried in his saddlebags, and for the supplies on the mules. Many of the miners Miller greeted as old friends for he had known them in the mining camps of northern California. There, too, he had carried mail and supplies to the camps when he was not prospecting.

Now, a junior partner in the freighting firm of Miller and Mossman, with headquarters in Walla Walla, Washington Territory, Miller would be following hazardous trails, or blazing them, from Pierce and Oro Fino, southward to Elk City and Florence. But it would be profitable trail-blazing, for supplies were short in this new boom area which was not to become Idaho Territory until March, 1863.

With a line of swift, smooth talk, Miller had persuaded Isaac Mossman to take him into the company for a paltry five dollars.

In 1871, ten years after his Idaho adventures, Miller might have had the same vast country in mind when he wrote:

Room! room to turn round in,
To breathe and be free,
To grow to be giant,
To sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind
On a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway
Or route or rein.

By this time the world, particularly Europe, knew C. Hiner Miller as Joaquin Miller, "Poet of the Sierras," a swashbuckling figure who could make the West live in words, either written or spoken.

Joaquin Miller is only one of many memorable characters who rode through the gold-wild towns of Pierce, Oro Fino and environs. Captain E. D. Pierce, an itchy-footed horse trader, began it all when he discovered gold in the Clearwater River and some of its tributaries in February, 1860. Pierce was at home in the Clearwater country for he had engaged in profitable horse trading with the Nez Percé Indians since 1852, operating out of Walla Walla. Legend has it he actually was searching for diamonds, beguiled by an Indian tale of a "shining stone." There are no records to back this up, but Pierce did know of the gold that existed in the country—as he knew, too, that most of the most promising areas for prospecting belonged to the Nez Percé Indians through the treaty of 1855.

The Indians resisted the invasion of the white miners—but in vain. With the help of Jane, the daughter of Chief Timothy, who later married John Silcott, a white man, Pierce and his prospecting party managed to slip past the Nez Percé. The first flakes of gold were panned by Wilbur Basset, a member of the party, on Orofino Creek in Canal Gulch—names which were non-existent in the summer of 1860 but which were to become legendary within a year.

FURTHER exploration revealed the presence of gold in most of the creeks, and the jubilant prospectors returned to Walla Walla for supplies. By early winter, Bassett and twenty-six other men had returned to the area, and Pierce City was born that winter of 1860-1861. (Some historians say at least sixty men wintered in Pierce City that first year.)

Captain Pierce did not return to the site until the following spring—he had been busy lobbying for a road and arranging for a sawmill to be freighted in. For some reason, Pierce himself did not stake any claims in the area that was to produce millions in gold. Instead, he wandered into the Boise Basin, and into other goldfields before returning to his home state of Indiana. The one who started it all is said to have died a poor man thirty-seven years after the establishment of Pierce City.

By the summer of 1862, several thousand miners thronged the Pierce-Oro Fino camps, and had spread eastward to set up Moose City which became as large or larger than Pierce. Today, heavy forest growth has obliterated all of Moose City.

On August 5, 1862, Pierce had a hand-hewn log courthouse and jail erected for $3,700. The building still stands, the oldest governmental building in the state. The courthouse and jail were sorely needed, for like all boom areas, riff-raff quickly moved in. For a time some of the members of the Henry Plummer gang operated in there, although Plummer was not identified with the hoodlums until he moved into Montana Territory. Several members of the gang tried to ambush and rob an Oro Fino saloonkeeper, Pat Ford, near present-day Culdesac. Ford escaped to the street, but was killed in a gun battle with the thugs near his saloon.

However, legends most likely to be heard in the Clearwater country today concern the "good guys." Israel Cowan, for instance, left a vivid mark on the country. Cowan made his way from Illinois to California where he taught school before coming to Pierce in May, 1862. For the next two years, Cowan carried mail on his back from Lewiston to the mining camps—a distance of around eighty miles. The trip usually took ten days, but deep snow or not, the mail came through with Israel Cowan—a man who had been a cripple all his life from a clubfoot.

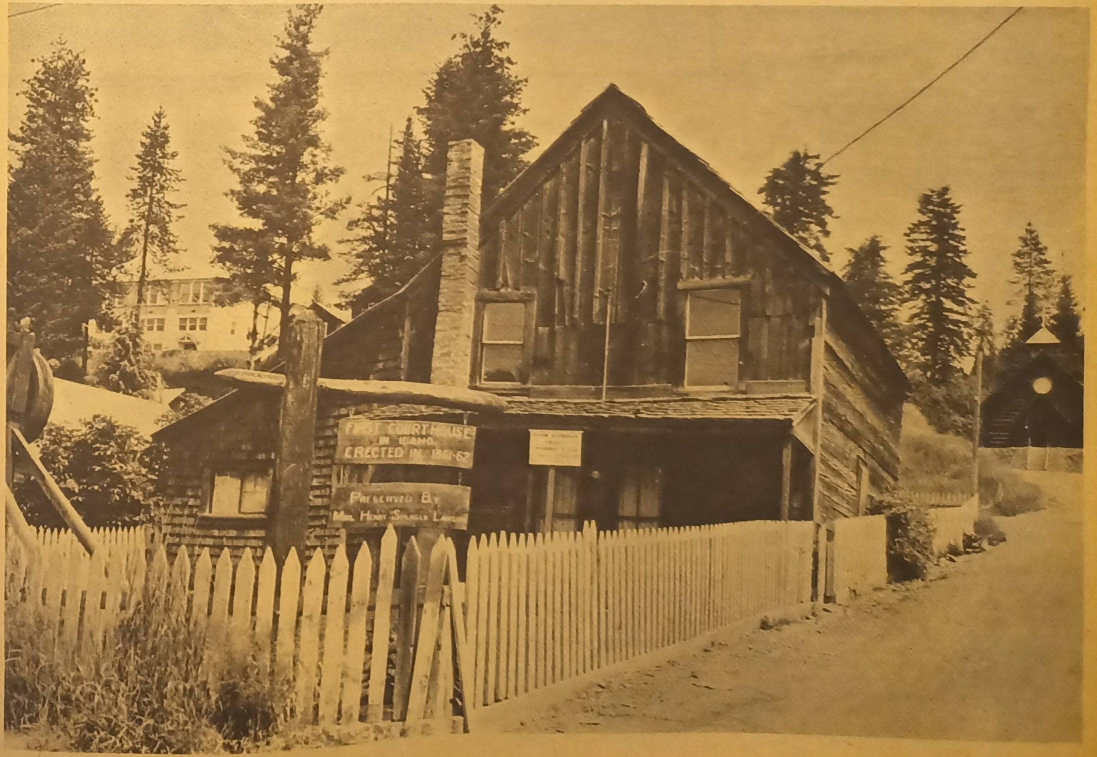
Later, Cowan became a justice of the peace, a sheriff, and served in both territorial and state legislatures. His grave is in the Pierce cemetery.

Billy Rhodes left his legend in the country, too—and his name on a creek and a mountain peak. Rhodes reportedly came in with the original party of discovery or shortly afterward. At any rate, he hit it rich on the stream now called Rhodes Creek, and left Pierce in 1862 with an estimated fortune of $80,000, bound for Arizona Territory. There he located a rich lode claim which he sold for a small fortune—but when he returned to the Pierce area in 1886 he was broke.

Billy Rhodes was different from most of the other miners. Joaquin Miller described him as "a manly mulatto of great honesty and good sense." And his Negro ancestry made no difference to his numerous friends. For a short time Rhodes had an interest in a saloon in Oro Fino, in partnership with James H.

(Continued on page 46)

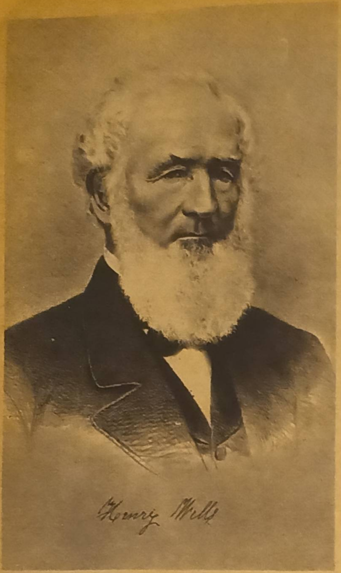
The historic courthouse in Pierce, the oldest government building remaining in Idaho, has been preserved. When it was constructed in 1861-1862, Pierce was the county seat of Shoshone County, then actually a part of Washington Territory.

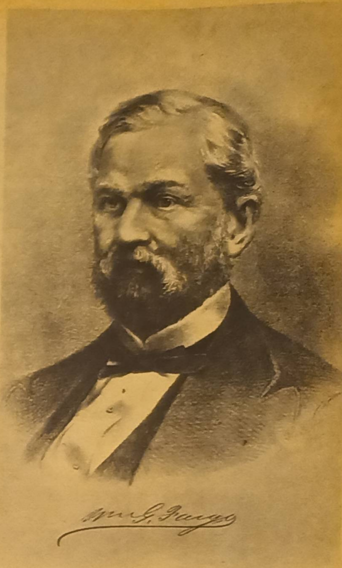


WELLS FARGO and the CONCORD

—a combination that made a whole new tributary from the Mississippi River to the California Coast!

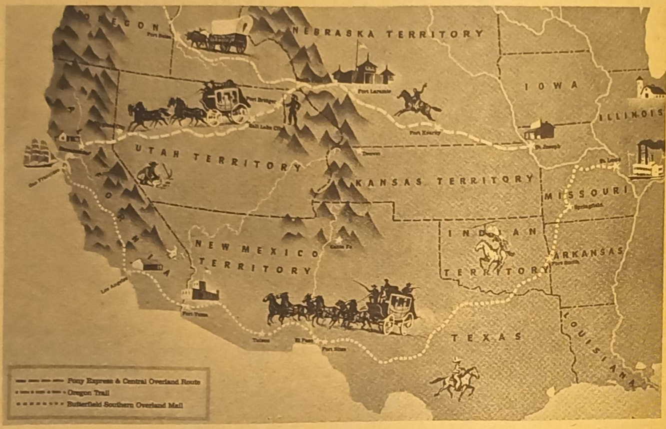
Photos courtesy Wells Fargo Bank,
San Francisco, California

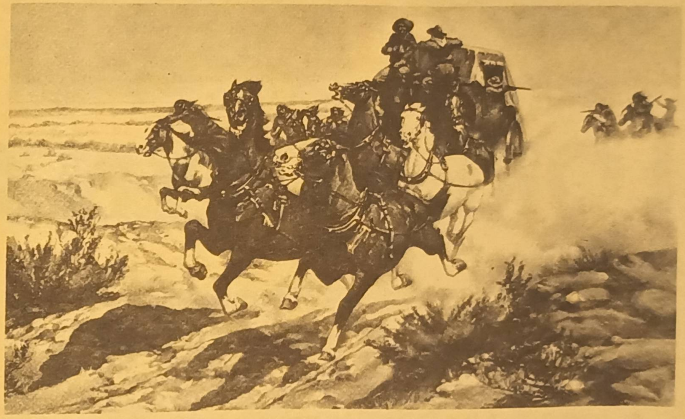




Prepared by Mary Harper and Bob Pacini, Wells Fargo Bank, San Francisco

In 1860 the Pony Express started delivering mail over the central transcontinental route from St. Joseph to Sacramento. Shown below is the great express and mail route which would later bring Wells Fargo into its pre-eminent position in stagecoach operations in the western United States. At right, PERILS OF THE OVERLAND TRAIL by H. V. Hansen. The artist came to America in 1877 when he was 23 and soon began his famous series of drawings and paintings of Pony Express riders, stages, horses, cowboys and Indians.





"IT IS as tidy and graceful as a lady, as inspiring to a stagefaring man as a ship to a sailor and has, like the lady and the ship, scarcely a straight line in its body."

So one driver described the famous Concord coach, the sturdy vehicle that was the foundation upon which Wells Fargo built its staging empire 100 years ago.

Though it was an adaptation of the English mail coach, the Concord was strictly American, designed to meet the needs of the rugged American West. Built for trouble and rough conditions, it was slung close to the ground, permitting it to take sharp curves at speeds which probably made passengers hold their breaths.

It had a light upper structure and heavy underparts and rested on heavy leather understraps called thoroughbraces which absorbed the shocks of primitive roads and mountain trails.

The Concord coaches took their name from the capital of New Hampshire where they were built by Abbot, Downing & Co. The precision and care in construction was matched by the careful selection of materials. The spokes were made from the finest ash and were hand picked and hand fitted to rim and hub. Wood was seasoned to withstand any climate. Almost the entire construction of the coach was done by hand. The only exceptions were the felloes, which were cut by hand saws driven by horse power. This was the only "machinery" in the Abbot, Downing shop.

The most distinctive feature of the coach was its curved side panels. Making the panels curved was an intricate process, long and painstaking. Basswood (American linden) was used and the lamination of thin plywood was moistened and glued, then placed on a form until it dried.

The first Concord coach came to San Francisco in 1850 by way of Cape Horn. One coach had the misfortune to be on a ship which sank just before it reached its destination. The coach was fished out of the water several weeks later and put in service where it remained for fifty years.

STAGECOACH travel has been pictured as glamorous and exciting, but though there may have been a certain amount of excitement, it was far from glamorous. Passengers arrived at their destinations caked from head to foot with the dust of plains, mountains and deserts.

For around $200 a passenger could ride in the swaying Concord (which the Indians called "swift wagons" because they could cover eight to twelve miles an hour) from Missouri to California. The coaches covered the route in twenty-three days. Later this was reduced to seventeen days, weather and the "first Americans" permitting.

The coach. pulled by a team of six horses, usually left the stations in pre-dawn darkness at full gallop, slowing down to a trot after a mile or so. The vehicle carried up to eighteen passengers, but as many as thirty-five have been known to get in and on it. One passenger described his trip as "a through ticket and fifteen inches of seat space, with a fat man on one side, a poor widow on the other, a baby in your lap, a bandbox over your head and three or four more persons immediately in front of you leaning against your knees." There were only leather curtains to keep out a little of the rain or dirt.

Men could ease the discomforts of stagecoach travel with liquor, but women, forbidden to drink in public, had to suffer through the rigors of the trip as best they could.

Food at the stations was generally considered pretty untasty and consisted of beans, bacon, bread and coffee with whiskey to kill the taste. In some areas there were Wild West "drive-ins" where passengers were served refreshments inside the coach from open sheds along the roads.

The coach driver was referred to as "whip" or "whipster" but never as coachman. Using this term usually guaranteed the first-time stagecoach traveler a miserable trip.

An Anniversary

NOVEMBER 1, 1966 marked the 100th anniversary of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s consolidation under its own name, ownership and operation, of the entire great Overland Mail route from the Missouri to the Pacific as well as thousands of additional miles of stagecoach lines in California, Nevada, Utah, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Oregon and Washington.

Wells Fargo had come a long way in a short while on a road paved with gold, gumption and gallantry. Beginning in the early fifties and continuing for half a century it was almost impossible to live in the States and Territories of the West and not be in touch with Wells Fargo activities.

In many communities the Wells Fargo agency was the foundation upon which rested detection and punishment of crime and protection of possessions. It also was a vital means of communication and of transacting banking and business. A clue to the character and status of Wells Fargo in frontier communities appeared in a Northern California newspaper in the seventies: "Wells Fargo agents and Shasta folk caught the criminal," the story read, "and we are not disposed to trouble the courts about it."

Wells, Fargo & Co. was organized in New York in 1852 as a joint stock association by two Easterners who were leading spirits in the formation of the American Express Company two years earlier. They were Henry Wells and William G. Fargo who were eager to take advantage of business opportunities in gold-rich California. Wells was president of American Express the first seventeen years of its existence. Fargo succeeded him and served until his death in 1881, to be succeeded by his brother, James C. Fargo. Another of the American Express founders was John Butterfield whose future in the next few years would be increasingly effected by Wells Fargo operations.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s first public announcement of its organization was made May 20, 1852 in the New York *Times* stating that it would convey gold dust, bullion, specie, mails, packages and freight of all kinds between the eastern seaboard and San Francisco and other principal cities and towns in California.

"They (Wells Fargo) have established offices and faithful agents . . . throughout the eastern, middle and western states, energetic and faithful messengers furnished with iron chests for the security of treasure and other valuables. . . .", the announcment proclaimed.

Wells Fargo sent two men, Expressman Samuel P. Carter, and Banker R. W. Washburn, to San Francisco to set up the first office. In July the firm opened on Montgomery Street ten feet north of today's modern Wells Fargo Bank head office.

Within just a few years the Company's agencies dotted the entire West and Mexico. However, except for the Placerville - Virginia City - Sierra leg of the transcontinental route, direct ownership of stagelines was a relatively minor Wells Fargo activity prior to 1866.

Meanwhile, at American Express offices in New York, John Butterfield had his heart set on operating the first transcontinental stage line, The Overland Mail Company. This company of which Butterfield was president in its first years of operation, was formed by leading figures in four of the nation's major express companies: Wells Fargo, American, National and Adams. In 1856 the government entered into negotiations for a line to carry the mails from the Mississippi to California. The southern Butterfield Overland Mail Company route was the longest in the world—2,700 miles through Indian territories, across rivers, plains, deserts and mountains. The line operated for three years until the Civil War caused the transcontinental mail to be shifted from the southern to the central route.

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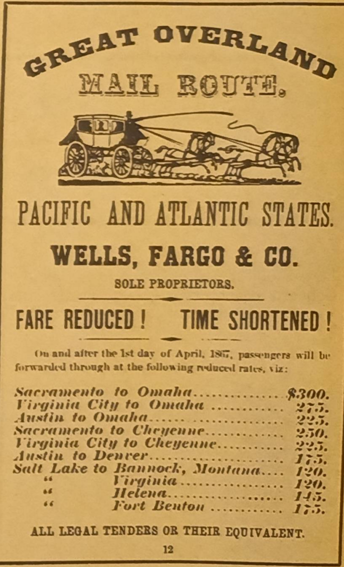


GREAT OVERLAND
MAIL ROUTE.

PACIFIC AND ATLANTIC STATES.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
SOLE PROPRIETORS.

FARE REDUCED! TIME SHORTENED!

On and after the 1st day of April, 1867, passengers will be forwarded through at the following reduced rates, viz:

Sacramento to Omaha	$300.
Virginia City to Omaha	275.
Austin to Omaha	225.
Sacramento to Cheyenne	250.
Virginia City to Cheyenne	225.
Austin to Denver	175.
Salt Lake to Bannock, Montana	120.
" *Virginia*	120.
" *Helena*	145.
" *Fort Benton*	175.

ALL LEGAL TENDERS OR THEIR EQUIVALENT.

12

1867 "Travel" poster boasted speed and economy via the Great Overland Mail Route.

LORE of LYNX CREEK

By TOM BARKDULL

Photos Courtesy Author

> A stray bullet that killed only one man, in effect killed an entire community

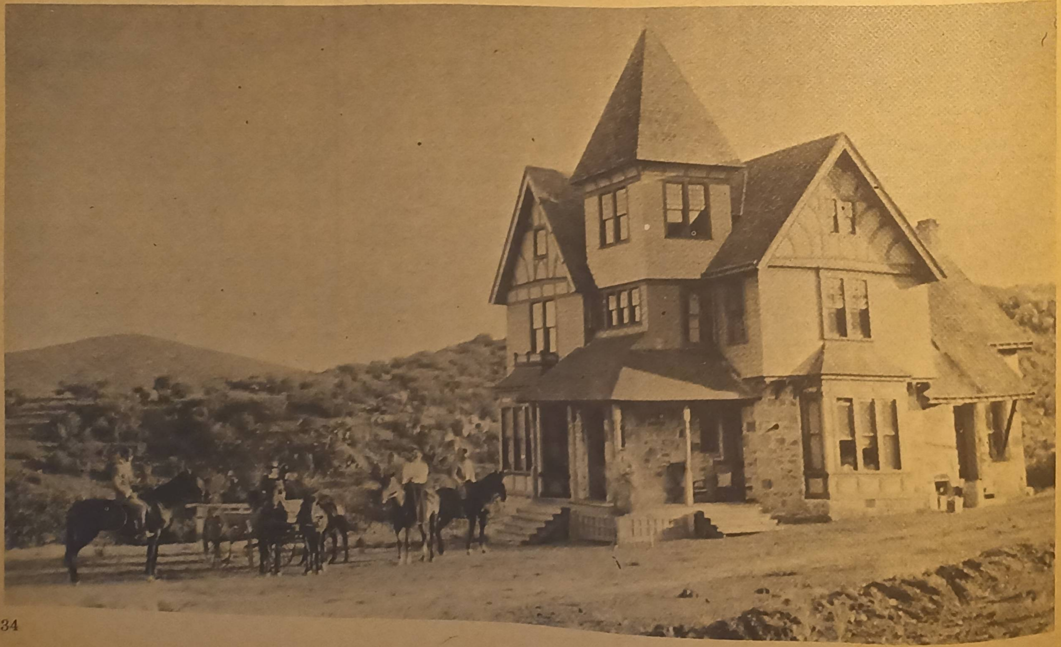
Deserted cabin near Massicks

SIX MILES east of Prescott, in central Arizona, Lynx Creek flows silently under an ancient bridge and instantly enters yesteryear. Although the bridge is barely wide enough for two vehicles to pass, it cuts across time and marks the boundary between two different eras.

Upstream the valley lies wide and lush, sweeping gently up from the creek, verdant as a lawn and defended by huge, curving branches of oak trees. Many tiny glades lie in close to the water, affording picnic spots and campsites which are rarely deserted.

The two miles downstream present a panorama of rare historical treasure. Beginning a mere fifty feet from the crossing, the west bank of the valley becomes almost sheer, with only enough room for the old road between the cut bank and the water's edge. The creek runs deep here, begins to pick up velocity and becomes more clamorous as its banks converge. Only the old trail hugs this bank, while on the east, rampant cottonwoods tower over hundreds of slag piles and heaps of gangue, mute reminders of mining operations in the 1890s. There is no trace of family outings along this stretch of the valley.

Massicks Mansion in 1894. Figures from left are: Thomas G. Barlow Massicks; Mr. & Mrs. McConnell of Manchester, England; Miss Sharlot Hall; and Mr. Hall.



A short distance below the bridge is the first window into the past. Surrounded by an iron fence, sheltered by eight giant cottonwoods, lies a tiny grave. The headstone is solidly in place and its inscription stirs the imagination.

Angeline
Daughter of
David & Catherine
Hoagland
Departed This Life
Jan. 15, 1889
Aged 2 years
3 mo. & 15 Ds.

"Here lies our baby Angeline,
For which we weep and do repine;
She was all our joy and all our pride,
Until the day our baby died.
We hope in Heaven again to meet,
And then our joy will be complete.
But until our Maker calls us there,
We trust her to His righteous care."

Composed by whom? A grief stricken father or mother? A friend perhaps? And there is the sudden realization that little Angeline would be almost eighty years old today had she lived.

Farther downstream, on the west bank, is a diminutive cemetery. Bordered by carefully laid stones, now dim and overgrown, the plot is rectangular, approximately fifteen feet wide and thirty feet long. Only four lonely headstones still stand, all traces of inscriptions long since erased by time. This was the cemetery for the village of Massicks, the remains of which sprawl along the creek's bank five hundred feet below the old burial place.

Massicks was a tiny community of some one hundred souls, mostly miners and their families. Its post office was established March 6, 1895 and was named for the town's founder, benefactor and second postmaster, Thomas G. B. Massicks. Mail was discontinued March 6, 1899, just a month before Massicks' tragic death.

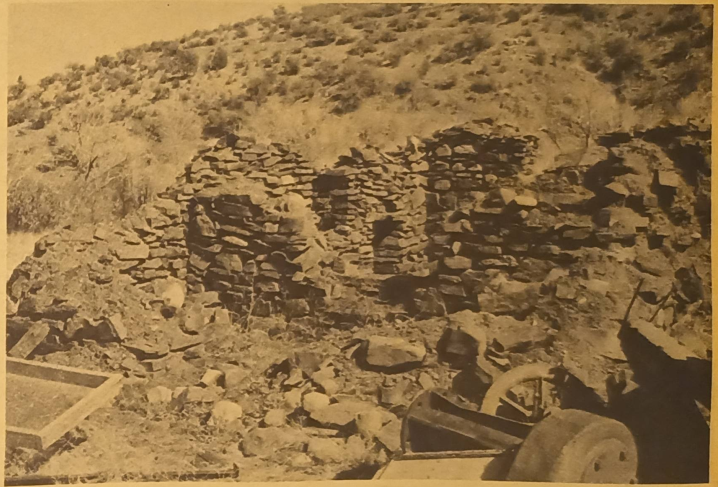
BARLOW MASSICKS, as that gentleman preferred to be called, came to Arizona from Manchester, England where he had been a colonel in the British Army. A civil engineer by profession, he financed and supervised the construction of Lynx Creek Dam. Around this dam he started extensive hydraulic mining operations, founding the Lynx Creek Gold and Land Co. and Lynx Creek Hydraulic Works. In addition Massicks invested heavily in land and cattle and opened the Catoctin Mine. The area's economy was geared directly to his activities.

On May 12, 1898, while Massicks was driving his buckboard along shady Lynx Creek Trail, his pistol slipped from its holster and dropped to the floor, discharging a bullet which entered his back, ripped through a kidney and lodged in his lung. In spite of almost unbearable suffering, he lashed the team into a four-mile gallop to the nearest way station. From there he was taken to Sisters of Mercy Hospital in Prescott where he lay very near death for many months. After numerous operations, lung tappings and treatments, Barlow Massicks died on April 13, 1899. His many enterprises and the town died with him. The postoffice walls are still partially intact and the interior arrangement suggests that it also constituted the general store. The townsite was well chosen as it occupied the widest expanse of the valley.

A half mile below the remnants of Massicks stands a history buff's dream come true. Towering majestically above the creek stands an ancient stamp mill, part of Barlow Massicks' mining activities. This isn't just any stamp mill, but a three stamp mill! Covered with rust, its timbers being nibbled to death by nature, the conglomeration of machinery in itself makes the trip worthwhile. In spite of its condition, the embossed legend, "Joshua Hendy Machine Works, S. F., Cal." is still legible. How proud Massicks and the manufacturer must have been of this unique arrangement of stems and cams and laminated wood wheels some seventy years ago.

A mile beyond the old mill the Massicks home still stands silent guard over the banks of Lynx Creek. This lofty mansion, constructed of stone and timber, is a fitting monument to its owner. With gables and turret room, it seems to brood—for Massicks' mansion marks the easterly end of the pluming cottonwoods, the shady vales, the end of our journey through the past.

The two miles from the old bridge to the Massicks home is a haven of sheltered tranquillity, a respite from our present-day way of living. Soon, however, the ruthless winds will obliterate this view into our past and those venerable sentinels which still stand along Lynx Creek will vanish into the valley floor.



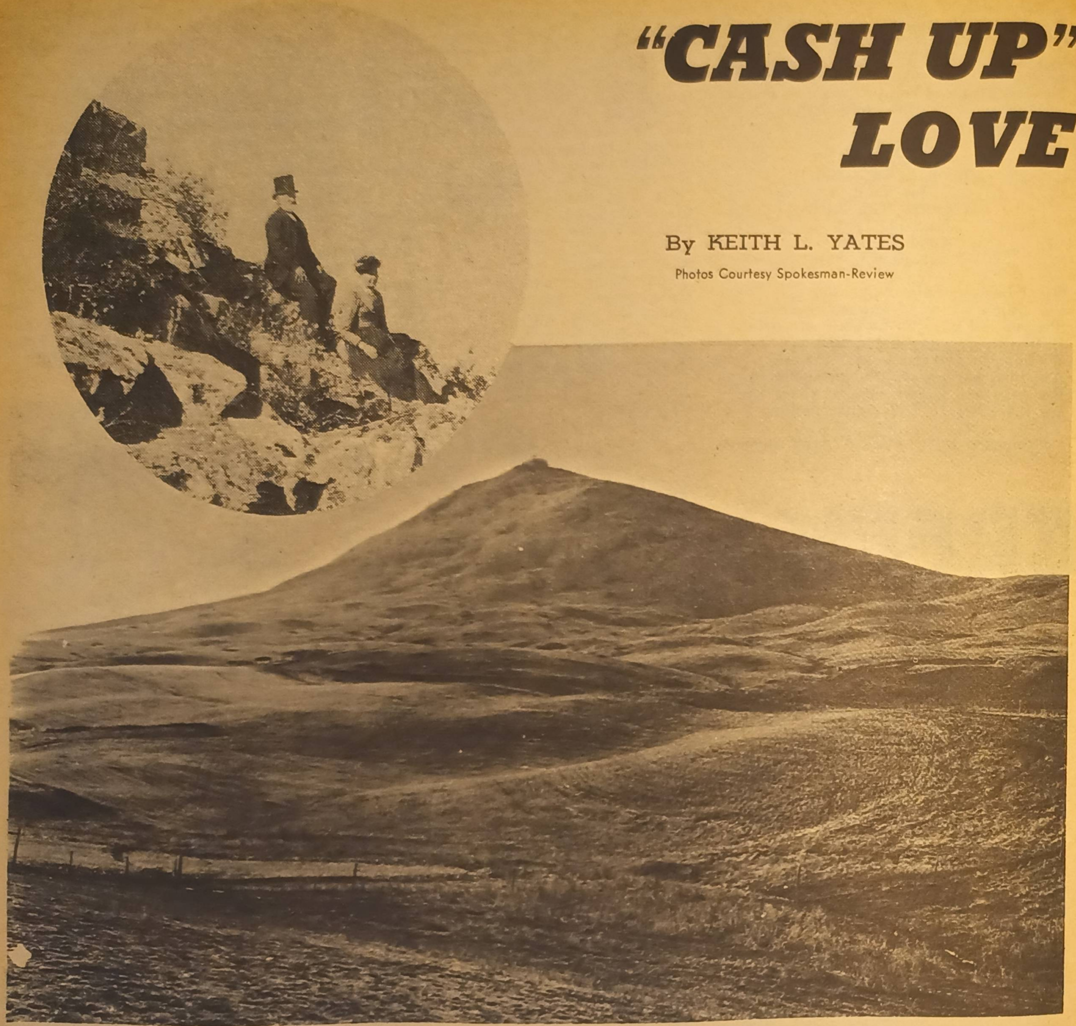
Crumbling walls are all that remain of Massicks Post Office.

Site of Massicks Cemetery

"CASH UP" DAVIS' LOVE AFFAIR

By KEITH L. YATES

Photos Courtesy Spokesman-Review



Cash Up Davis on his mountain. Below, high atop famed Steptoe Butte south of Spokane, Cash Up Davis built this dream hotel. It burned to the ground many years ago.

JAMES S. DAVIS was known as "Cash Up" because he always paid for everything on the spot. He had come from England with high dreams of success, and a heavy money belt to make those dreams come true.

In 1878 Davis settled in eastern Washington about halfway between Fort Walla Walla and Spokane Falls. Within a short time he had a stagecoach station and general store in operation. This became a popular stopping place for travelers and was the beginning of Davis' acquisition of considerable holdings.

His real dream, however, rested in a piece of real estate near his Halfway House, a symmetrical cone 3,610 feet in elevation which rose 1,200 feet right out of the rolling plains around it. It was the only butte for miles around and served as a landmark.

Twenty years before, Colonel Edward J. Steptoe and his troops had been defeated by Indians near the site, after which it became known as Steptoe Butte.

Day after day, Cash Up Davis dreamed of the time he would own it, and after much red tape Steptoe Butte was purchased from the O.W.R. and N. Railway in 1888.

With "business as usual" at his Halfway House and store, Cash Up immediately set forth on a colossal project.

He carved out a steep trail to the top of his butte and up this trail carried lumber, nails and other materials for building his dream hotel. Upon completion, it was a large two-story building with a dancehall, bar, stage and penthouse.

It was worth climbing the winding road to enjoy the tremendous view. One could see for miles in each direction the crazy quilt of cultivated fields. Horses and buggies looked like small bugs as they drove across the rolling hills far below.

CASH UP was known far and wide for his hospitality. He had a warm, cordial voice, and his lively songs and genial jests appealed to his visitors.

He loved to sit out on the side of the peak and dream. The Palouse country lay at his feet, with its exciting pattern of greens and yellows. To the west he could see into the Big Bend country of the Columbia; to the north, the eastern Okanogans stretching into Canada; to the east, the blue ridges of the Idaho mountains; to the south, the winding Snake River and the Blue Mountains that extended into Oregon. It was better than being a king, and Cash Up Davis always carried the deed to Steptoe Butte in the pocket nearest his heart.

Night after night the lights from the hotel brightened the sky, and fiddles sent lively tunes floating across the countryside below.

Even when the popularity of his hotel died down—and eventually it stood in lonely solitude—Cash Up did not seem to bother too much. He had hoarded up the memories of years gone by. He loved to spin tales of his hotel and to lead the few hardy hikers who made the strenuous climb to his telescope where they could gaze at the beauties below.

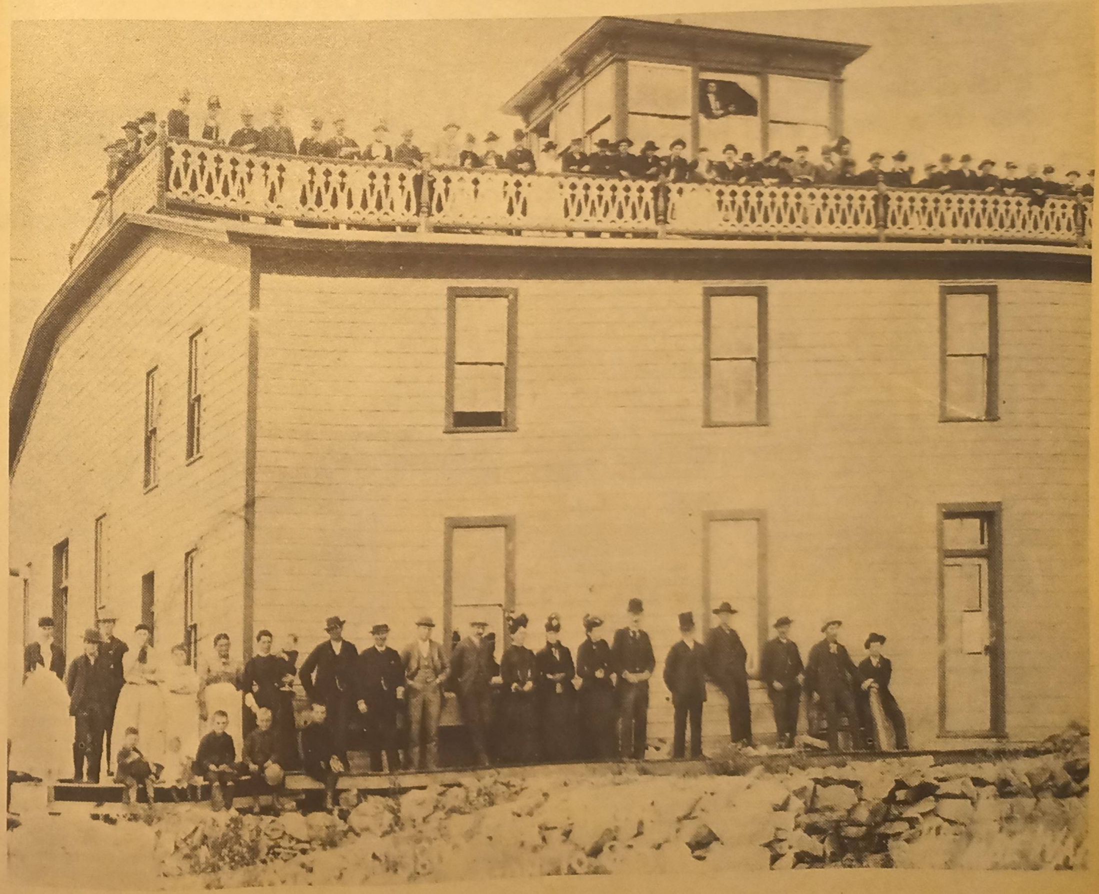
As he grew older, Cash Up Davis decided to remain forever on Steptoe Butte. He asked his family to spread his ashes on its steep slope. When in June, 1898, at the age of eighty-one, the colorful Englishman died, his family did not go along with his request, however, and buried him elsewhere.

The hotel on the top of the butte stood silent and lonely. Soon cattle roamed through it. During the night of March 15, 1908, people from miles around witnessed the smoke and towering flames that burned Cash Up's dream hotel to the ground, scattering its ashes around its steep sides, where he had wanted his own to be. The man and the dream were gone.

In 1946 Steptoe Butte was acquired by the State of Washington for use as a park. Now, from the top of its 120 acres visitors can gaze down at the Palouse country and know a little of the exultation an old pioneer felt long ago.

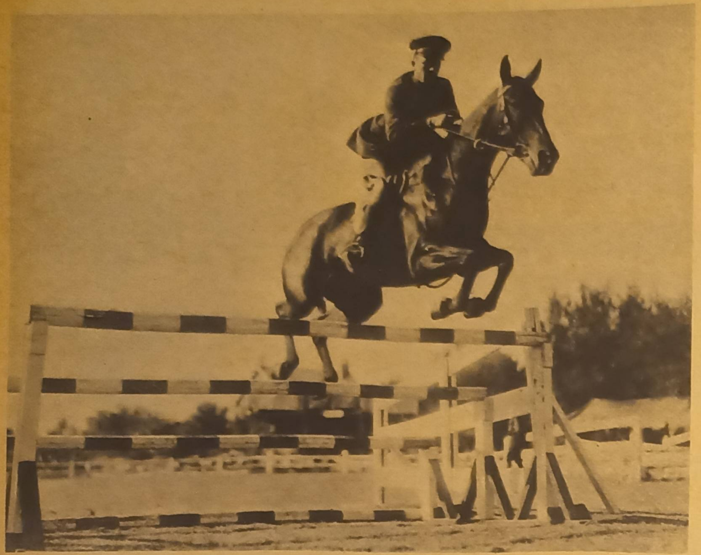
So what if it was with Steptoe Butte instead of with a leetle gal? Few suitors could have been more ardent and none could have been more faithful!

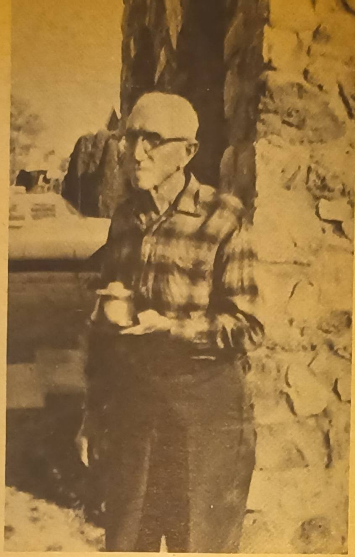
Historic Cash Up Davis Hotel complete with dancehall, bar, stage, and penthouse. Cash Up is the short bearded gentleman with the tall stovepipe hat, fifth from the right.



By KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Authors





Garry Owen suffered a broken leg when a soldier turned him into the corral with a bunch of cavalry horses. His friends had the hoof from the broken leg mounted. Sgt. Lewis, above, is holding trophy. At left, W. H. S. Wright is shown jumping the beautiful Trooper.

It takes something exceptional in horse flesh to impress a cavalryman. Here are a few of the immortals they still talk about

GARRY OWEN

The Pride of Fort Bliss

PERHAPS the most famous horse in this country's military annals is Comanche, saddle horse of Capt. Myles W. Keogh, Troop F of the 7th Cavalry, lone survivor of the Custer slaughter. Comanche, though struck by seven bullets, managed to flee the scene. He found refuge in a clump of bushes in a small, deserted Indian village between General Terry's men, who had arrived too late, and the body-strewn battlefield. Captain McDougal caught the terrified horse and detailed a soldier to take him to a place of safety and care for his wounds.

The horse was to enjoy a box stall the rest of his life. A man was assigned to look after him and, on dress parades, old Comanche would be led at the head of the regiment, draped in black.

The most famous cavalry horse of modern days was Garry Owen, a young gelding sent to Fort Bliss, Texas, from Missouri in 1919. He was to become the toast of not only the 7th but all the other troops of the 1st Cavalry Division.

Sgt. George Lewis, who still makes his home in El Paso, was stable master when the horse arrived at Fort Bliss.

"The minute I saw this big gray-white horse I knew he was something special," says Sgt. Lewis with remembered enthusiasm. "All cavalry horses were picked carefully. They had to conform, to be strong, a certain age, the right height, weight—even color was important. Each horse taken on marches or skirmishes not only carried his rider, but the rider's equipment, gun, rifle, blankets, mess kits, slicker, and many rounds of ammunition. If the troop was to be out for several days, rations for the cavalryman, and often forage was carried. This beautifully proportioned horse with his high held head and trim legs was 2½ years old, weighed 1,350 pounds and stood 17½ hands high. I instantly realized that he had the legs of a jumper. He had a broad chest that held the sort of strong lungs that would furnish him all the wind he needed to jump and run.

"HIS RECORD read 'breeding unknown'," Sgt. Lewis said, "but I knew, without papers to that effect, that he had breeding. I immediately began training him to walk, trot, gallop, all by hand reining. Later I started him jumping. I've never sat in the saddle of a more trainable horse. He had a wonderful disposition, and his brilliant brown eyes looked at me when I talked to him as if he understood every word I said. I believe he did. He was a pleasure to train, and I often rode him in horse shows. He never let me down. He performed for any other rider just as perfectly as he did for me. He helped win trophies, ribbons, and even money for F Troop. We named him after our official regimental song, *Garry Owen*, and for Custer's old division.

Col. A. A. Frierson, who was a young lieutenant at Fort Bliss in 1929, won every open jumping class at the horse show with Garry Owen. The results were far-reaching as Lt. Frierson was the first American cavalry officer to adopt the "forward seat" advocated by Gen. Harry D. Chamberlin. Frierson was later riding instructor at West Point and rode in international competition from 1931 to 1948, including the Prix de Nations Competition in London in 1948. The lieutenant became a colonel and, when he retired, made El Paso his home.

Sgt. Lewis recalls another fine rider who won many events with Garry Owen. "Major McQuillen rode him at Fort Riley, Kansas, where he won first place in jumping. He also rode him in Howze Stadium shows."

From early frontier days, horse shows and polo matches during peace time have been big social events at all cavalry posts. Men and women who admired fine horses and enjoyed watching good horsemanship filled the stands every time such an event was scheduled.

El Pasoans will always remember Howze Stadium with its Olympic jumping ring which was the site of many a colorful cavalry parade and exciting horse show. Military bands are always excellent, and those that played at Howze Stadium were the finest.

However, it isn't only Westerners who appreciate fine horses and horsemanship. Sgt. Lewis remembers when Garry Owen won the hearts of Bostonians during a show in their city. Some who saw the gallant gray-white win ribbon after ribbon were so impressed that they offered to buy him at almost any price. "One man offered $7,000.00," Lewis recalled with a grin. "Of course, there wasn't enough money in Fort Knox to buy *that* horse."

In 1928 Garry Owen won twenty-four ribbons in Eastern shows, winning the Middle and Heavyweight Hunter and Reserve Hunter Championship. His fame was so widespread that often when he was ridden into the stadiums he received an ovation from the crowded stands. At Madison Square Garden in New York Garry Owen delivered such a brilliant performance that he won fifteen blue ribbons, seven red ribbons, and placed in six other events.

He won the First Cavalry Division Horse Show for four years in succession. Capt. Clyde Garrison rode this magnificent horse on many occasions, winning trophies and medals.

"Garry Owen had a good disposition, but I remember he was also a little hardheaded at times," Sgt. Lewis chuckled. "While we were down in Torreon, Mexico, where we had gone to help the Mexican Cavalry dedicate a new garrison and put on a horse show, I had a taste of his contrariness. I had ridden him into the exercise ring. After we'd gone around it several times I thought it a good idea to take him out in the stadium to try the jumps. They were not unsually high but they were new to Garry Owen and I thought he should be more familiar with them.

"We made the jumps once and started on the second round when all of a sudden he took the bit and raced toward the high fence that surrounded the stadium. He went over it like a bird, then cantered down to the row of stalls and stopped at the one assigned to us. I was mad, but couldn't help laughing.

"Garry Owen was docile, turning big, wise brown eyes on me as I dismounted. He just didn't see any sense in doing those jumps. He knew he could do them and so did I. I gave him a pat on the hips and rubbed him down after I'd unsaddled, instead of turning him over to a stable boy as I usually did. Yes, sir, he was a great horse.

SGT. LEWIS trained many other fine horses for the 7th, one of them being a rangy, long-legged horse he called Trooper. He rode this horse in many shows, almost always winning with him. Trooper was a willing jumper, a beautiful horse with white stockings on his hind legs. He seemed to love band music and when he heard it, arched his neck and held his head high, ears pointed straight up. Rising Star was another 7th Cavalry horse that was a winner and a favorite.

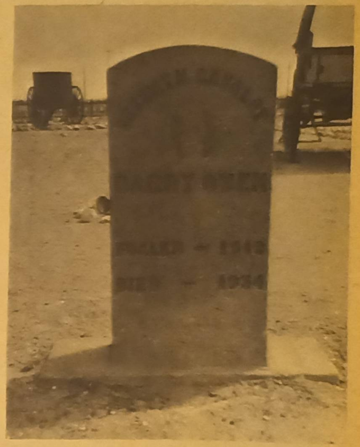
The 8th Cavalry also had many fine, well-trained horses. One of them was Warrior, a remarkably brilliant horse show performer. Kaiser was another that men and officers could always depend upon to bring them credit.

Troop F of the 5th Cavalry had its share of fine mounts, too. One was Buddy, whose long record of wins has been engraved on his tombstone in the pet cemetery at Fort Bliss. Buddy ended his career by winning the Open Jumping Championship April 24, 1943, First Cavalry Division.

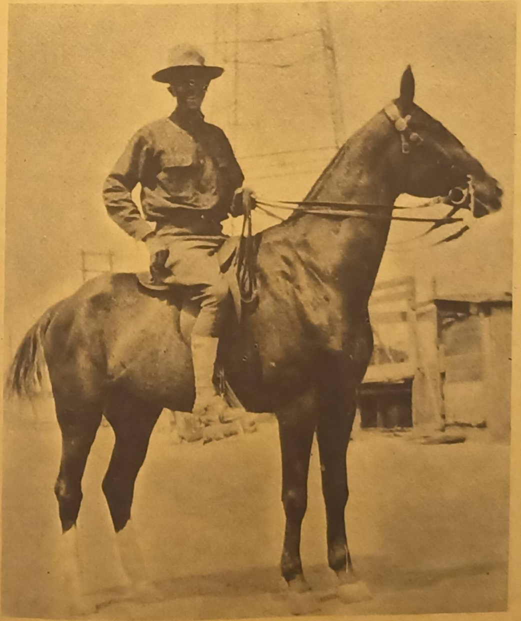
"It was in 1934 that Garry Owen met his tragic death," Sgt. George Lewis explained. "It came through carelessness or ignorance of a stable orderly. Garry Owen had his own box stall, and had never been allowed in a corral with the ordinary cavalry horses. This day, however, he'd been led from his stall and put into the large watering corral where there were sixty or sixty-five rough, tough mounts. Garry Owen had a mild disposition, and he knew nothing about kicking and biting, so when he was attacked by a vicious fighter, he did not know how to defend himself.

"The horse that kicked him must have been very strong because the blow shat-

(Continued on page 53)



Above, grave of Garry Owen at Fort Bliss pet cemetery. Below left, Sgt. Lewis and Trooper. Below right, Col. A. A. Frierson (then a Lieutenant) jumping Garry Owen.



COTTONWOOD TALES

—of boys and guns and fishing poles, geese in the sky, fur in the traps, and not a durn worry in the world!

By FRED W. ANDREWS

Photos Courtesy Author

The old home

MY FATHER died when I was ten leaving my mother with eight children, a small farm and a smaller amount of insurance. All the do-gooders in that part of the country immediately wanted Mother to place us in a Masonic home which was available to her. She gave them a flat "No," hiked up her britches and said, "Let's go to work." We did.

She got us all together and told us all what we had to do in order to stay together. She assigned us older children permanent chores, and my job was taking care of the pigs and chickens. She told us to live clean, have faith in God and everything would come out all right, and do you know, not a one of us ever wound up in jail.

I am an old man now, sitting in front of the fire in the evening dozing. In the half haze of memory and sleep, it's nice to remember how things were sixty years ago.

We were raised in what at that time was the most marvelous small game and fishing area in the United States—the junction of the Cottonwood and Neosho Valleys in Central Kansas. Big fat cottontail rabbits by the thousands; innumerable quail and prairie chickens; oak, walnut and hickory timber swarming with red and black squirrels. The country was loaded with muskrat, coon, 'possum, mink, a few otter and coyotes. The rivers and creeks (cricks to us) were teeming with channel and yellow catfish, carp, buffalo, bass, bullheads, sunfish or punkin seeds, and in the fall millions of ducks and geese, mostly redheads and Canadas, passed through on their southern migration.

Beautiful clear streams ran down from the famous Blue Stem and Flint Hill pasture country. Today they are mud-filled and dry about ten months of the year.

One of the biggest thrills was getting my first gun. I was eleven years old that summer, riding line fences and doing small chores for a neighbor. I took some of the money and sent to Sears Roebuck for a rifle. It was a single shot Meridian, cost $2.65, and with 500 shells at 10 cents per box, I was in business. I immediately appointed myself the meat hunter for the family.

There were two laws that apply even today in our family: Clean your own game, and unload and clean your gun when you come in. My mother would cook any game or fish we brought to the house (and she was a marvel at it) but she flatly refused to dress any of it.

My second gun was attained in a rather strange way. The Santa Fe Railroad was doing some extensive road work on the track running near our home. They had imported several hundred Mexican laborers who lived in bunk cars, many of them with their families. There was a long riffle in the river that ran through our farm, with many large flat rocks on the banks. The Mexican women gathered there every morning to do their laundry, pounding the clothes on the rocks. Just below this riffle was one of our favorite places to string trot lines. One morning my brother and I had an extra big catch of beautiful two- to five-pound channel cats. The Mexican ladies wanted to buy our fish so we made a deal. We would sell them fish for the then unheard of price of two cents a pound. That was the day we became professionals. Everything we caught—carp, drum, buffalo, cats—it made no difference, it all went for two cents. We had a gold mine that summer, selling well over $500 worth of fish.

As soon as there was enough money from fishing, an order was sent for a shotgun, a beautiful Model 97 pump gun 12 gauge and a case of shells at 35 cents a box. Once again we were in business.

MY THIRTEENTH year was the only time we were ever market hunters. The Santa Fe Harvey house in town gave us 15 cents each for prairie chicken, 10 cents each for ducks and quail and 50 cents for geese. The shotgun was quickly paid for. Many rabbits were sold to local butcher shops for 3 cents a piece cleaned, rifle-shot only.

About that time I acquired another shotgun, trading a knot-headed bronco for a Winchester lever action 10 gauge shotgun. What a cannon! Everytime it was fired and the wind wasn't blowing, one had to wait for the smoke to clear away to be sure a bird had been downed. Later I traded it for a pair of ice skates.

About this time two more rifles were purchased, a Remington round barreled hammerless pump .22 and a Model 94 Winchester Carbine, .30-30, both still in excellent condition.

There must have been limits and laws against market hunting at the time, but we in that country had never heard of them and probably wouldn't have cared too much if we had. The game was there and what fourteen-year-old, having the time of his life and access to it and making a few dollars, could worry about such an unheard word as "conservation." I wouldn't have known the definition of it anyway.

In the pipe haze I can still see a barefooted kid, wearing nothing but a pair of overalls, cotton shirt and straw hat, tearing around on a spotted horse dreading the day school would start—which meant a pair of shoes, and seemingly endless dreary hours at a country school desk gazing out the window waiting to hear that first wild goose call.

It was during our rambles around the countryside in summer that we studied another phase of our fall and winter activities. We were practically on speaking terms with every mink, muskrat, coon and other fur bearing animals in the area. At the advent of cold weather and prime fur, out went the trap line. Our routine was to get up at 4:30 or 5:00 A. M., do our assigned farm chores, eat breakfast, put our school lunch in a half-gallon molasses bucket, climb on a horse and be on our way. Whatever fur we got was tied in a gunnysack behind the saddle, and it was skinned and stretched by lantern light that evening, after chores and supper were out of the way.

Skunks gave birth to their young in abandoned badger holes—or maybe they ran the badgers out—and the family of skunks lived together until the following spring. We would find as many of these as possible in the summer, then during Christmas and New Year vacation it was skunk-digging time. Often we got six or eight out of one den. There was no definite pattern as to class—broad, narrow and short stripe occurring all in the same family. I remember one time we got six coal-black skunks from one den. Their mother was a short stripe. We had spotted them and watched them all summer and fall, and topped the market price with that prize.

Skunk-digging was also a period of eating on the screened porch and sleeping in a tent. Mother was hardly on speaking terms with us young skunk hunters. We invariably got well perfumed. But to me the odor of a mink or weasel is far worse than a skunk.

We must have helped win many an Ivy League football game with the hundreds of coon hides we sold at the start of the coonskin coat era. We always prided ourselves on the stretching and curing of our furs. Coon were always stretched square on the walls in the barn or granary. Never in the sun. Others were case skinned and stretched on frames made of willow branches. We seldom missed getting top prices. We sold to two companies, Funston or Lyons. Occasionally we would sell to an old man who traveled around the country with a pair of mules hitched to a covered wagon.

Photo of author's mother taken at time of her marriage in 1894

If you ever want to smoke a coon out of a hollow tree or a rock den in a hurry, use one of those fuses that railroads use to stop trains. It would take about an inch or so from one of them, and out the coon would come. But it ruined the den; they would never use it again. We used to get a supply of fuses by swapping a mess of fish or birds to the railroad section hands.

MUCH of our hunting, fishing and trapping know-how was learned from a very old man who lived in a log cabin down the river a few miles from our home. His knowledge of the habits and characteristics of wildlife was uncanny. He loved us kids and told us many stories of hunting and trapping all over the West as it was in the early 1800s. Many a young mother quieted her children by telling them to behave or "Old John" would get them. We never rode past his place that we didn't leave a fat bird, fish or a bucket of wild fruit or berries, because his eyes had failed and he couldn't get around too well. In our young minds we helped him scalp many a Blackfoot or Sioux along his trap line up on the Yellowstone River.

We found Old John dead one spring morning sitting in a homemade chair by his cabin. With the help of our hired man we buried him in a simple grave on a small hill overlooking his beloved valley. There is not a trace of that cabin or grave left today.

There were many things to learn about the habits and patterns of living, in the many species of wildlife. And believe me, there are screwballs among them as well as among humans. One well remembered was a flight of large plover that always arrived the first two or three days in March. They had an eerie but beautiful whistle.

The only place they ever landed was on the south slope of a hill, near a pond in a neighbor's big pasture. They stayed there a few days and when the sun was shining their wings were stretched straight up. Old John told us they were resting after their long flight from South America. How he knew these things we didn't understand, as he could neither read nor write. They were delicious eating, but we bothered them very little as we didn't consider them worth a shotgun shell. We always trapped a few, however. If they still pass through there, I wonder where their stopover is, as that land was plowed up for wheat many years ago.

We kids always had pets. Our favorites were squirrels, coons and skunks (not deodorized) in that order. There are no two animals on the North American Continent that make more charming and laugh-provoking pets than squirrels and coons. One never knows what they will do next. We had a pet crow, Mr. Black, whose neck Mother was continually threatening to wring. He would steal anything shiny or bright colored—silverware, combs, anything lying around. We knew all his hiding places and he would scream and scold when we took his treasures back to the house. How he could wreak havoc on the top layer of a bucket of eggs! For many years Mr. Black lived on the back porch.

We boys had a big coon hound, and one day Mother had just churned some butter in one of those old-fashioned barrel churns and had pulled most of it out into a large stone crock, when she went into the kitchen for the butter paddle, leaving the screen door open. Old Rock, not one to pass up such an opportunity, dashed in—and in about three laps swallowed that crock of butter. One could have heard the howling and yelling of both Rock and Mother all the way to Dodge City, when she was flailing him with the broom.

The hired man was a Mexican who had ridden the Texas cattle trails with our father. He was a past master in the art of handling livestock. Any horse he broke to work or saddle was as gentle as a kitten. No horse or mule he broke was ever sold. They were all considered his, and when they were too old to work they were turned out to pasture to die of old age. Woe betide anyone ever caught abusing one of them. Of course, we boys were always trading for all the knothead broncos in that part of Kansas. "Dinky swapping," he called it.

Jose, "Jo" we called him, was very clever at the art of trailing, whether it was wild or domestic animals. He could tell within an hour or less when an animal had passed a certain spot. He had a Mexican's aversion regarding the use of ammunition. His long suit was ingeniously devised traps and snares. Jo always had a cleverly designed fish trap in a very deep hole in the river. Winter or summer it was always good for a couple of nice fish. Many times we helped him cut through the ice to raise it. It almost never failed to hold a couple of nice cats. He used a skinned jackrabbit for bait.

Jo hated cold weather and it always took some prime coaxing to get him to go hunting in winter. He was very definite in refusing to sit in a cold duck blind. He taught us many lessons in the taking of fish and game. We never realized at the time, though, how very

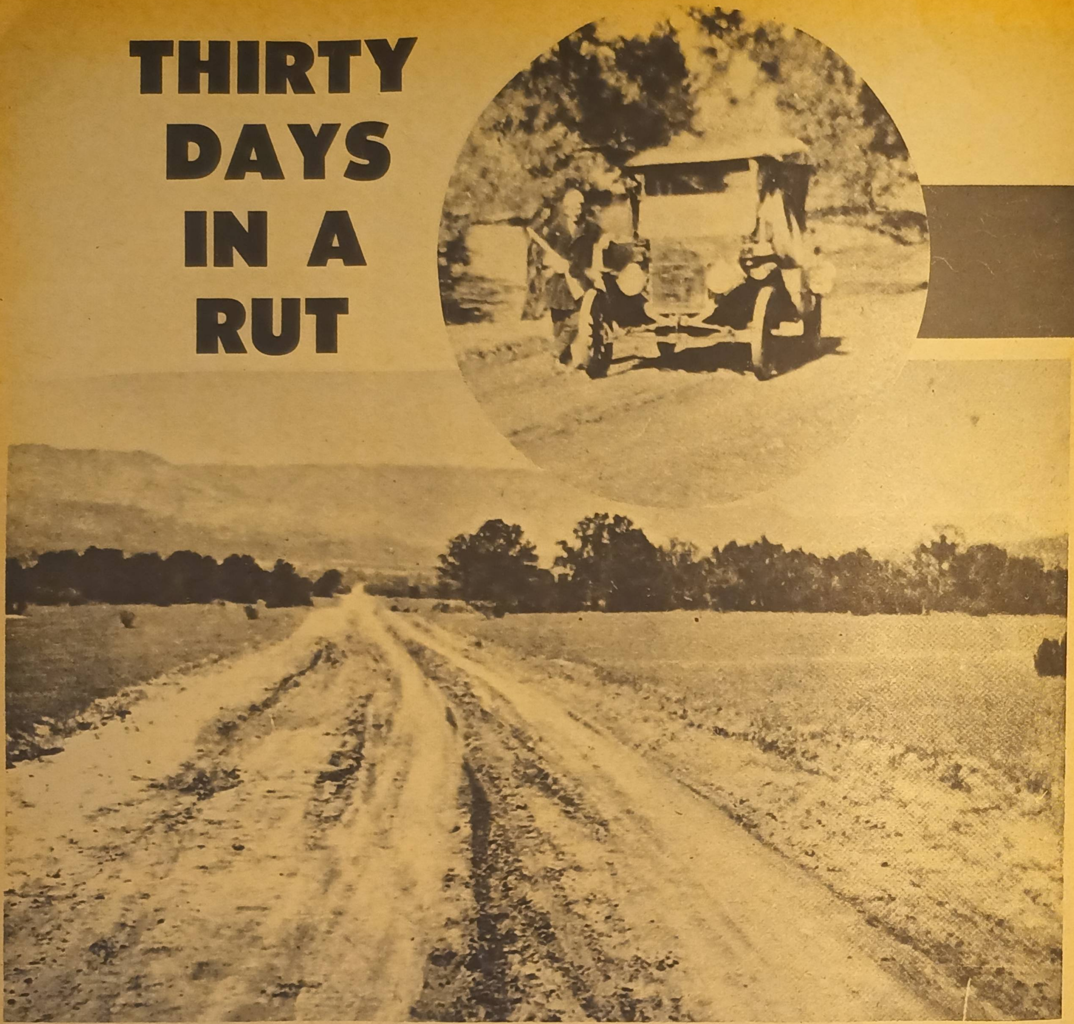
(Continued on page 58)

THIRTY DAYS IN A RUT

By LEE DORR
as told to RAY DORR

Photos Courtesy Author

Dedicated to all you readers who plan to take a motor trip in 1967!



Tin Lizzie is shown at top on main highway east from Flagstaff. Lee Dorr holds rifle, an item which was standard equipment for cross-country travelers in the Southwest in 1916. Lower photo is of an exceptionally good stretch of road in northern New Mexico. It was graded and even had bar ditches. On such a road a daring motorist could travel as far as 200 miles in a day.

ON MARCH 2, fifty-one years ago, Father and I and my chum, Art Stiver, left Southern California in a 1914 Model T touring car, chugged over Cajon Pass, and followed two ruts into the scorching Mojave Desert. Exactly thirty days later the Tin Lizzie steamed to a stop in the yard of our home ranch at the south edge of Colorado Springs. And we figured we made good time!

Art and I were fifteen years old then. Father was fifty-six but couldn't drive because he was partially paralyzed. A few years earlier he had suffered a stroke after a bull gored him; then just when he was able to get around, a colt kicked his leg and broke it. The doctor recommended that he move to a warmer climate during winters, so he and Mother bought a place in Pasadena.

Now it was spring and time to get home to the ranching and real estate businesses. Mother would come later by railroad with those of my six older brothers who weren't married or roaming around the West.

One of my brothers and I had spent the previous winter overhauling the Model T, so it was in top shape for the ordeal to come. Into it we loaded our clothes, a tent, camp cot, sheepherder's stove, coal oil lantern, cooking utensils, food staples, a tree stump for kindling wood, rope, axe, shovel, repair tools, .22 rifle and tire patches. Two extra 30x3½ tires were strapped to the side of the car. In red, gray and green cans on the running boards were five gallons of gasoline, five gallons of water and two gallons of oil. Also we threw in a can of kerosene for the running lights, fore and aft; a can of stop leak compound for the sensitive radiator; an extra fan belt; and a brand new wooden stick to measure the gas in the under-the-front-seat tank. The car originally had sported a pair of flickering kerosene headlights, but these had been replaced with electrics that produced a beam, the brightness of which depended on the speed of the motor. We traveled light—just carried the essentials for a trip in those days across California, Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado.

Two and a half days and several tire repairs after leaving Pasadena we chugged into Needles, hot, tired and dusty. That was two and a half days of battling heat and chuckholes, sand and cactus.

A ferry boat crossed the Colorado at Needles, but it didn't operate until noon, so early next morning we drove twenty miles downriver to Topock. We paid a watchman a 50c toll to drive across the Santa Fe Railroad bridge on planks laid between the rails.

The twenty-five-mile stretch of desert road between the river and Oatman was in good repair. We made good time, arriving before sundown. Gold had been discovered there a year earlier and the place was wide open and booming. The town had one hotel and many frame buildings. Miners were living in tents and shacks behind every boulder. The single bakery in town was in a tent house. We stopped and bought a dozen crusty doughnuts for a quarter—an outrageous price. Three miles beyond Oatman was Goldroad, another boom town. Beyond Goldroad the road climbed sharply, a twenty-five percent grade.

The Model T had a coil box on the dash board containing 4 coils, each with a platinum point. These coils were attached to a commutator on the front of the motor that acted as a distributor. When a wheel in the commutator turned, a spark of electricity went from the platinum points to the spark plugs. The grade was too much for the car and one set of points burned out.

The Ford sputtered back to Goldroad where we had to pay $1.50 for a pair of 15c points. Then we drove back to the foot of the steep grade and camped for the night on a mine dump.

NEXT MORNING I was awakened by a mighty screeching and thumping noise, bolstered by a string of blue cusswords. Art and I popped off the car seats (our beds) and poked our heads out the tent flap. Coming down the mountain road was an eleven-horse jerk line team straining to hold back a big water wagon and trailer. Smoke squirted from the heavy brake blocks. A bulky and bearded driver rode the wheel horse and directed the animals with a single line to the lead horse. As the outfit reached more level ground by our tent, the driver released the brakes and roared at the horses—they took off running. The outfit whipped out of sight around a corner of the rocky road. That was the last jerk line team I ever saw.

Wide awake, we cooked breakfast, broke camp and tackled 3,650-foot Sitgreaves Pass. With Father walking and Art pushing, I steered the Ford to the top of the pass in reverse. If a Model T was driven forward up a long steep hill the front motor bearing would often burn out from lack of oil.

The next town, Seligman, was an important point for railroad travelers. Here westbound trains changed from coal-burning engines to oil burners. West of Seligman you could stick your head out a window without getting cinders in your eyes.

On the mountain east of Seligman we were deluged with rain, hail and snow. The twin ruts filled with water. We couldn't see to avoid chuckholes. Travel was impossible. We set up camp and huddled in our tent while cold winds whipped in snow and rain through the tent flap. For two days we hardly stirred from between blankets because there was no dry wood for a fire. Father tried to sleep on his cot but got so cold he had to join Art and me on the car seat cushions on the ground.

Finally the sky cleared and we were on our way toward Ashfork. Four miles from that little railroad town we encountered a stretch of slick road. We needed chains. Art and I walked the four miles to town, bought chains and returned. Then we discovered the gas tank was empty. We hadn't seen another motorist all day. Luckily, there were a few pints left in the spare gas can. We pushed the front seat forward and dumped the gas into the tank. I retarded the spark and pulled down the accelerator lever on the steering column. Art gave the crank at the front of the car a mighty spin. The motor coughed, sputtered, then smoothed out. We slipped and slid into Ashfork.

The road beyond Ashfork was temporarily closed because of the storm, so we rented a room in the Whitehouse Hotel and prepared to wait it out. We were all anxious to get cleaned up as we hadn't been able to wash for three days. However, the landlady frowned on bathing because water cost 50c a barrel delivered to the hotel. We offered to pay extra for the water and all took washbowl baths.

That evening we went to the Harvey House by the railroad station for a supper of pork chops, hash brown potatoes, beans, coffee and a huge wedge of apple pie. That meal surely did taste good after eating sardines, crackers and cheese for two days.

ON THE seventh morning of our stay at Ashfork, word came that the road to Flagstaff was passable. The road twisted and climbed up through the

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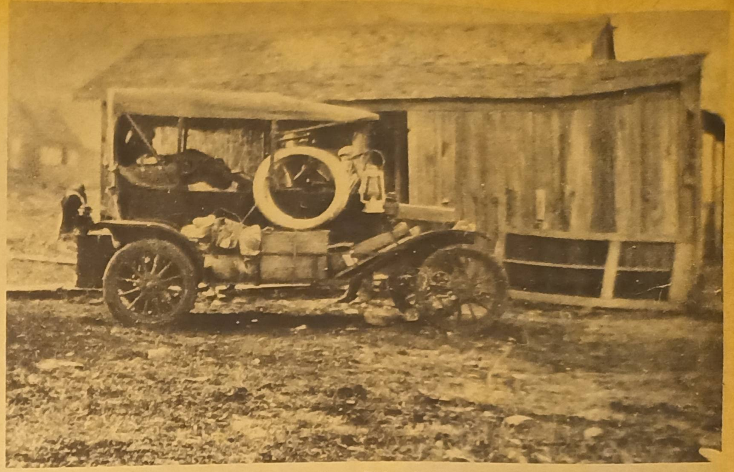


Lee Dorr, the author, peeks over spare tires. This picture was taken in front of shack in Flagstaff, Arizona, where party stayed until the river east of town receded.

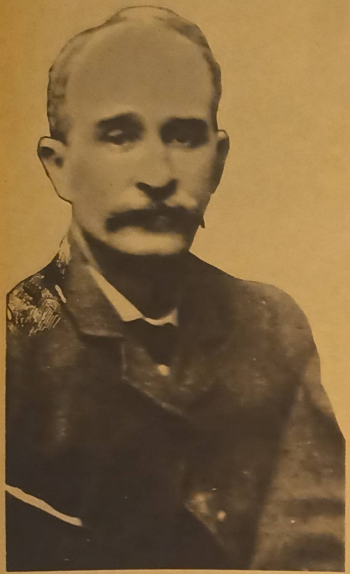
Lee Dorr beside petrified tree near Holbrook, Arizona. Picture was taken in 1919 when author and his wife traveled from Colorado to California on their honeymoon.

A RAFT of TROUBLE for the WRONG TRAIN

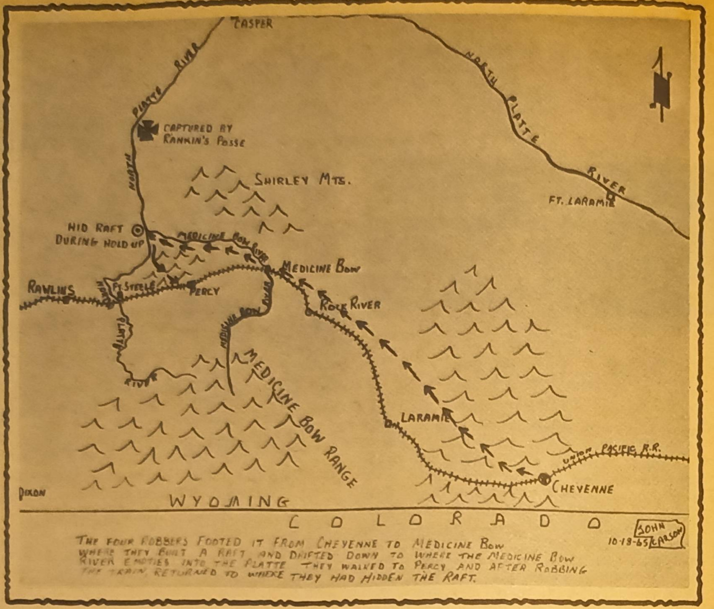
When an amateur gold prospector turns into an amateur train robber—and if he's a sort of unlucky cuss at best—there's just no good way he can rake in a fortune either from the pan or from a railroad car

By JOHN CARSON

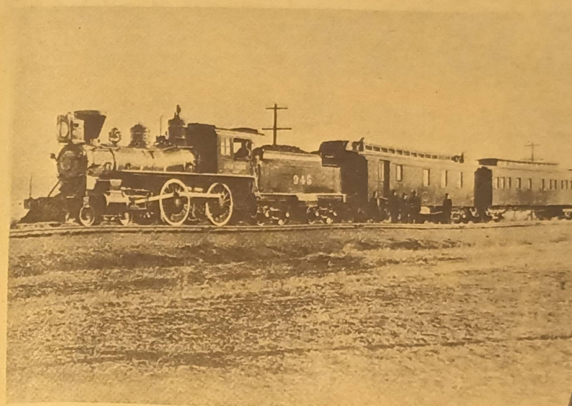
Photos Courtesy Author



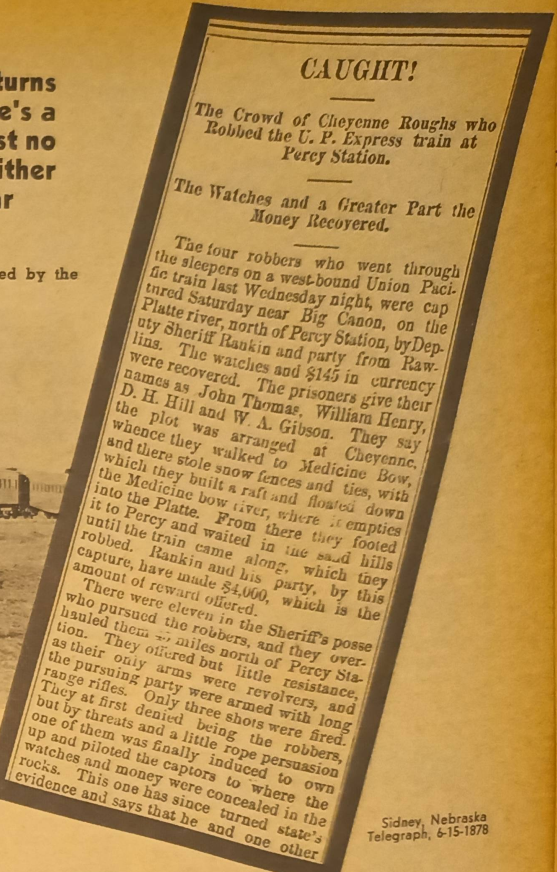
Sheriff James G. (Jim) Rankin, Carbon County, Wyoming. He led the posse that captured the Percy train robbers. At right, a map showing scene of the robbery.



THE FOUR ROBBERS FOOTED IT FROM CHEYENNE TO MEDICINE BOW WHERE THEY BUILT A RAFT AND DRIFTED DOWN TO WHERE THE MEDICINE BOW RIVER EMPTIES INTO THE PLATTE. THEY WALKED TO PERCY AND AFTER ROBBING THE TRAIN, RETURNED TO WHERE THEY HAD HIDDEN THE RAFT.



This Union Pacific train of the 1870s is similar to the one stopped by the Percy train robbers.



CAUGHT!

The Crowd of Cheyenne Roughs who Robbed the U. P. Express train at Percy Station.

The Watches and a Greater Part the Money Recovered.

The four robbers who went through the sleepers on a west-bound Union Pacific train last Wednesday night, were captured Saturday near Big Canon, on the Platte river, north of Percy Station, by Deputy Sheriff Rankin and party from Rawlins. The watches and $145 in currency were recovered. The prisoners give their names as John Thomas, William Henry, D. H. Hill and W. A. Gibson. They say the plot was arranged at Cheyenne, whence they walked to Medicine Bow, and there stole snow fences and ties, with which they built a raft and floated down the Medicine bow river, where it empties into the Platte. From there they footed it to Percy and waited in the sand hills until the train came along, which they robbed. Rankin and his party, by this capture, have made $4,000, which is the amount of reward offered.

There were eleven in the Sheriff's posse who pursued the robbers, and they overhauled them [illegible] miles north of Percy Station. They offered but little resistance, as their only arms were revolvers, and the pursuing party were armed with long range rifles. Only three shots were fired. They at first denied being the robbers, but by threats and a little rope persuasion one of them was finally induced to own up and piloted the captors to where the watches and money were concealed in the rocks. This one has since turned state's evidence and says that he and one other

Sidney, Nebraska Telegraph, 6-15-1878

THE FOUR MEN were almost too much for the crude raft, bobbing and dipping in the muddy stream. A sluggish craft, built of snow fence and railroad ties, it seemed almost to be holding back when what the crew wanted was more speed and lots of it.

It had been a crazy idea from the beginning, thought Gibson, as he recalled his first meeting with his desperate companions. Why, he wondered, had he ever been fool enough to let himself be talked into such a scheme? A train robber! Billy Gibson, a train robber! He could hardly believe it himself. But it was all too true. He was no better than the rest of them—and all because he needed money so desperately.

It had been a long hard pull for the Iowa farm boy after the war. He was sixteen when it began and because Billy felt strongly about his country, he had enlisted the following year. He was assigned to "K" Company, 15th Regiment of the Iowa Infantry Volunteers, and took part in the Battle of Vicksburg and perhaps other engagements as well. After receiving a gunshot wound in July, 1864 near Atlanta, he was hospitalized and a year later was mustered out of service at Louisville.

Billy returned to Iowa and in 1869 was married. He was twenty-four that year with nothing very big looming on his horizon. After the couple became parents of three children, times were even more tough. "Go West" was the cry of his war-torn country and the young Iowa farmer heeded the call. Gold was the excitement in the West—not "pickin' up" gold but the hard-to-get "digging" kind. Billy Gibson wasn't afraid of work, however, so he took his family to Leadville, but gold didn't glitter in his pan nearly as much as the desire for it.

Billy met a young fellow, muscular if not overly bright, and the two partners opened a saloon in the little town of Blackhawk. That was in 1877—Gibson had a growing family to feed and no more promising future in sight than he had had in his native Iowa. The saloon made just enough money for Gibson and his partner, John Thomas, to get by on—never an extra dollar.

Then came electrifying news! Gold in in the Black Hills for the finding! Fortunes overnight and prospectors by the wagonloads flooding into the Hills where Indians were taking scalps as fast as they could rip them off, and white renegades were already organized, robbing and killing rich and poor alike.

A dangerous prospect, indeed, for a family man, but gold fever was as infectious as Rocky Mountain spotted fever and more often than not, every bit as fatal.

Gibson knew what he had to do. He discussed it at home and with Thomas and they reached a decision. They would sell their makeshift saloon with its meagre stock, give the money to the family to live on, and the two men would head for the Black Hills. This had to be it—now or never. Moving his family to Denver, Gibson and Thomas started north on foot, toward the Black Hills.

THEY WERE NOT destined to make it. They finally reached Cheyenne, the Queen City of the Plains—wild, boisterous and the hangout of every thief and murderer, known and unknown, in the entire region. And there, waiting, was William Henry.

Henry was a rough customer who stood out among rough customers. He and Dick Hill had only recently arrived in Cheyenne, although Henry, at least, had been there before. The two men had robbed a bank in Kansas. They had made a good strike at the bank but alert officers had soon captured them. In return for their freedom the pair had led officers and bank officials to the hiding place of the loot. They had wasted no time getting out of Kansas, returning to Wyoming Territory where Henry was again on familiar ground.

Not long before his Kansas escapade, Henry with two other outlaws had held up a Wells-Fargo stage near the Sweetwater Station north of Rawlins. It was a good strike, $87,000, and the men had cached the money in the Medicine Bow Mountains, rugged fastnesses where few men dared to go. It is said that at the first opportunity Henry calmly murdered his two companions in order to eliminate dividing the spoils. Most of the take had been gold dust, and Henry must have had royal times in South Pass, Green River and Rawlins before his fortune was gone. In Cheyenne he found himself with no resources except an over-active imagination and some knowledge of the geography of the region.

Hill, too, had a criminal background—not as productive as Henry's perhaps, but if it is true that water finds its own level, then Hill was as bad as the worst. He and Henry made plans, but the plans called for reinforcements. As the two men scouted the town for the right kind of recruits, Fate decreed that they soon would meet up with "just what the doctor ordered." Two weary and footsore pilgrims from down Denver way straggled into Cheyenne and into the arms of a sinister welcoming committee. Gibson and Thomas were just about perfect for what Henry had in mind. Neither was a tough or bad man, both were broke and hungry, and Henry's vision of wealth undoubtedly influenced the discouraged goldseekers.

Henry, always with one ear open for opportunity's knock, had learned that a Union Pacific train would be carrying a fortune in newly minted gold coins. He knew the approximate date and knew, from past experience, where the strike could be made in safety.

Others knew it also, and four grim horsemen, later identified as Texas Charley, J. T. Baldridge, Jim Lauck and Lewis Scovey, rode west out of Cheyenne. They arrived at Percy, a coal and watering station near the present mining town of Hanna. The station agent became alarmed upon seeing them and wired Division Superintendent Dickinson that he feared an attempt would be made to rob the treasure train. Dickinson, in Laramie, immediately hopped the westbound passenger, Number 3, to go to Rawlins so he could accompany the goldbearing eastbound Number 4 through Percy the following day.

WILLIAM HENRY and his three helpers foiled the plot—inadvertently, it's true, but foiled it all the same. Not having horses or the price thereof, they left Cheyenne on foot, heading north and west through the cedar brakes. After a hundred-mile walk over rugged mountains and deep valleys, they arrived in Medicine Bow where they stole some ties and snow fence and fashioned a crude raft. Putting the unwieldy craft into the swift Medicine Bow River, they drifted some thirty miles to where the Medicine Bow flows into the Platte. Here they beached the raft, hiding it under some willows.

Now they were only twenty-five miles from their target. Percy, an isolated, lonely spot, was a regular stop for all trains, since stations were few and far apart in that region. Although there was a hotel and eating house, mostly it was just a station where the chuffing engines paused momentarily while taking on coal and water.

About 9:00 o'clock Wednesday night, May 29, 1878, westbound No. 3 chugged into the little station. Superintendent Dickinson, in the third Pullman, was comfortably contemplating the surprise the robbers would feel on the morrow when they hit the train. Perhaps Dickinson had lined up some Rawlins fighting men to help him spring his trap on the return trip. At any rate he had no premonition of trouble that night. When the train jolted to a halt, some of the passengers stirred but there was nothing to get excited about so they settled back against the dusty cushions.

It was anything but serene in the first Pullman, however. Four rough looking men had boarded the car the instant it stopped. Drawing their pistols, one went to the door at the front while a second went to the door at the rear. The other

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Where the Gold Turned from Yellow to Green

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Hart. They closed the saloon when Florence began booming, but Rhodes did not go with Hart to set up shop in the new camp.

Upon his return from Arizona, Rhodes discovered rich deposits of silver in the Blackhead country of the Bitterroots. John Silcott and John Reese, who had grubstaked Rhodes, were delighted with the specimens, and sent Rhodes with two partners, Crane and Altmiller, back to the strike to start developing the claim. That winter was a terrible one, and Billy Rhodes fell ill and died. His companions buried him in the snow, and waited for the spring thaw.

It was late June before the men were rescued. Stones were piled on Rhodes' grave near the peak now named after him. The men never returned to the claim, and its location has been lost in the mists of time. Many believe a fortune awaits anyone who rediscovers Billy Rhodes' silver lode.

Hundreds of Chinese miners and tradesmen converged on the new camps. Five were hanged for allegedly killing a merchant, D. M. Fraser, in 1885. The hanging was done by quick-justice vigilantes, although there was no real proof the Chinese were guilty of the crime. Today, a marker is placed in the vicinity of the "Hanging Trees"—a grim reminder of the part of our past which is not so proud.

By the early 1900s, Pierce was almost dead, a real ghost town with Chinese outnumbering the whites. Oro Fino had already passed into oblivion, and a new town had sprung up on the Clearwater River—Orofino—a combination of the two names of the original town.

Just before Pierce became truly deserted, a new kind of gold—timber, "the green gold"—extended its life as a bustling, brawling lumberjack town. Many of the old buildings have been torn down or have burned, as did the Pierce Hotel in 1958. But a few historic buildings, such as the courthouse, remain and are worth seeing.

Pierce is no ghost town today; paved State Highway 11 forms its main street. Numerous new structures are going up because the green gold it still there and Potlatch Forests, Inc. has just completed a seven million dollar lumber mill. Some of the new homes are near historic Canal Gulch.

The Gulch and perhaps the old courthouse will possibly become a part of Nez Percé National Historical Park if present plans are carried out.

Pierce, a century after its founding, begins a new era; but there is still a lingering aura of the Old West to be found that no amount of modern-day establishments can erase.

The Big Old Red Ants of Cow Country

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several times their weight.

They have a funny way of greeting when they meet. They stand up on their hind feet and touch each other with their front. I honestly expected to see two of these workers shake hands. They actually seem to recognize each other, though they all looked alike to me.

Around an ant hill one often finds dead ones. Whether or not those had died in the hill, and had been carried out, I could never determine, but I think that was probably what happened. Those that refuse to work they kill; I've seen them do that. But they killed them where they were and didn't bother about carrying the corpses to the hill.

I saw one bunch of ants desert its quarters and make a new hill. They worked methodically, far more so than some men do; and they worked steadily and well. They had to bring a lot of sand and other debris out of the hill, and they never crowded each other. If some were coming out of the hole with a load, the other stood back and gave them air.

To tell the truth, I'd never liked ants. From the time I was a child, I was allergic to them. If one stung me on the toe my eyes swelled shut. And now here I was, fascinated by the things.

Joe Wheeler knew I didn't mind being on day herd; most of the guys did. So he kept me there several days.

YEARS LATER I bought five acres on the San Francisco River, southeast of Morenci. The soil was fine and rich. It would raise almost anything planted in it. An orchard of apple, plum, cherry, and peach trees surrounded a comfortable house. There was a grape arbor.

That spring I put in a truck garden. I planted all kinds of vegetables; and I thought while I was at it I might as well plant enough to supply my neighbors. In those days nobody butchered a beef without giving half of it away. Few people had gardens, and everybody liked vegetables. But as fast as those seed sprouted and came up, ants harvested them. There were so many red ants that they stripped the rows clean.

I decided to use some dynamite on them. It was in rough form, about like sawdust, and was rolled up in long tubes of paper. I crumbled the stuff and sprinkled it along the rows. The ants began working on it. Some they carried into the ant hills; and some they ate. I didn't really want to kill them, but did hope it would drive them away.

It seemed to make them drunk. I'd think one was dead, for it would knot up and lie still. Then after awhile it would revive, get up and leave. To make it easier for them I crumbled some about each ant hill.

One morning when I went to the garden, it had been abandoned. I made the rounds to each ant hill, but nary an ant. There'd been a migration. I wondered how they had got away, and where they had gone. Surely they didn't swim the river which flowed along south of the place, and it seemed unlikely that they'd have scaled the bluff that was my north boundary. At any rate they were gone, and I felt a little foolish when I caught myself hoping they'd found a good home somewhere.

Thirty Days in a Rut

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mountains to Williams, then climbed even higher to a divide fourteen miles west of Flagstaff.

The high mountain road east of Williams was muddy, the ruts snow-covered. We crossed our fingers that we would reach the divide without slipping off into a gully or a ditch.

By 1916 much of the Southwest was fenced for cattle. Every few miles we had to stop and open a gate or gap in one of these fences, drive through, then close it again. To leave a gate open was considered almost criminal.

Suddenly the Ford jolted to a halt. We were high-centered. Three cars were following close behind, the first two driven by salesmen and the third—a battered Buick roadster with bucket seats—by a curt middle-aged Eastern couple. They despised the West and were anxious to "get back to civilization." All four springs on their car were broken and the vehicle jolted over the rough roads with blocks of wood between frame and axle.

The salesmen got out of their cars and helped Art and me jack up the Model T and throw rocks and brush under the wheels. The couple tried to drive around without helping, but got stuck in the mud themselves.

The main highway was only one car wide, and after a half hour's back-breaking work we worked our car across the rough section of the road. Then we cut down small trees and threw them in the ruts so the other autos wouldn't high center. Finally we had to pull the Easterners back into the main ruts.

We all traveled together to the top of the divide, pushing or pulling one another out of icy mudholes and bogs. At one point the road was just a long pile of dirt bisecting a lake. Before crossing with the car, Art and I walked across it, testing the mud with long sticks. The ground was firm and the car edged across without trouble.

Once over the divide it was downhill sailing into Flagstaff. It had taken us exactly eleven hours to travel the fifty miles from Ashfork.

A restaurant owner gave us news that meant another delay. A bridge six miles east of town had washed out that day. All travel in that direction was halted until the high water receded.

A scouting trip around town uncovered an abandoned shack. We cleaned out the rubbish and moved in. It wasn't ritzy, but it was more comfortable than sleeping in a tent.

Early the next morning, Father, Art and I drove out to the washed out bridge. The stream was still a boiling, muddy torrent. A young couple from Indiana introduced themselves and asked how far east we were traveling. I've forgotten their names. Father told them we were going to Colorado. They asked if they could travel along with us as far as Albuquerque.

This was a western custom in those days; often as many as ten or twelve autos traveled together for mutual aid. Father joked that he would be happy to have the couple along as the young man looked strong and the girl was pretty. Then he asked where they were staying. They replied that the back seat of their Model T was their home on the road, so Father invited them to share our shack. They were fun to be with and the next three days in Flagstaff passed quickly.

ON THE third day we again drove out to the swollen stream. It had gone down some and a rancher was charging $10 to pull cars across with a team of work horses. A couple of men had the hoods up on their cars, taking off carburetors and stuffing rags into intake and exhaust manifolds to keep out the water. The Easterner, who had tried to pass us earlier, and the rancher were arguing.

"Ten dollars to pull my car fifty feet?" The Easterner shouted. "That's outrageous! I can drive across that creek without your help."

"Go right ahead, mister," said the rancher. "It's all yours."

The man and his wife climbed into their springless auto and eased into the

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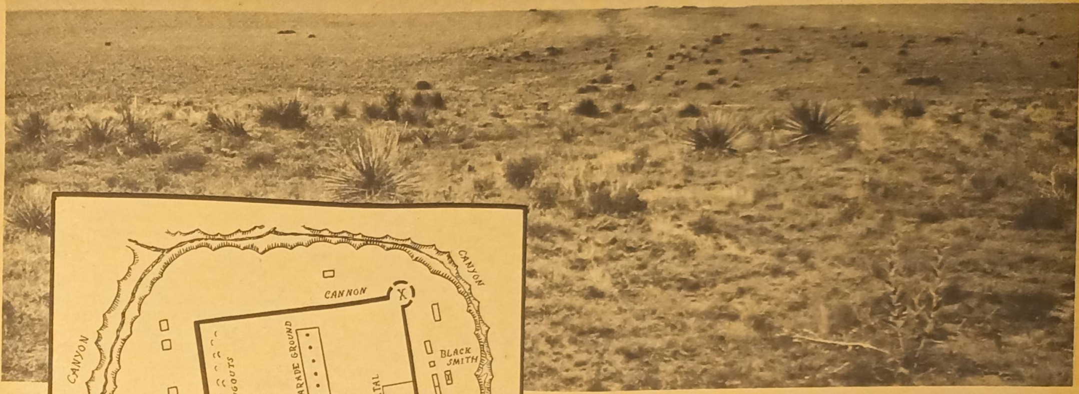
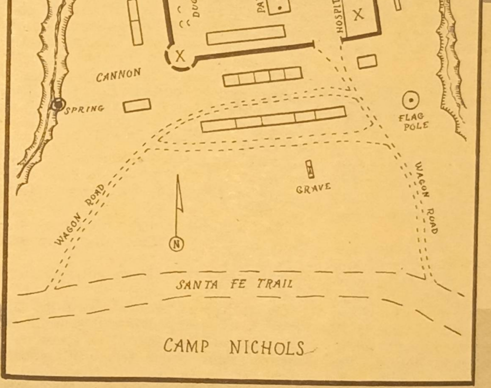
For a long time it was the only silhouette on the lonely and endless horizon of No Man's Land—today it no longer casts a shadow





LOST FORT of the CIMARRON

By CECIL CORBIN

Map and Photos by Author

Above, old Santa Fe Trail winding over empty prairie approaching Camp Nichols. The four tracks visible indicate two-abreast wagon travel. Center, diagram depicting fort complex as it appeared a century ago. Below, the remains of the blacksmith shop, with canyon to east in background. Note partial dugout construction.

HOW IS IT possible to "lose" a military camp? Easy—just build it in the midst of a trackless, treeless desert, abandon it in a few short months, and record it as being in New Mexico rather than in its actual Oklahoma location. This is how Colonel Christopher Carson managed to lose Fort Nichols for the War Department, with the exact location remaining unknown for nearly 100 years!

Fort Nichols came into existence because of outlaws, Indians and the hardy traders and adventurers of the 1800s. During this period travel on the Santa Fe Trail was at its height, with the main trail following the Arkansas River west past Bent's Fort, over Raton Pass, then south to Santa Fe.

But for those travelers who were brave and/or foolish enough, or just plain "in a hurry," there was an alternate, highly dangerous route. It was known by several colorful names. Among these were "Desert Route," "Dry Cimarron Route," "Jornada," "Cimarron Branch" and "Short Cut." Perhaps it was best known as the Dry Cimarron Route, a name which was descriptive but decidedly an understatement!

The Dry Cimarron Route left the main Santa Fe Trail near Ft. Dodge, Kansas and struck out southwest across some of

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Thirty Days in a Rut

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gritty waters. Everything went well until they reached midstream—then the water reached the carburetor and the motor stopped. There they sat in their twin bucket seats with muddy water swirling about their waists.

"Well, don't just stand there," he shouted to the rancher. "Pull me out!"

The rancher cocked his hat over one eye and scratched his head. "Sure thing. Fer twenty bucks."

The following morning the stream was down enough so that we could drive across without help. But on the bank was the springless Buick, its insides laid out on a canvas sheet. A Flagstaff mechanic was cleaning the sand and grit from each part.

There was no marked road between Holbrook and Gallup. Motorists sometimes hired Indians to guide them across that section of country, but it was easier and faster to follow the main road south to Springerville. The country flattened out and we made good time. We drove 200 miles to Springerville that day! Five miles beyond town we camped under a big tree about a quarter of a mile off the road.

As we stood around the evening campfire, a Mexican woman suddenly appeared out of the dark and squatted by the coals, with her hands out to warm them. She was about twenty-five years old. Her black hair was pulled back in a bun and she wore a long, bright-colored skirt, blouse and shawl. In her arms she carried a wooden Prince Albert tobacco case which she repeatedly unwrapped and peeked into, and rewrapped. We never knew what was in it as she would say only, "Me no speak English." After a few minutes by the fire she stood up and walked away.

The young Indiana man then slipped away from camp to talk to Art and me as we gathered a last armload of piñon kindling wood before the twilight shadows darkened. "Pancho Villa's raiding towns just south of us. I think that Mexican girl tonight was one of his band, sent to spy on us. I'm afraid he might sneak up on us in the dark and kill us. I didn't want to say anything in front of my wife, but I think we ought to take turn standing guard."

"Pancho Villa!" the name sent a shock of excitement and fear into our fifteen-year-old hearts. Art and I put our heads together. What the man said was true. At least, if we could believe rumors. But what good would our little .22 rifle be against a well-armed band of bandits?

We hurried back to our tent where Father was shaving with his straight razor. He was using a tin mirror and had the coal oil lantern for light. Our fears, predictions and suppositions tumbled out in a jumble of words. Father slowly cleaned off the razor, closed it and said, "Ah, come on to bed, boys, and forget about Pancho Villa."

We went to bed but didn't stop thinking about the Mexican *bandido*.

THE ROADS were good and we had smooth sailing across western New Mexico to Socorro where we camped in a dry wash at the edge of town. As we were breaking camp next morning, an Indian buck rode up on a shaggy pony and stopped by the front of the car. He was wearing a faded shirt and pants, flat trimmed hat, and moccasions. We tried to talk with him but he only stared at us. He didn't say a word—didn't move. He gave me a scary feeling and I hurried to finish packing and leave. I suppose he was only interested in seeing all the stuff a white man carries when traveling.

At Albuquerque we said goodbye to our traveling companions and pointed our Tin Lizzie toward the Sangre de Cristo Mountains on the northern horizon.

Twenty-five miles south of Santa Fe the road forded a stream bed then climbed the dreaded Habra Grade—with its twenty-two switchbacks—to the plateau land upon which nestles the capital of the state.

Beside the stream bed at the bottom of the grade was a sign that read, "Do not cross if water is in stream bed."

"Heck, Pa," I said. "There isn't more than an inch of water out there. We've crossed fifty streams bigger than that since leaving California."

"All right," he said, "but take it easy."

We started across. In midstream the back end of the car settled to the axles. Quicksand!

An Indian appeared on the bank. He was driving a team of heavy work horses. Father sent me to ask his price for pulling us across the stream. It was $20. That was too high but he wouldn't lower the price.

Then we heard a car approaching from the south. Father called to me to ask the driver if he would pull us back to the south bank. We would camp there until the stream bed dried.

The Indian with the work team suddenly changed his prices. He offered to pull both cars across for $10, and we accepted his offer.

Santa Fe was one of the few towns in the Southwest which had a public campground with outhouses and water. The owner charged an overnight fee of 50c. The campground was in a huge corral behind an adobe livery stable.

The warm spring night we spent there stands out vividly in my memory. Beside Model Ts, Buicks and Maxwells were small white tents, in front of which blossomed orange and red campfires. Grotesque shadows played on the walls of the flat-roofed adobe houses which surrounded the cedar pole corral. The aroma of coffee, baking biscuits and sizzling bacon blended with the pungent smells of pitch pine and mountain cedar fires. Children ran and laughed.

The men, wearing trousers, high-topped shoes, open neck shirts, vests and caps or Stetsons, gathered to talk. Most of the conversation concerned bad roads that each had just traveled, each man thinking that his road had been the worst and feeling sorry for those in the group who would travel it on the morrow.

The men split up to return to their families for supper, then gathered again to swap yarns and argue for a couple of hours. Some of them, however, had to gulp down a few mouthfuls of food, then roll up their sleeves and work late into the night by lantern light repairing tires or replacing burnt-out clutch bands. Each was a competent mechanic, able to make repairs on the road with baling wire, leather belts, or chewing gum.

The wives washed dirty dishes with a few cups of hot water which had been heated in a coffee pot. Then they scrubbed their small fry clean and popped them between heavy quilts spread on a canvas sheet on the ground.

BY SUNUP fires had been started, breakfasts cooked, dishes washed and packed, blankets and quilts rolled and stowed away, tents struck, canteens and radiators filled and motorists were away.

Because of tire trouble we were all day driving the seventy miles between Santa Fe and Las Vegas.

Las Vegas, New Mexico, was a wild, cattle town so we camped a few miles out on the plains. Next morning our car was surrounded by a circle of longhorn steers.

"Careful, boys," said Father. He had run such cattle on our ranch right after he came to Colorado in the early 1870s. "Keep your voices low and don't make any quick movements. Let's get out of here. We'll cook breakfast somewhere along the road."

We broke camp and got started up the road without causing a stampede. Now, however, we were faced with a new danger—a spring snowstorm. Heavy clouds shrouding the peaks warned of a blizzard in the making.

"If we don't get across Raton Pass into Colorado before that storm hits, we might be another couple of weeks getting home," Father warned us.

We hurried north across the high New Mexico prairie land on the old Santa Fe Trail, often driving in the very ruts made almost a century earlier by lumbering trade wagons. This is a land of grass, cattle, history and glamor, great distances and sudden, violent storms. We breathed a sigh of relief when Raton, at the base of a rampart of mountains, came into sight. There was still enough daylight to cross the pass. We hurried along.

The road over Raton Pass was steep, narrow and crooked. For the first few miles out of town it switchbacked up the face of a cliff.

When we reached the summit and started down the north side of the pass, twilight was upon us. Ahead were the lights of Trinidad. We were in Colorado at last!

We celebrated by staying in a hotel that night. Next morning dawned cool but clear.

"I guess the storm missed us," Art said.

At first Father said nothing, then he replied, "It's only 200 miles home. Maybe we can give 'er a try." I knew what he meant. That storm was still coming.

It hit us in one of the small towns north of Walsenburg, a little adobe village poked in a piñon pine canyon. The wet snowflakes were driven by a high, cold wind. Snow quickly piled up on the windshield and formed drifts by every tumbleweed-choked fence.

We rushed to get into the town's general store. It was a dirty place that smelled of sweaty horse blankets, unwashed laundry and coal smoke, but a welcome fire roared in a pot-bellied stove. We bedded in.

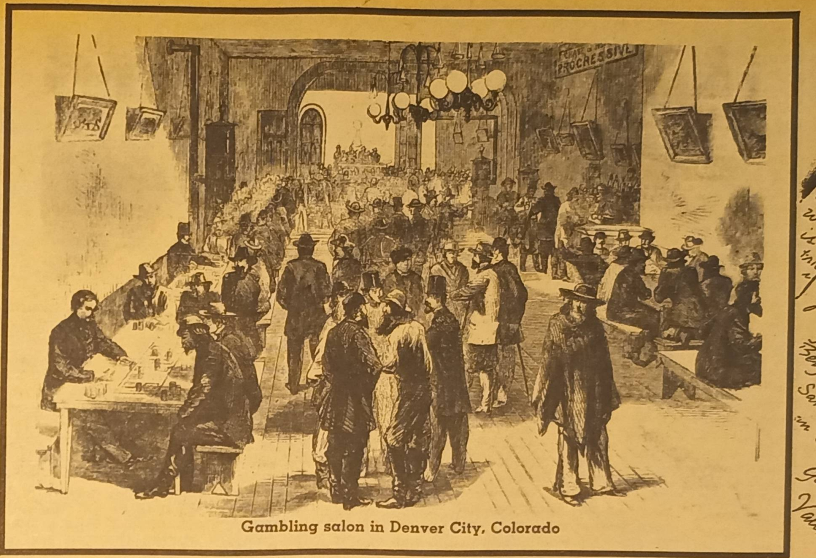
The storm lasted for five days. On April 2, 1916, exactly one month after leaving Pasadena we slipped and slid the last hundred miles on rapidly thawing roads. The battered, mud-encrusted Model T wheezed to a stop in our driveway.

The Goldrush Follies

(Continued from page 23)

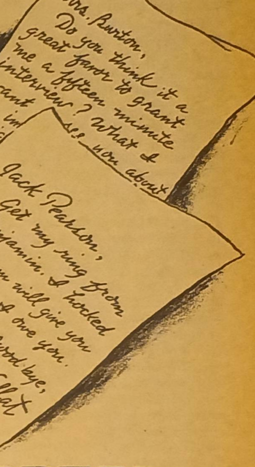
WHEN THE Bella Union was only ten years old, the discovery of gold in the Pikes Peak region sent a new wave of fortune-hunters westward from Missouri Valley towns and points eastward. It also drew a large number of experienced gold miners from Northern California. The introduction of the Bella Union type of variety hall into the Rocky Mountain region was swift.

(Continued on page 64)



Gambling salon in Denver City, Colorado

Courtesy Denver Public Library Western Collection



MRS. BURTON'S MACABRE ORDEAL

By FRANK M. FREEMAN

Peter Vallat had a strange desire to kill himself and have someone observe. Mrs. Burton was the lucky lady!

PETER A. VALLAT, a French Creole born in New Orleans, was employed as a faro dealer in one of Denver, Colorado's plush gambling salons, the Manhattan. There were three reasons why Vallat could not remain unnoticed: his impeccable manners which endeared him to the ladies; his financial extravagances which were destined to bring disaster down upon him; and his almost grotesque physical appearance.

Vallat was tall of stature, ponderous of build. He possessed an abnormally large head which was covered with sparse dark hair and was almost perfectly flat on top. He had a bushy black mustache and thick, shaggy eyebrows. The gambler's eyes were unusually small and very pale blue in color. Vallat was about fifty-two years old.

The lady in the case, Mrs. L. R. Burton, was described as a tall, graceful, attractive brunette with a vivacious personality. Mrs. Burton, who was barely twenty-six, was already a shrewd businesswoman and the proprietress of a rooming house at 1651 Arapahoe Street. Vallat had been a tenant at her establishment some time before, but had left with his rent in arrears.

On Saturday, June 11, 1887, Mrs. Burton received a note from Vallat:

Mrs. Burton,

Do you think it a great favor to grant me a fifteen minute interview? What I want to see you about is important to me and strictly business to you. Will you meet me in my room before 12 o'clock? Let me know at what time you will come without fail by bearer. I have made an ass of myself in regard to financial matters. Destroy this note.

Peter A. Vallat

At 10:45 a. m., Mrs. Burton, complying with Vallat's request, went to his room in the Symes block at Sixteenth and Champa Streets. Vallat was to keep Mrs. Burton a locked prisoner in his room for five terror-filled hours.

WHAT transpired that day in the apparently crazed faro dealer's living quarters is best described in the account Mrs. Burton gave to the Denver *Daily News* for Sunday, June 13, 1887.

"I went to the room . . . and knocked at the door. A voice called to me to come in. Upon entering the room I saw Mr. Vallat lying in bed. He asked me to come and sit with him. I did so, taking off my hat and gloves—laid them with my umbrella on a stand. I then turned to him and asked if he was sick.

" 'Yes. I am sick, very sick,' he replied. I then asked if there was anything I could do for him, and he said that I could by listening to what he had to say. I told him that I would if it referred to his debt to me. He said that it did. He said that he was heavily in debt and was going to leave tonight. 'It's a debt of honor,' said he, 'and I am compelled to do something. I have got to leave town.'

"Then he lay still for a moment, and after a few moments opened his eyes and said, 'Do you want to sell my ticket.' at the same time reaching under his pillow and pulling out a revolver. 'Here it is, and I don't know but what I had better end it now.'

"I told him to put up the revolver or I should leave him.

" 'Don't do that,' said he, 'I want to tell you something,' and as he said this he sprang out of his bed with the revolver in his hand, and went to the door. He turned the key in the lock and pulled it out.

"He then turned to me and said, 'Do you know that I have an insane desire to have someone see me die, and as you are a good woman and have been kind to me, I have decided that you shall be the one.'

"I asked him what he was going to do with the key, and for an answer he went to the window and threw it into the street. I asked him to treat me honorably and let me go out of the room. He said that he would relieve me in a short time when a messenger came to call him to go to work. He had something to tell me, he said, and then got back in bed.

"He then went on to tell me that he had determined to die. His life, he said, had been wrecked. He was heavily in debt and had to die. I told him it was not right to have me in his room, and that if he killed himself I would be placed in an embarrassing position. He would prevent that he said as he left some letters to exonerate me. It was then about noon.

"When we had talked for some time in the same strain, he pointed to a bottle of whiskey which was on the floor and asked me to give him a drink. I poured some of it out into a mug. He drank all of the whiskey during the afternoon.

(Continued on page 62)

Wells Fargo and the Concord

(Continued from page 33)

Wells Fargo served as "banker" for the Overland Mail Company in the West from the start, making loans on an unsecured basis for the development of the mail enterprise. Because of mounting indebtedness of the Overland company to Wells Fargo, increasing Wells Fargo involvement with its operations, and finally, sharp policy differences with Butterfield, the latter was removed from the presidency in 1860. From then on Wells Fargo was in effective control of the company, although it was not to come under full ownership until six years later.

THE YEAR BEFORE, the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell inaugurated the Pony Express from St. Joseph to Sacramento. Though fated to live only a short eighteen months until completion of the transcontinental telegraph, the colorful Pony Express nevertheless dramatized to the nation the feasibility of reliable and regular communication between California and the East by the central rather than the southern route.

Ben Holladay, known from the Rocky Mountain states eastward as "The Stagecoach King," took over the Russell, Majors and Waddell firm, by then known as the Central Overland to California and Pike's Peak Express Company, in 1862. Assuming the company's obligations on the transcontinental stage and mail route, he quickly launched a rapid expansion of branch, feeder and subsidiary lines besides.

In no time at all Holladay's invasions into Wells Fargo territory was to prove a threat to the firm, thus setting the stage for events leading up to the grand consolidation.

The climax came early in 1866 when Holladay learned that Wells Fargo was planning to stock and open a stage line of its own between Denver and Salt Lake to operate east of Denver on David Butterfield's Overland Dispatch. (David was no relation of John Butterfield.) This would enable Wells Fargo to circumvent Holladay's main line and be independent of it altogether. In a wily counter maneuver, Holladay, after learning that Butterfield's Overland Dispatch, financed by a New York bank, was losing money, forced the company to sell out to him. This blocked Wells Fargo's plan for expansion in the East. Holladay now controlled about 2,670 miles of stage line west of the Missouri, making his the largest single staging concern in the United States.

But Holladay had apparently overextended himself and suffered several losses. And eyeing the steady advance of the transcontinental railroad, he was ready to unload his interests in a soon-to-be-realized consolidation.

Between June and November, 1866 there were numerous conversations and plans leading to the great event. When the principals met November 1, they quickly expedited a complex agenda. Out of it came a new enterprise that combined the lines formerly operated by the Holladay interests. the Overland Mail Company, and Wells, Fargo & Co.

Eventful 1866

THERE WAS disaster in 1866, however, as well as cool, corporate planning. On April 16, a trunk-sized box leaking a dark substance exploded in the stable driveway behind Wells Fargo's Parrott Building headquarters in San Francisco. killing almost a dozen persons and injuring many others.

The back wall of the two-story building at the northwest corner of California and Montgomery Streets, was blown out and adjacent structures were damaged. Rubble, dust, glass and human fragments filled the air. A tangle of panicked pedestrians, horsemen, driverless dray and express teams charged down Montgomery Street in the wake of the concussion.

Killed outright were Wells Fargo's Samuel Knight, superintendent of the banking department, John Bell, head of the New York department, William Jester, porter, and a Mr. Havens of the Pacific Mail Company. They had gathered for an official examination of the contents which was customary in cases of damaged, unclaimed freight. With the first blow of Jester's hammer the box exploded.

Afterward the dark substance on the outside of the mystery box was identified as nitroglycerine, though very little ever was discovered about the origin of the freight. Wells Fargo came into possession of the box in its capacity as freight agent for the Pacific Mail Company. The Daily San Francisco *Alta* called the tragedy an accident, an opinion that still prevails.

James Otey Bradford, forty-year Wells Fargo careerist who worked for the company at the time, recalled the explosion in a letter written in 1914 to a friend, excerpts of which follow: "It was one of the first instances whereby the enormous force of the new discovery, nitroglycerine, became known. The proper names of the shipper and consignee were never discovered, although the most diligent search was made for many months."

The Bradford letter provided a story within a story with references to the Parrott Building and its ability to survive "troublous times." The stones of the building had been hand-hewn in China and shipped to San Francisco accompanied by Chinese artisans who were to erect it. Bradford said that when the Chinese were midway through construction of the first story, they were attacked and driven away by "so-called mechanics and hoodlums" who attempted to take over the project. But each stone bore Chinese markings indicating where it should be placed and the local work gang had to abandon the job because they were unable to decipher the markings. The building was finally completed by the Chinese.

After the 1866 damage the Parrott Building was repaired and later withstood the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire.

Aiding Law and Order

WHEN James B. Hume joined Wells, Fargo & Co. in 1873 as a special agent to hunt down stagecoach robbers, he was already well known as an ace lawman and a relentless tracker of desperadoes.

Hume, who relied more on his powers of detection than on a six-gun to get his man, rates as a sort of Western Sherlock Holmes.

He was hired to halt the frequent stage holdups which were plaguing Wells Fargo in the gold mining centers of El Dorado and neighboring counties.

Before he joined the company he had already captured many outlaws who had robbed Wells Fargo treasure boxes. Hume loved a neat, bold stage robbery, enjoying every minute from the time a wire arrived advising him of the robbery to the moment the outlaw was delivered to prison.

Once after he nabbed a robber, he ordered a tombstone for the robber's grave which read, "Wells Fargo Never Forgets."

One of Hume's most colorful and famous escapades involved the tracking down and capture of Charles Bolton, alias Black Bart, who committed twenty-eight successful robberies of Wells Fargo express boxes and who usually left a mocking, satirical poem at the scene of each holdup.

Finally, after more than three years' tracking, Hume traced Bolton through a laundry mark on a handkerchief the bandit dropped at his last holdup in 1883. Black Bart was found to be a mild-mannered, middle-aged gentleman living in San Francisco. He was sent to prison, released in a few years and never heard of again.

In 1884 Hume published a record covering fourteen years of offenses against Wells Fargo. In his 1884 record Hume noted 313 stage robberies, 34 attempted robberies, 23 burglaries and 4 train holdups. During the same period 206 persons were convicted of stage holdups, and 20 of train robberies. Losses to Wells Fargo amounted to $414,312, but expenditures for rewards, attorneys and special officers and guards soared to $927,726.

Hume was known as a square dealer by almost every man he arrested, and he laughingly said that his standing among the inmates at San Quentin was better than anywhere else.

Hume, who had been sheriff of El Dorado County and warden of Nevada State Prison, eventually became chief of Wells Fargo's detective bureau. He worked almost to the day he died in Berkeley in 1904, with members of the bureau coming to him for advice on their particular cases.

Travel Tips

AS A service for first-time stagecoach travelers, the Omaha *Herald* in 1877 ran this list of tips for passengers heading West.

—The best seat inside the stage is the one next to the driver. Even if you have a tendency toward seasickness when riding backwards, you'll get over it and will get less jolts and jostling. Don't let any "sly elph" give you his mid-seat.

—In cold weather don't ride with tight fitting boots, shoes or gloves. When the driver asks you to get off and walk, do so without grumbling. If the team runs away, sit still and take your chances. If you jump, nine times out of ten you will be hurt.

—In very cold weather abstain entirely from liquor when on the road, because you will freeze twice as quickly when under its influences.

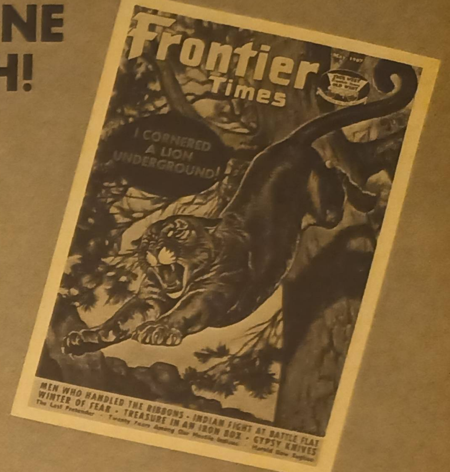
—Don't growl at the food received at the stations. Stage companies generally provide the best they can get.

—Don't keep the stage waiting. Don't smoke a strong pipe inside; spit on the leeward side. If you have anything to drink in a bottle, pass it around.

—Don't swear or lop over neighbors when sleeping. Take small change to pay expenses. Never shoot on the road as the noise might frighten the horses. Don't discuss politics or religion. Don't point out where murders have been committed, especially if there are women passengers.

—Don't lag at the wash basin. Don't grease your hair, because travel is dusty. Don't imagine for a moment that you're going on a picnic. Expect annoyances, discomfort and some hardships.

These admonitions probably deterred —or even influenced—very few. The whole wide West was out there waiting. The exodus had begun.


Frontier Times
I CORNERED A LION UNDERGROUND!
MEN WHO HANDLED THE RIBBONS · INDIAN FIGHT AT BATTLE FLAT
WINTER OF FEAR · TREASURE IN AN IRON BOX · GYPSY KNIVES

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JUST LOOK AT THIS MEATY READING:

■ MOUNTAIN LION HUNT IN A COAL MINE! by O. A. Washburn. Two enemies waited for me in those black, slimy tunnels — the animal and claustrophobia. One I thought I could handle; the other, I wasn't sure. ■ THE MEN WHO HANDLED THE RIBBONS by William B. Secrest. Stage drivers were a match for the perils of the road—and they died proving it! ■ TREASURE IN AN IRON BOX by Harry Sinclair Drago. The ladies of the Friday Afternoon Club helped old Stony Wilcox recover a fortune. Moral of the story is: it really does pay to be polite—and to wash behind your ears! ■ THE LAST PRETENDER by Carl Breihan. He got in just under the wire that Father Time eventually stretched across the paths of those who would assume Jesse James' identity. ■ FRIEND AGAINST FRIEND by Olevia E. Myers. They built together—and destroyed together. Is "the principle of the thing" really worth what it sometimes costs? ■ A SCHOOLROOM OF SIOUX by Sallie Rose Dayton. What does a young teacher do first—get into their heads or into their hearts—or just give up and go back to Indiana? ■ THE SOURDOUGHS AND THE "OLD MAN" by Robert H. Redding. No one should ever resent Beginner's Luck—Lord knows these men needed something going for them the day they took a bet to plant a flagpole in the sky!

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Utah's Unknown

(Continued from page 21)

was likely abandoned in the 1920s because the word "Becco" can be traced on the doors, Becco being a prohibition drink which was sold in Utah during the Great Experiment.

Near the northwest end of the range an old stone house or fort, a large two-room building situated high on a windy ridge, is built into a rocky promontory far from any present-day source of water. The house stands like a guardian overlooking the desert below. Its walls are approximately two feet thick, of native granite blocks cleverly fitted together, and its windows appear to have been strategically placed, as if for defense. Inner walls are papered with pages of the *Herald-Republican*, Salt Lake City's pioneer newspaper. Up a side canyon from the house are several old mine tunnels, but whether or not they have any connection with the stone house is unknown. Although these tunnels are quite long they have little indication that valuable ore was found in them. Like most of the tunnels in the Newfoundlands, they are run in solid rock, have very little supporting timber, and are in good condition. Small boxes of blasting powder of the old-fashioned type used in single jack drilling were found in the face of the tunnels, as well as old lamps and tools.

In a high and open basin a mile southeast of the stone house is located what remains of perhaps the least known of the old-time mining camps. This is the old camp of Boston Terrace. Most of the old buildings are now gone, either dismantled for their lumber or fallen with age during past storms. Only a few cabins and mine buildings are still standing, but the foundations and remains of others can be seen in the rocks and grass.

Just what Boston Terrace actually consisted of is hard to say, but the following was gained from old-timers and a search of old records.

REPORTEDLY in the 1860s ore of considerable value was found, and a number of Swedish miners formed a group and packed in supplies enough to build a camp. This group must have been at the diggings for several years judging from the buildings they erected and the work they completed. The equipment which they installed cost considerable money. At one of the remaining mine buildings are fragments of a large hoist with drums and cable, which must weigh several tons. The hoist was evidently run by a steam engine, parts of which remain. The weight of the hoist with the engine must have been close to ten tons. The task of moving such a piece of machinery across the mud and salt flats and up the canyon involved incredible difficulties. The cost of such equipment and the shipping of it to Ogden (the nearest railroad town) must also have been considerable.

According to available information, the Swede camp operated for several years, the miners staying at the property, going into Ogden only once a year. They had a bookkeeper at Ogden who kept their accounts, selling the ore they shipped and banking the receipts. At the end of a particularly productive year when they had sent a large amount of valuable ore to town for sale, the miners went into Ogden to settle their accounts, buy supplies for another year, and celebrate the end of their year's work. Upon their arrival at Ogden they discovered the bookkeeper had "gone South" with their money, reportedly about $65,000. Whether the miners had no capital to return to the diggings or whether they were just too disgusted is uncertain; at any rate they did not return, leaving their camp just as it lay.

Undoubtedly the camp was visited during the following years by sheepherders, prospectors, and hunters, but these visitors must have had respect for the property of others for when Sun Mining Company set up camp on the range in 1955, little had been disturbed except by decay and neglect. The doors of cabins still standing had to be pried open due to the settling of the buildings. Inside were trunks containing clothing and personal items, such as razors, letters, etc. Dirty overalls hung from nails which had been driven into the walls. A wooden barrel held dishes, and pots and pans sat on the dust covered cookstove. The cabins were not greatly damaged by packrats, as is often the case in long abandoned buildings.

At one of the old mine buildings various items were found—one, a primitive storage battery made of twelve individual glass jars with zinc and carbon rods suspended inside. A small brass-bound motor operated by friction drive from leather faced drive wheel against the flywheel of the hoist drum was recovered. It was operated by holding the spinning tire of a jacked up Jeep. The motor, small enough to be held in one hand, produced approximately twelve volts. The motor was evidently part of a signal system used on the hoist.

Numerous bottles, mostly broken, can be found around the old workings. Many of them have been turned various shades of blue by the desert sun. One bottle which I found was eight sided and was inscribed with the name "McAllisters Mockingbird Food." Two buckboards, one complete and one with a broken wheel, were parked near the camp.

During the past ten years a number of persons have entered the area using a "dry weather" road which was built by the Sun Mining Company. The areas most easily ventured into by the use of this road have sometimes been vandalized by persons whose chief object seems to lie in destruction and pilfering. The old workings which lie hidden in less easily accessible canyons have not been so victimized.

IN 1956 Tom Costas, mining engineer and vice president of the Sun Uranium Company, set up camp and began operations on the east side of the range, the main part of the camp being toward the north end of the mountain. At the head of the roughest of canyons and located in the ledges only several hundred feet below the summit of Desert Peak, Costas had located an outcrop of Tungsten ore. With foreman Bart Duke and several others, preparations were made to begin mining the ore. What followed must have been a classic in hardship and perseverance.

In order to work the mine every piece of equipment had to be carried up the steep winding canyon and lifted over the ledges. Timber, track, and mine equipment were all carried by hand, often in temperatures over 100 degrees. Air pipe from the compressor which sat at the foot of the mountain was laid length by length over the cliffs and ledges for nearly a mile. An engine which was later used to run the tramways was taken over the cliffs by a crew of ten men, the task consuming twenty-eight days.

In order to get the ore off the mountaintop three separate tramways were built. The first lowered the ore for 1,800 feet where it was transferred through a chute to a second tram which carried it some 1,200 feet across the canyon to a third tram which lowered it 1,600 feet down the canyon to a point where a road had been cut and ore bins built.

From there it was hauled thirteen miles around the range on a road built by the company to a siding on the Southern Pacific where a conveyor type loader hoisted it into a waiting rail car. Over a year of hard work and high personnel turnover went by before a pound of ore was shipped. During that time living quarters and mine buildings were built, and heavy equipment brought in across the mud flats. During the winter everything, including drinking water, had to be shipped in by rail.

Temperatures dropped to more than 40 degrees below zero that winter. Kegs of water froze quickly if left outside. That same winter the famous Lucin Cutoff bridge across the Great Salt Lake burned, leaving the camp isolated for weeks with only the supplies on hand. To make matters all the more discouraging, the price of tungsten as set by the Federal Government dropped almost daily.

When the operation was first started, the price was approximately $55 per ton unit (20 pounds) but by the time the first shipment was made in 1957, the price had been cut to near $35 per unit. It seemed that each time a car was shipped the price fell lower. In the spring of 1957, the price plummeted to $25. The company could not operate at this price, especially in view of the difficult conditions encountered at Newfoundland. Most of the men were laid off and the rest employed in dismantling the camp. Much of the equipment, including the tramways and the engine atop the peak, had to be abandoned. The financial loss to the Sun Company was very considerable.

In spite of the hardships which were encountered by both the men and the company, there were incidents in the daily routine which made the stay there quite interesting and even memorable. A name was never given the mine but if one had been selected, Bart Duke's suggestion of "The Lift 'n Lug" would surely have been appropriate.

In view of the uncertainty of metal prices and governmental policies regarding mining, it is doubtful that the Newfoundlands will experience any new increase in mining activity. The Air Force has now included a major part of the range in its rocket test and practice bombing range, declaring the area restricted to public travel. The salt flats around the range constitute the target area for bombing practice. Only the north end of the range is not included. The Air Force requests that persons traveling in that area first notify Hill Air Force Base at Ogden, Utah, and secure clearance.

There are several routes across the salt flats to the range. The Sun Company took most of their equipment north from Knolls, Utah, located on U.S. Highway 40 west of Salt Lake City. This route is probably the best but like the others should be used only in dry weather. At times, most often in the fall of the year, a heavy fog settles over the desert. Because there are no landmarks or distinguishing features on the salt flats a person can easily become lost and drive into one of the perpetually wet and boggy areas. The Sun Company drove long angle-iron stakes into the salt every quarter-mile to follow when these fogs closed in.

It is approximately forty miles from Knolls to the range. There is also a route from Pilot Peak north of Wendover on the Utah-Nevada line; however, this route is longer than that from Knolls and not used as frequently.

From Lakeside, a railroad siding on the west side of the Great Salt Lake, the railroad tracks can be followed westward for approximately twenty-two miles to Groome, the railroad siding from which the Sun Company shipped their ore. Some of the roadways in the Lakeside area enter the Air Force's rocket test facilities and are restricted from use by the public.

Several precautions should be observed by the traveler in this area, among which is the necessity to carry adequate water and fuel. Temperature extremes are to be expected and should be prepared for. When driving on the salt flats it will be noticed that there are surface areas which appear to be white and some appear to be grey. The grey-colored areas are wet, generally indicate a bog, and should be avoided. Also do not stop your vehicle unless you are on solid ground. If the vehicle tires are felt sinking, do not stop or slow down but try to drive to a dry spot. With reasonable precautions an older model passenger car can negotiate the area, however, a pickup truck is better and a four wheel drive is preferable if the surface is wet.

If you are a prospector, a rockhound, or just enjoy exploring old-time places, a day or two spent in the Newfoundlands will open up another world. Take your camera, a good pair of hiking shoes, and your enthusiasm. The ghosts of the old camp on the mountain will supply the rest.

Garry Owen— The Pride of Fort Bliss

(Continued from page 39)

tered Garry Owen's right hind leg. When the commotion in the corral was discovered, orderlies went flying to Garry Owen's rescue. They were too late.

"The vet was called and after he had examined the injury, he told me he knew the horse would never walk again. He said that issuing the order for Garry Owens' execution was the hardest one he had ever been called upon to give during his many years as a U. S. veterinarian.

"I was notified of the disaster, and hurried from my quarters to find the stable and corral full of scowling, muttering, hard-bitten cavalrymen. This was a blow to all of them. They wanted to know who was responsible. But no one learned then, or later, who it was that opened Garry Owen's stall and led him to his death.

"Some of the men who knew how I'd trained and watched over this horse all his life, amputated his hoof and later had it mounted for me. I went with Garry Owen's body and we buried him in the old Post cemetery which was adjacent to the 7th Cavalry's polo ground. Beside him was the grave of a famous polo horse that belonged to Terry Allen, now General Allen, Retired.

"A headstone was put up immediately. Later when the old cemetery area was needed for Fort Bliss expansion, Garry Owen and the others buried there were moved to the pet cemetery in the Fort Bliss Replica grounds. The headstone at Garry Owen's grave there is the same.

"The vet assured me that if the break had been a clean one, he would have set the bone and had Garry Owen put in a sling. In time he might have jumped again. But the leg was damaged beyond repair. I look at the shiny, black hoof there on my mantle, and I can see those flying feet racing toward a hurdle, see the magnificent form as this splendid horse sailed effortlessly through the air. It did not matter who sat his saddle, Garry Owens always turned in a brilliant performance. He was fourteen years old when he met his death, but he still had many good years of competition before him. No one who ever saw this beautiful grey-white horse jump could ever forget him. He was the greatest."

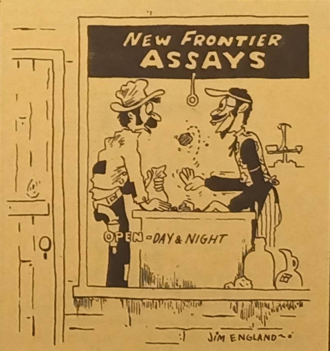
IN FEBRUARY, 1943, came the order alerting the division to overseas assignment as a dismounted unit. The 1st Cavalry Division distinguished itself in the Leyte and Luzon Campaign under General Swift. They trained in Australia and won the Admiralty Campaign. The gallant 1st Cavalry Division under General Chase served in the occupation of Japan.

Today this same cavalry division is in Viet Nam carrying its famous insignia deep into Communist territory. The men have no horses to carry them through the underbrush, over swamps and up mountains, but they have the same caliber of courage that the old mounted cavalryman had when he fought Indians, stagecoach bandits, and the riffraff who followed the pioneer into the West.

Every year there is a reunion of the "Ole Hoss Cavalrymen" somewhere in the United States. When they talk about the "good old days," the name most affectionately recalled is that of Garry Owen.

In 1963, at the Cavalry reunion in El Paso, A. R. Bates of Longmost, Colorado, brought his horse Thunder along. Mr. Bates was a blacksmith with the Garry Owen Regiment in the early 1940s. He joined the cavalry because he loved horses and wanted to be around them. He still rides Thunder almost every day.

Edmond Kedroserski, who lives in Denver, has attended sixteen reunions. He is now a railroader, but vows that when he retires he will make his home in El Paso. "I like it here, close to that big old desert where we used to go on maneuvers. We thought we were treated pretty rough, but looking back, it was fun."



"Ain't gold in that mine of yours, Jess— just tons of worthless uranium!"

Another old cavalryman said he could remember many times when his wife accused of him of being fonder of his horse than he was of her. "I did take real good care of that horse, kept him curried and trimmed just right. I depended on him to get me wherever I was going and then get me back. Besides, he never talked back when I cussed him out."

"We may be getting too stiff in the joints to do much riding," one old man observed ruefully, "but it sure makes a fellow feel good to talk about the times we could and did ride many an hour a day."

Historic Fort D. A. Russell in Marfa, Texas, was the scene of an impressive incident on December 14, 1932. This was the final parade of the mounted cavalry that had long called this famous old fort home.

That day, still enshrined in the memory of remaining veterans of the famed 1st Cavalry Regiment (not to be confused with the 1st Cavalry Division) marked the mechanization of the 100-year-old organization.

The account of this final mounted parade was published in the El Paso *Times*, August 30, 1953. It was written by Alice Jack Shipman, well known Southwest writer, who published a magazine called *Voice of the Mexican Border*.

Mrs. Shipman vividly recalls that clear, cool day. Every horse and man on the post was turned out and ready for the final review at 9:30 a.m. when adjutant's call was sounded. Flanking the reviewing stand was a double line of cars in which were seated families of officers of the garrison, citizens of Marfa, and ranchers from the Big Bend country who had assembled for the sad occasion.

As the bugler sounded adjutant's call the squadron moved into position. Sabers were drawn and the regiment presented to the commanding officer, who rode around the lines to the strains of *John Peel*, played by the garrison band.

Even the faithful cavalry horses seemed to sense the solemnity of the occasion. As successive lines passed the reviewing stands at a slow and measured walk, horses and troopers dressed smartly to the right. Sabers flashed in the sunlight and guidons dipped in a "hail and farewell." Then the regiment moved at faster gait and reassembled facing the reviewing stand.

Enlisted men who were eligible to become Knights of the Black Hawk formed in the front ranks for induction into that organization. Eligible for membership were 1st Cavalrymen who had served at least one enlistment and earned a rating of "excellent" on discharge. They heard the Creed of the Black Hawk Knights and repeated the Oath of the Black Hawk Knights.

Then the men dismounted, faced their horses and uncovered, standing for a long moment of silent farewell to their mounts.

As the men faced to the front, Louie, the oldest horse of the regiment, caparisoned in black and wearing the regimental crest, was led in front of the regiment as the band again played *John Peel*. Then the stirring notes of *Boots and Saddles* were sounded and the band broke into *Auld Lang Syne*.

December 14, 1932, was a memorable day for the 1st Cavalry Regiment. An era ended, another began. The famed organization turned to its task of pioneering a new military field, ever faithful to the old horse regiment's motto, *Animo et Fide*.

Lost Fort of the Cimarron

(Continued from page 47)

the most desolate, disheartening, dangerous country ever traveled by covered wagon. For those pioneers looking for greener pastures it was soon apparent that "this warn't it." Nothing awaited them but cactus, yucca, sand dunes, Indians and rattlesnakes! On government maps this section of the great plains was lettered in as "No Man's Land" or "Neutral Strip," being so desolate that none of the bordering territories of New Mexico, Colorado, Indian Territory or Texas was clamoring to claim it, although it had been under control of the latter from 1836 to 1850.

The ground was either hard and rock-strewn, or deep in treacherous blow-sand. The trail twisted and turned in order to avoid the numerous dunes but was fairly easy to travel unless it rained. Rain is not frequent here, but when it does decide to rain it usually does a bang-up job of it, and then the ground becomes a nightmare of deep mud. So the travelers had a choice—impossibly deep sand that would not get muddy, or hard-packed ground that became a quagmire when it rained, and from the route of the trail they must have gambled on it not raining often.

The trail through this part of the Panhandle of Oklahoma is very easy to see. The heavy wagons left deep ruts—a permanent, guiding scar across the prairie.

The Dry Cimarron Route left Ft. Dodge pointing southwest to Ft. Union, New Mexico, 232 miles away, but to the bleary-eyed, dehydrated travelers the most welcome sight of all was the prominent landmark known as Rabbit Ears. This black mass of volcanic rock, named after the Cheyenne Chief, Orejas de Conejo, sticks up like a beacon in a world of heat waves, sand and cactus near Clayton, New Mexico. Upon reaching this landmark the traveler felt that some of his troubles were behind him. These troubles were better known as Kiowas and Comanche Indians. By 1860 they had increased their attacks to the point that something had to be done to protect the wagontrains and traders using this section of the trail.

IN MAY, 1865, the government ordered Colonel Kit Carson to establish a camp for the relief of the harassed travelers.

Kit had a good eye for defense and chose a strategic location, a wedge of high ground bordered on two sides by deep canyons which ran together on the north, forming the points of the wedge. The broad base of the wedge faced the flat, slightly rolling prairie to the south, with an unrestricted view of miles and miles of nothing but empty prairie. The camp was thus protected on two sides by canyons with the flat prairie forming the third side—a prairie so open and bare that even a jack rabbit couldn't sneak up unseen. Out in front of the camp, approximately a quarter of a mile, ran the Dry Cimarron Route of the Santa Fe Trail.

Kit utilized the flat, native sandstone rocks gathered from the immediate area. The main building was a 200-foot-square "fort" with cannon emplacements on the northeast and southwest corners. Running north to south through the center of the fort was a flagstone parade ground. A circle of flagstones about 100 feet southeast of the main gate marked the flagpole. Old Glory must have been a brave sight with its bright colors waving over the endless, colorless prairie. Officers quarters were out in front of the main fort walls, with some small houses and a blacksmith shop on the east. Inside the fort walls were several small rooms and dugouts, mainly on the west side, with some large hospital rooms in the southeast corner.

Kit built small rock lookout posts on the higher elevations around the main camp. Some of these were as far as a quarter of a mile away and commanded a view for miles up and down the trail. These defenses must have been adequate, since there is no record of this camp ever being under attack from the Indians.

In the deep canyon to the west was a good water supply, flowing from a spring in the bottom of the canyon. There were also a couple of good sized "seeps" in the floor of the canyon and grass grew green and thick, making good forage for the horses.

This camp housed about 300 soldiers of the New Mexico Volunteers, most of them assigned to escorting weekly wagontrains to Ft. Dodge and then returning with the next westbound train. Troops were quartered inside the walls of the fort in dugouts and tents, and must have been a hardy breed.

When Colonel Carson built Fort Nichols he thought he was in New Mexico, when he was actually four and a half miles across the line into present-day Oklahoma; the location of the fort, therefore, is carried on War Department records as being in New Mexico.

FOR MANY YEARS the outpost managed to elude the historians and vandals—now both have found the ruins of the old camp. Its site is in the west one-half of Section 2, Twp. 3 north, range 1 east, Cimarron County, Oklahoma. It can be reached in a four-wheel-drive vehicle, after turning north on a section line trail, one mile west of Wheeless, Oklahoma.

Kit not only lost this camp, but he erred in building on a true east-west, north-south basis. From aerial photos it is apparent that the main fort walls are sitting a mite cockeyed to the compass. After a hundred years, the walls are standing only two to three feet above ground and it is difficult to estimate their original height. Running along the outside of the walls there is a distinct trench which must have been dug out and the dirt used to shore up the rock walls. It is obvious that they were hastily built, and meant to be temporary. Never officially designated as a fort, the camp was only used from May, 1865 until September of the same year. It was never occupied by the troops again.

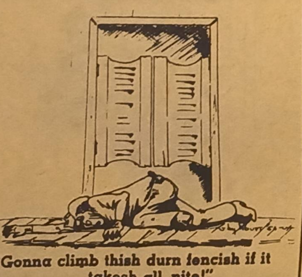
Today a sharp eye can spot pieces of glass, old double-lidded tin cans, square nails, pieces of crockery, harness hardware and the usual debris left by troops and pioneers. Fragments of thick wine bottles outnumber by far the tin cans and broken crockery, indicating that the troops had some of the comforts of home.

COL. CARSON wasn't the first to look upon this spot as a good defensive camp area. Evidence of a much earlier tenant shows up in the numerous pieces of chipped flint and smoothly polished sandstone rocks that can be found scattered over the area. This indicates that Indians also found this a convenient place to camp, with plenty of water, good grazing, and a head-start view.

Sparsely scattered around the area are a few graves, with only one being on record as belonging to a trooper from the camp. The others may hold individuals from wagontrains, and at least one is definitely an old Indian grave. One small grave is marked on all four corners by sandstone rocks and the size of the outline indicates a small child must be buried there.

Today the ruts of the ancient trail are two to four feet deep in front of Fort Nichols, with four distinct, parallel tracks visible. A secondary trail left the main ruts and swung up to the main gate of the camp, rejoining the main trail a mile west. The ruts are starting to crumble and in years to come the old Santa Fe Trail will be nothing more than a gash across the prairie. The vegetation in the trail is different from the surrounding area and in certain seasons gives the appearance of a green ribbon winding over the horizon.

A feeling of complete isolation settles on one almost immediately upon arriving at the camp, and must have done the same to the troops and what few wives lived there. Even today nothing can be seen on the horizon but an occasional barbed wire fence. Without a landmark of any kind, even the great Kit Carson can be forgiven for not knowing exactly where he was—Fort Nichols was simply bound by sand and sky.



"Gonna climb thish durn fencish if it takesh all nite!"

A Raft of Trouble for the Wrong Train

(Continued from page 45)

two commenced robbing the passengers.

Conductor Husted was the first victim. He relinquished a fine gold watch, chain and locket plus a small amount of cash. So did W. C. Rumsey, along with his railroad pass and fifty dollars. Before he gave up his valuables, Rumsey grabbed one of the bandits around the neck and tried to choke him. He was promptly discouraged in this endeavor when the other outlaw rapped him over the head with the barrel of his six-shooter.

After they had emptied the wallets and watch pockets of the occupants of the first car, the four men moved back to the next one. Here they repeated their plundering and were just about to move on back to the third, the car occupied by Dickinson, when the train started to roll.

Immediately one of the robbers, probably John Thomas, pulled the signal cord and the engineer brought his train to a jolting stop. Henry, Hill, Gibson and Thomas leaped from the platform and disappeared into the blackness, followed by a quick shot from the pistol of one of the passengers which grazed Thomas' face. Not until then did Superintendent Dickinson realize that something was amiss.

As soon as he learned what had taken place he ordered a fast run into Fort Steele on the Platte where a troop of cavalry was dispatched to search for the robbers. It is to be suspected that Texas Charley and his disappointed band made themselves scarce in a hurry when they realized that No. 3 had been robbed. It didn't take much more than ordinary common sense to perceive that the country would soon be crowded with posses. Of course, Number 4 passed through the following evening, loaded with gold and unmolested.

WHEN Dickinson arrived in Rawlins, he lost no time getting a posse organized, the latter spurred into action by a promise from the Superintendent that Union Pacific would pay a reward of $4,000 for the capture of the Percy bandits.

Deputy Sheriff Jim Rankin, a veteran manhunter, and J. B. Adams, Carbon County Clerk, headed the posse; and expert trailers L. Calvert, Billy Aylesworth and Tom Jones, joined in. So did Deputy Sheriff Bob Widdowfield of Carbon.

J. B. Adams described the chase after the train robbers and his excellent account follows: "Thinking that an account of the pursuit and capture of the parties who robbed the sleeping car near Percy on Wednesday night might be of considerable interest, I will give you a brief history of the entire transaction, confining myself however, to the organization and operations of the party that captured the robbers.

"On the night of the robbery at 12 o'clock, Superintendent E. Dickinson of the Laramie Division, arrived here on the train which had been robbed and directed me to raise a party of picked men to go in pursuit of the robbers, and to provide them with the best horses that could possibly be had. When No. 4 arrived everything was in readiness, the horses were loaded in a stock car and coupled on to the rear end of the train, while the men scattered themselves around through the coaches.

"On arriving at Percy the horses were fed, and we all took breakfast at the Percy House, and at 3 o'clock we were ready to start. Mr. Dickinson had arranged for five soldiers to accompany us. Our provisions were packed on a mule and put in charge of three of the soldiers. When everything was in readiness Mr. Dickinson said to me: 'The company will pay a reward of one thousand dollars each for the capture of the robbers dead or alive. There is the trail; now don't come back without evidence that you found the robbers.'

"In the meantime, Deputy Sheriff Robert Widdowfield and Jens Hanson of Carbon joined our party. After assuring Mr. Dickinson that he would hear a favorable report before many days, we started on the trail, traveling in a northwestern direction over mountains, through valleys, ravines and creeks. We still kept the trail, L. Calvert, Wm. Aylesworth and Thomas Jones being among our best trailers.

"About ten miles out from Percy we lost all sight of our pack outfit but supposing that of course they would follow our trail and overtake us at camp, we kept on. The robbers were apparently making for what is called the High Mountain, and while it was impossible to find their trail in many places where they passed over rocks, still by the direction they were traveling, we had but little difficulty in finding the trail as soon as we would strike terra firma.

"As we neared the Medicine Bow River the trail became more distinct and we felt confident that we were gaining on them rapidly. At about six o'clock that evening we reached the bluffs of the Medicine Bow River, and as we were then traveling over cliffs of rocks and rocky hills, the trail could not be found until we reached a small flat, at which point we again struck it, which led us to a small canyon in the banks of the Medicine Bow. Here we lost the trail and it was evident that the robbers had either a raft or boat of some description secreted in the canyon, and that they had taken to the water.

"By the time we had made these discoveries it was night, and after a ride of about fifty miles over one of the roughest countries I ever saw, we picketed our horses out to graze and our pack outfit, not having arrived, we went to bed hungry and tired. Next morning at daybreak we were up and deeming it actually necessary that we get across the river at once, we collected some sticks and brush and made a raft capable of carrying one man.

"Tom Jones crossed to the other side and found where the robbers had landed and probably taken on some provisions which had been concealed there, and the trail clearly indicated that they had reshipped. It now became necessary to ascertain whether they had floated down the Medicine Bow into the Platte, intending to escape in that way, or whether they intended crossing the Platte.

"THINGS now began to look doubtful. We feared they might have horses and confederates on the other side of the river. There being no material to be found with which to build a raft, we turned back around the mountain and started for the ford, opposite Austin & Saylor's ranch, arriving there about noon. We found no raft, boat or other means of crossing. We decided, however, that we must cross or give up the chase and we rode into the stream and attempted to swim our horses over, but failed. Several of the party repeated the trial a number of times but without success. It was now 4 o'clock p. m., and we had not had a morsel of food since 7 o'clock the morning previous. One of the party named Weber was finally induced to make another attempt to swim his horse across and to our great delight succeeded.

"He rode without saddle to Austin and Saylor's ranch and back, a distance of about fourteen miles, bringing us some provisions and information as to the whereabouts of a canoe. We drove our horses into the river and clubbed them across, and soon got over ourselves in the canoe. We camped at the ranch that night and at early daybreak next morning started for the Platte, finding no trail; however, being aware of the existence of a canyon through which the Platte passes and knowing that owing to the presence of rapids, boulders and falls, it would be impossible for them to pass through with their raft, we were shown a pass by Mr. Saylor through which we could get over the mountain.

"Suspecting that the robbers might have another raft on the other side of the canyon, we made all haste to reach that point, hoping to cut them off. Reaching the place named we found no signs of a raft and no trail of the fleeing robbers, but upon a close examination of the driftwood, found many pieces of what seemed to have been a new raft. We concluded that if they had attempted to pass through the canyon that this was indeed the remains of their raft. We began searching for their bodies, knowing that they could not possibly come through alive. But after a search of about an hour we gave it up and commenced searching for a trail. Success crowned our efforts for we found where they had come over the mountain and were traveling down the Platte on foot.

"We were now quite sure that our game was not far ahead of us, and after following the trail on a lively run for about three miles, we discovered the robbers about two miles in the lead. We made a lively chase, they making towards the river. When we got within about a thousand yards of them they were in the act of plunging in. We opened fire on them which resulted in their throwing away the stolen property, dropping their weapons and throwing up their hands. We made them our prisoners and proceeded to search them, finding nothing. however, which we could identify as any of the stolen property.

"They gave their names as John Thomas. W. A. Gibson, W. Henry and Dick Hill, Henry being the leader. They denied everything, and said they were miners going to the Black Hills. We made strict and diligent search through the grass and brush but could find nothing.

"We returned to our camp with the prisoners, determined to know before morning where the property was secreted or to rid the country of one or more of them. A few promises, backed by picket rope, induced Thomas to squeal, and at daybreak yesterday morning we found both of the stolen watches and nearly, if not all, of the money.

"Extra horses were then procured and at about 5 o'clock yesterday evening we reached St. Mary's station with our prisoners and property. Superintendent Dickinson ordered an engine, stock car and caboose down to bring us home, and at 9 o'clock last night the prisoners were safely lodged in jail.

"Our party consisted of the following named persons, who are each and every one, excepting the writer, of course, entitled to equal credit, being among our first citizens: Deputy Sheriff J. G. Rankin, Deputy Sheriff R. Widdowfield, Wm. Daley, Jesse Wallace, E. Weber, Wm. McCarty, James Hanson, Wm. Aylesworth, Thos. B. Jones, L. Calvert and the undersigned.

Yours truly,
J. B. Adams"

SO THAT was how they caught the Percy train robbers. They were brought back to Rawlins where Gibson and Thomas aided the prosecution by telling all. Of course, they were convicted and were sentenced to prison. Wyoming, not yet having a Territorial prison, sent its convicts to Lincoln, Nebraska. William Henry, the worst of the band, was sentenced to serve a term of seven years for robbery and two years for burglary of a "car belonging to the Pullman Standard Car Company." D. W. (Dick) Hill received sentences of five years and two years respectively. Neither Gibson nor Thomas had to serve his sentence—possibly in trade for the information both of these basically honest men were able to give.

Billy Gibson returned to his family in Denver, continued his endless search for gold, and died in Denver in 1931 at the age of eighty-six. It is probably safe to say he always regretted getting into a raft of trouble for boarding the wrong train.

Battle at Ball's Ranch

(Continued from page 28)

Having carefully selected one of these rifles, he said, "I'll take a whack at the damned ole louse eater with this ole poko-stalk, an' ef I don't bust his hulk, mebbe so I'll stop his lyin' palaver an' scare him off."

Dropping to his knees so as not to be seen by our eloquent entertainer, and extending the muzzle of his Spencer through an opening between two logs of the palisade, the old man took deliberate aim at the Indian's head (which, on account of the shield, was about the only vital point of the orator's person exposed).

The old man pulled the trigger, and at the flash of the gun we heard the ball strike the shield with a sound like that of a marble thrown with force against a clapboard door. The Indian's feet flew apart and he sank astride his horse which seemed to understand the movement and turned suddenly and dashed off at furious speed up the hill to rejoin those waiting on the ridge.

On the point of the ridge near the road and beyond our rifle reach, a pair of oxen, hobbled, were grazing. The Indians rode down to these fine brutes and lanced them to death, after which the entire band passed over the ridge and we saw them no more.

They had been gone for some time when the train of Grayson County wagons, which we had passed that morning, came in sight. Had they arrived half an hour sooner I am sure the occupants would have all been killed. We hailed their coming with delight and a sense of relief, as we expected a renewal of the attack.

WHILE the big Indian was making his speech to us, our little band was augmented by the arrival of recruits from an unexpected quarter. A man whose name I have forgotten, and who lived a couple of miles away, heard the sounds of battle, and gathering his little family about him, hastened to the scene of conflict. His family consisted of himself, his wife, and three little girls, the eldest being about twelve years old and the youngest a mere babe.

When this group entered the enclosure, I could not but take note of their equipment. That brave mother carried her baby in her arms and two six-shooters in a belt about her waist. The eldest girl carried a hunting rifle, and over her shoulder was slung the old style shot-pouch. The second girl, whom I judged to be about eight years old, carried a morral containing Spencer cartridges, while the father, in addition to his Spencer rifle, carried two heavy Colt's pistols at his belt.

This man had distinguished himself on former occasions as being a fearless Indian fighter, and only four months before this affair at Ball's, his heroic wife had repulsed an attack made on her home by Red Feather while her husband was away on a cattle roundup.

The Grayson County men drove their wagons into the enclosure and remained over the next day. One of this company, Mr. James Chastain, lived for many years at Menard, Texas. After the arrival of these men, we went to the field and brought away the body of Mr. Bailey. We found him lying near the wagon, mutilated almost beyond recognition, and there were many mute evidences of the terrible struggle that ended his life. In places, the grass and weeds were almost dripping with blood, some of the ears of corn in the wagon were bespattered, and the number of dark stains in the corn rows showed the result of Bailey's desperate fighting. A new pistol was picked up from where it had fallen in the weeds near the well. The weeds were stained with blood and underneath was a pool of blood yet warm. The spot was identified as that where Red Feather fell, and the pistol had evidently belonged to him, as was partially established by evidence that developed later.

The body of the murdered man was tenderly borne to the house and prepared for burial. There was not a board or plank about the place from which to make a coffin. On Sandy, some twelve or fifteen miles distant, the government operated a sawmill which furnished lumber for the building of the quarters at Fort Richardson. It was now evident that someone must volunteer to go to this sawmill for the coffin. It was a hazardous undertaking, one that required coolness and courage.

Mr. Chastain, one of the Grayson County teamsters, and another man offered their services and set forth at once. From the government sawmills they sent a courier to the commandant at Fort Richardson, thirty-five miles distant, notifying him of the raid and pleading for help to follow the Indians.

The coffin was made of green, undressed lumber that night, and delivered at the ranch the next morning before nine o'clock, by which time the grave had been prepared, and the remains of John Bailey, a brave pioneer, were laid to rest.

DURING the night, runners had been sent out to remote settlements, calling for help, and by the next morning armed settlers began to come in. We expected little or no help from the troops at Fort Richardson. We knew their gait. The messenger sent from the mills had doubtless reached the fort by sunrise that morning. It would take the troops half a day to get ready to start. It would take a whole day for them to reach the ranch, and by that time the whiskey would be exhausted, and the Indians would be on the reservation cutting high capers in a war-scalp dance. It was a common saying among frontiersmen in those days that the United States Cavalrymen were the finest Indian trailers and fighters in the world as long as the whiskey held out.

After the burial of Mr. Bailey, the Grayson County men started on to Fort Richardson, while several of us started out on the broad trail left by the Indians. We soon came to the place where they had held their herd of stolen horses while the attack was being made on the ranch. A few miles farther we came to an open place in the head of a draw where the Indians had halted and had built a fire, killed several horses, and had barbecued some of the meat. This draw was clear of timber and after examining the surroundings, we became suspicious. About 150 yards away the timber set in, and we wondered why they should carry wood that distance to make a fire when they could with so much less trouble have built their fire in the timber where wood was plentiful.

We began to investigate. The ashes and smouldering embers were carefully raked away, and fresh soil and broken turf was found underneath. The removal of this revealed a blanket and under this blanket was the body of a large Indian, which was unceremoniously dragged forth. The scarlet-feathered cap and other accoutrements showed conclusively that we had resurrected old Red Feather.

As before stated, the place where the Indians had built their fire was in a draw. Doubtless, the reader has often observed that in these prairie draws, the water during heavy rains will occasionally break the turf and scoop out a small pit sometimes only a few feet in length. Farther down the draw, and with gathered volume and momentum, other pits will be formed deeper and wider, until at length an unbroken gully or channel is formed.

In one of these pits or wash-outs, the body of Red Feather was planted by his followers. The pit was about five feet in length and three feet in depth. The chief was over six feet in stature and in order to make his cadaver fit into the cramped quarters of the improvised grave, his lower legs had been doubled back under his thighs.

The notorious old thief and murderer was well equipped for his journey to the place where all good Indians of his stripe go. A United States army blanket, Navajo blanket, saddle, bridle, lariat, fine beaded belt, bow, quiver and arrows, shield, and an empty pistol scabbard; these were a part of his outfit. Twenty-eight arrows remained in his quiver. The hair from a horse's tail had been plaited in his own hair and when standing, it reached to the ground. In his beaded belt were a number of small receptacles in which were various small articles. Under his head was a cavalryman's coat and in the pockets were found a lot of papers, among which was a deed to land property in Kansas. These papers were turned over to the authorities at Fort Richardson.

All of the goods of the big chieftain were appropriated, taken to the ranch and laid at the feet of the bereft widow, who apportioned them out among those of us who participated in the fight. The shield and the chief's scalp were afterwards sent to a party in Austin, who placed it with other Indian trophies in the old capitol which burned in 1881.

The troop of the Sixth Cavalry reached the ranch late that night, and the trail was followed to Red River where the command turned round and came back. The whiskey had played out.

MOST of the Indians in this raid wore parts of blue army clothing and this accounts for the glimpse I had of a blue coat shortly before they ran into us at our noonday camp. Many of them had guns and pistols, but with these they did little execution as they did not seem to be accustomed to their use. It was said that a short time previously, Red Feather and Big Tree attacked and destroyed a government train bound for some of the western army posts and had appropriated a large quantity of arms and government supplies.

Three years and three months to the day before this battle (Mrs. Ball is my authority), Mr. Ball sent his little eight-year-old-son Willie to a neighbor's house, that of a Mr. Press Walker, about a mile distant, to borrow an auger. Jimmie Ball, a cousin to Willie and about the same age, accompanied him, and while the two were on the way a party of Indians overtook them and carried them off.

Becoming alarmed over their protracted stay, Mr. Ball went to Walker's and was told that the children had been there and only tarried a few moments before setting out on their return home. Mr. Ball started back, closely following the trail left by the little boys. When beyond view of the neighbor's house he found where the little bare feet had left the trail and a few steps farther he found the borrowed auger and the trail of a party of Indians.

The alarm was spread, pursuit was given, but the Indians outrode the pursuers and made their escape. A year later Jimmie Ball was restored through a government agency; then two years after this Willie Ball was purchased by a government agent at Council Grove, Kansas, and just three months to a day after his arrival home, this attack on the Ball ranch occurred.

According to Willie Ball's story and corroborated by the Fitzgerald boy who was a captive at the same time and released a year later, it was Red Feather's band that captured Willie. He was adopted by the old chief who, in the course of time, formed a very strong attachment for the lad. This attachment was reciprocated on the part of the boy, who said Red Feather was good to him, always affectionate, and when he was shown the scalp and shield of his former foster-parent, he went away and cried as if he had lost his best friend.

While Red Feather was absent on a raid, Willie and two other captives were taken to Council Grove and sold to the agency, and when the chief returned and learned of the transaction, he went into a towering rage, swearing vengeance on those who had deprived him of his boy, and declaring that he would never rest until he had recovered his adopted son.

The raid of November, 1868, followed, and this accounts for the desperate efforts to take the boy at the well and their refusal to kill him when he broke away after the fall of Red Feather. The boy stated that when he ran from under the wagon and was seized by the arm by the chief, the latter called him by his Indian name and said to him, "Don't be afraid. I've got you now, and they shall not hurt you."

When asked why he ran from Red Feather, Willie said that he had often been told that if he ever got back home and was recaptured he would be killed.

When found, the body of this inhuman monster showed three wounds, either of which would have proved fatal. Four guns blazed on him at the same instant, but not one of the four of us could say, "I killed old Red Feather." Neither of us knew who shot wild, no comment was offered, and nobody cared. It was sufficient to know that Red Feather was dead, that he had been gathered to his fathers somewhere. This brought a sense of relief and a general rejoicing in every frontier cabin along the vast extent of the Texas border along which this depraved savage with his co-workers in carnage—Satank, Satanta, Big Tree and Big Bow—had left a trail of blood.

I CANNOT close this narrative of frontier life without again referring to Benemerito, the mule, his capers during the fight, and something of his subsequent accomplishments.

When we entered the yard at Mr. Ball's we dismounted and turned our stock loose in the yard. Of course there was no time to unsaddle. The mule gave every evidence of extreme agitation, and the yells of the Indians and the roar of guns kept him in a high state of excitement. Besides, an arrow still rankled in the rear portion of his anatomy. He could not remain stationary anywhere in the yard, the fence was too high for him to break out, and every discharge of our guns seemed to accelerate his speed around the house.

During the height of the conflict, he upset a bee-stand in the rear of the premises, and his antics and aerial flights were simply awful. He reared and bucked over the entire yard, ran through the entry between the two cabins and during his gyrations in the front yard, ran over and kicked the prostrate woman whom we took to be killed. She jumped up and ran into the house.

Holford was near me at the east palisade, and drily remarked, "He even raises the dead."

After the battle, Mrs. Ball said he was as bad to have around as the Indians. From that time on, when Benemerito heard the report of a gun, he was off as if he were on wings of the wind. He seemed to never forget.

The second day after the fight I approached Mr. Holford for a final settlement. I had promised him $100 to help me with my stock until they were disposed of. The disposition was sudden and unexpected and without remuneration, but that was not his fault. He had complied with the terms of his contract at the cost of a finger and two stitches in his back.

I explained my situation, told him I was flat broke and had not a dollar left, but that I did not want him to go away worse than I found him. Would he take the mule, and call it even? That was the best and only offer I could make.

Of the twenty-three horses and that mule, my entire stock, the Indians had left me one good horse and Benemerito. They had gotten my pack that contained all my duds except the scant few which I had on, and they came near getting them. With commendable generosity, the brave boy accepted my offer. He reasoned that his loss was not so great as mine, that he started out with nothing, and although he had parted with a finger, lost his pistol, and had won a very sore back, yet he had a mule now to carry him back home while I was out twenty-two head of horses, each worth at least one hundred dollars.

The mule, he said, had saved his life by tall running, and he would trust him to carry him safely off the frontier, of which he had had a-plenty. To a group of men who were watching the capers of the animal he said, "There is not an Injun on the frontier that can catch me on that mule, providing I can get him headed in the right direction. I am flat busted now, but I am going to make my stake on that mule, if I can keep him headed right."

When Holford's wounds had healed sufficiently to allow him to travel we separated, he returning to Sulphur Springs, while I proceeded to Fort Richardson. Before leaving, Mrs. Bailey gave him Red Feather's pistol in lieu of that which he had lost when we were attacked at our noon camping place, and joining a passing wagon going down the country he left us, a badly used up but a wiser young man.

WHEN MEASURED by the number of Indians engaged, the number of people killed and the number of stock stolen, this raid was without question one of the most destructive ever experienced in Wise County. A Mr. White was the first to discover the Indians on Catlet Creek, where they gave him a run for his life. Before the race began he had a good view of them and estimated their number at two hundred. He saw a number leave the main bunch and proceed to the nearby home of a Mr. Vick, where they shot and killed Mrs. Vick while she was stooping over a washtub.

From that point the main body pursued their course in the direction of Ball's ranch, having in their possession, according to the estimates of Mr. White and others, not less than 1,000 horses. The bunch that first made the run on Holford and myself at our camp, was evidently a small scouting party separated from the main body which passed along about a half mile east of our noonday camp. It was believed that it was this same party that had killed Mrs. Vick. As I have stated, the leader of this party wore a woman's sunbonnet, or what some called a split bonnet, when I shot him. The bonnet was picked up, bloodstained, the morning after the fight, and the women at the ranch believed that was Mrs. Vick's.

Five years after the occurrences herein narrated, I met my friend Holford. He gave me a long and graphic account of the disasters and misfortune brought on him by his mule, Benemerito. I will allow him to tell the story as he told it to me:

"On the trip from the frontier to my home in Sulphur Springs I found that mule to be a faithful, obedient animal at all times unless someone gave a yell or fired a gun. Then on the instant, Benemerito was off and gone, and he was hard to catch. During the winter I worked around and saved up twenty-five dollars, and concluded to go into business on my own hook. My father owned an old rundown carry-all, which I managed to patch up and make serviceable for real duty. I next rigged a set of single harness from the remains of some old plow gear. I fitted these to my mule, hitched on to my carry-all, and lit out with my small capital for Nash's foundry not far from Jefferson, Texas, about seventy-five miles from home.

"In connection with this foundry a crockery factory was operated where they turned out all kinds of jugs, churns, bowls and everything in the crockery line, and these wares were in great demand among the people living in the prairie country northwest of Jefferson. I loaded my carry-all with crockery—churns, bowls, basins, and a few jugs. I did not begin to offer my wares for sale until I got well up in the prairie country.

"Near the Lindley settlement (Fairland, Hopkins County) I stopped at a gate on the roadside and sold a lot of my goods to a lady. The road here ran east and west, I being headed west. On the left, facing west, was a farm fence extending down a slope about three hundred yards; on the right and only a short distance from the road ran a gully, an impassable barrier some twelve or fifteen feet in depth. East of the house, at the corner of the farm, and about 200 yards away, the Sulphur Springs road came in, which interested the one I was traveling.

"I had just closed a deal with the lady of the house, and leaving Benemerito free—he had been so faithful on the trip that I did not think to tie him—I set out to carry the lady's purchases in the kitchen. I heard yells and shooting turn loose, and I got to the door just in time to see that mule, wagon, goods and all, go over the bank, out of sight in that deep abyss. I ran to the brink, looked over, and there lay my carry-all—or the remains of what had been a vehicle of that class.

"I looked for my mule. The walls of the gully were perpendicular all the way down to where the road crossed; at that point I saw him emerge at a speed that reminded me of the day when he caught that dogwood switch in his back at Ball's ranch. He still had on the bridle, collar, hames, and one trace was up in the air. He came to the road and lit out for the North Sulphur timber belt, about a half mile distant. He went into this timber like a hurricane, and I have never seen that mule since.

"My carry-all was a ruin, an unsightly wreck, and my crockery was a heap of broken pieces. There was not an unbroken vessel in the lot and I was fifteen miles from home. I had sold crockery to the amount of two dollars and six bits and with this in my pocket, I turned and lit out for home—afoot.

"The cause of the smash-up? Well, it chanced to be on a Saturday and a lot of the country bloods had been to town and had tanked up. On their return, when they got near the house where I was trading, they raised a whoop and turned loose their guns. Benemerito thought the Indians were after him again, and he burnt the wind. I made no effort to recover that mule. I had had enough of him. Hog-hunters in the Sulphur Bottom jungles say they sometimes get a bare glimpse of a strange mule tearing through the brush and cane like a wild boar. He is known to them as the wild Balaam of the Sulphurs, and they have tried to run him down with dogs, and have employed various devices to effect his capture, but he always makes a clean getaway.

"I have offered to trade my claim to that mule to some man who wants to make a trip out on the frontier where I hear the Indians are still raising hell and hair. Mounted on Benemerito he would be absolutely safe from Indians if he managed to get him headed in the right direction."

Cottonwood Tales

(Continued from page 41)

fortunate we were to have two such excellent teachers as Old John and Jo.

DON'T GET the idea that all we did was hunt and fish. We worked long, hard hours around the farm. Many a mile was navigated across a wheat or corn field with a mule's tail for a compass. Of course, it was just an accident if a couple of fish lines were hanging from a willow pole at the creek or river end of the field with a big fat grasshopper or worm for bait. The biggest drum fish we ever caught was taken that way, using a small crawdad for bait. He weighed well over twenty-five pounds.

The words, calories and vitamins, were not used in those days but farm mothers instinctively knew them all. Our "store boughten" things were few indeed—flour, sugar, salt, pepper, coffee, tea and other essential staples. But aside from those, we raised and preserved all the huge quantity of food that was eaten.

Butchering week was always an event. Every year at least twelve big hogs and two fat steers were slaughtered. Ham, bacon and shoulder curing was classed as an art. The hams were all precisely cut and trimmed then packed in heavy oak barrels in dry salt, brown sugar, saltpeter and pepper for at least two months. In the meantime we boys prepared the smokehouse. The deep fire trench was cleaned out and cords of nothing but hickory wood were cut and piled near at hand. We always kept one year's supply ahead. A smaller supply of green hickory was used to insure more smoke.

The fire was always started well in advance of the time the meat was hung for smoking. That fire was never allowed to go out until Mother decided that the meat was cured. It was then sewn in muslin and repacked in the salt barrels until used. The lard rendering, and sausage and head cheese making were the workouts. I have cranked a hand-powered sausage grinder until my arm nearly dropped off. What sausage was not kept naturally frozen on the back porch was cooked into large patties and packed in large stone jars, preserved by the simple process of completely covering them in their own cooked-off grease.

Beef was a different proposition. What was not kept for immediate use was packed in glass jars and cooked for hours in a huge pan of boiling water on the kitchen range. It was delicious.

Our whole life revolved around that huge kitchen. It was both kitchen and living room. There were months at a time when we boys never entered what was known as the front room or parlor. One of my fondest memories of childhood is that mammoth old woodburning stove (except the woodbox part of it). That thing seemed to always be empty. The stove had a large tank at one end to heat water and it must have had a leak, as it always needed filling. There was always something in the warming oven on top of the stove for a hungry boy to fill that bottomless cavity called his stomach.

All our fruits and vegetables were raised on the farm. Hundreds of jars of fruit and vegetables were canned or dried. "Putting up fruit" it was called. They were stored on shelves in the root cellar.

Wild gooseberries and plums grew in profusion along the creeks and it was always an event when Mother would pack a huge picnic basket and announce, "We are going berrying." Of course, that was always a chance for me, with a couple of fish lines wrapped around a corncob in my pocket, to sneak off and get in some good crappie and sunfishing.

We had several large holes in a corner of the garden in which certain fruits and vegetables were buried. These holes were lined with wheat straw. Cabbages were pulled root and all, wrapped in paper, placed head down with more straw on top, then covered with dirt. They would keep perfectly until late the following spring. Turnips and carrots were stored the same way, except for no paper wrapping. Potatoes and sweet potatoes were kept in the root cellar. Pears and apples were given the paper treatment and nobody has ever eaten a more delicious apple than a big Winesap or Northern Spy dug out of an apple pit in December or January.

Mother had one stunt she was always trying. She would raise several very late tomato plants. Before frost in the fall we would dig these plants up, leaving as much dirt as possible on the roots, which would be wrapped in wet burlap with a heavy paper bag tied over that. The plants were hung, roots up, on a beam in the root cellar and if Mother had fresh tomatoes for her salad on Christmas and New Year her meal was a success.

A farm woman at that time, in that area, was talked about for the meals she served at harvesting and threshing time. Mother was famous throughout the entire county for the "fine table she set."

HERE are some of Mother's recipes for game cooking. Rabbit: Dredge well in flour. Fry until well browned in plenty of grease in a Dutch oven. Add a large chopped onion, 2 cups of cider, cover and simmer until tender. Serve with baked potatoes (for the gravy) cole slaw salad and hot rolls.

Ducks: Salt and pepper well inside and out. Fill the cavity with chopped apple, onion and a stalk of celery, discard this when served. Rub the bird very generously with bacon grease. Place breast down in a very hot oven, not over thirty minutes for the large ducks and a few minutes less for the smaller breed. Serve with fried hominy and a bowl of cold canned tomatoes.

Geese: Salt well, stuff with sage dressing, bake in a covered roasting pan with a cup of elderberry wine. Add more wine as necessary. Bake until tender. This may take some time as an old goose can be real tough. Serve with fried parsnips, green beans or peas, mint jelly and muffins.

Quail: Split birds down the back and spread open. Salt and pepper. Dip in cream or milk. Dredge well with flour. Deep fry until golden brown. Serve with potato salad, mashed buttered turnips and hot cornbread.

Fish: Fish was always fried. It was sacrilege to roll fish in anything but cornmeal. Salt, dip in milk, roll in cornmeal, fry in plenty of lard or bacon grease. Don't overcook fish. Catfish takes a little longer than scale fish. Serve with corn on the cob (in season) mustard or dandelion greens, fried potatoes and plenty of cornbread. In late summer always have a big watermelon handy.

You will notice there was no mention made of fruit, as the table always had plenty of homemade butter, relishes, pickles, jams, jellies and canned or cooked dried fruits.

Thursday was baking day. For an average week's supply, thirty-six large loaves of bread were cooked plus three or four pans of cinnamon and wild honey and nut rolls. Five or six large cakes were baked. Pies were usually made on the day they were used. One could smell the spicy odors that day at least a mile away. Did you ever grab a hot loaf of homemade bread, tear the soft center out, put about a half pound of fresh butter in it, slice a large onion in thin slices for sandwiches, get a quart fruit jar of cider, and sit down on the sunny side of the corncrib for a very pleasant half hour? To a boy, hot bread and watermelons always tasted better if they were swiped.

Honey was obtained by the simple method of finding two or three bee trees in summer. When cold weather knocked the bees out, we would climb the tree, saw off the hollow limb, split it, and take as much as a washtub of the world's best honey.

Predators, as we know them today were always with us—coyotes, skunks, coons, weasels, hawks, owls and crows. All of them took their share. But wildlife was in such profusion, no one gave it a thought. We found many nests of quail, prairie chicken and locally nesting ducks destroyed by varmints. A big hard-shelled snapping turtle can ruin many a nest of fish eggs on a sand or gravel bar. Hawks, as a general rule, are very beneficial, living mostly on gophers, field mice and other rodents.

We had two species of hawks, however, that were death on baby poultry. One was a dark grey bird. He could flit out of the timber and grab a chick much quicker than one can read about it. The other was a light brown bird that would sit for hours, watching and waiting for one chick to get too far from shelter. Then he would swoop in and be off in a flash with his dinner. Old John told us, and I believe it, that very young animals and birds give off no scent, otherwise how would any of them survive? Mother swore that coyotes and weasels lived on nothing but her young turkeys and chickens.

Then our carefree boyhood days ended. Suddenly we became men. World War I broke out, and my older brother and I enlisted in the Navy. He died aboardship during the flu epidemic of 1918. After the war I returned home but those supremely happy days could not be recaptured.

In 1919 I decided to make the Navy a career. I reenlisted and stayed on active duty for thirty years.

My two faithful old guns, the Model 97 shotgun and Model 94 rifle, went with me to every ship or station the Navy assigned me. They have taken their share of game in many lands—Alaska, Asia, Africa, Europe, North and South America—but none of those hunting and fishing trips ever brought the supreme happiness of my teen-age years shortly after the turn of the century.

Stolen Bullion of Indian Ridge

(Continued from page 9)

er told me later that the specimen itself was worth almost as much as the money Long John paid me.

Long John and his partner went their way down the hill to take the train back to their jobs. Before we parted they assured me that they would return at no distant date to move their treasure on to market, and made me promise to help them again at that time with my pack stock.

I went on about my own business and was extremely occupied during the balance of the autumn. An early snow in the high country made it necessary to move the sheep out of the mountains before schedule that year.

I did not take the time to return to Burnt Timber Flats immediately and try to locate the place of the cache, and I was not inclined to do so. I would not have known how to dispose of the ore if I had possessed it, and I certainly would have received no cooperation from my father or from my older brother. I would have gotten a good "jacking up" instead. So I did nothing about it.

I could have found the very spot where the ore was buried had I turned my attention to the search immediately, before the tracks of the burros and the men became obliterated by the storm. I could have tracked the pack jacks to the point where the men unloaded them, and I could have tracked the men to the place where they buried the ore. It might have been a painstaking task for a few hours, but I could have done it successfully. In the light of subsequent events I have deeply regretted that I did not do it.

I did not return to the mountain with the sheep the following summer. I heard indirectly that some big, broad-shouldered man had made inquiries for me at some of the camps, but that was all. I knew it was Long John, and I wondered how he finally succeeded in getting his

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FORSYTHIA, yellow	.19	.90
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ALTHEA DOUBLE; red, pink, white	.19	.89
PUSSY WILLOW; bears catkins	.39	1.89
RED BUSH HONEYSUCKLE; red	.29	1.39
ALTHEA ROSE OF SHARON; mixed	.09	.41
PINK WEIGELA; pure pink	.19	.89
CRAPE MYRTLE; colors, red or pink	.59	2.89
HYDRANGEA P. G.; pinkish white	.49	2.39
SPIREA VAN HOUTTEI; white flowers	.29	1.39
RED OZIER DOGWOOD; red bark	.19	.89
CYDONIA JAPONICA; red flowers	.39	1.89
PERSIAN LILAC; old favorite orchid	.49	2.39
*SNOWBALL; huge, white flowers	.39	1.89
WISTERIA VINE; purple flowers	.49	2.39
PINK BUSH HONEYSUCKLE; pink	.29	1.39
FLOWERING ALMOND; pink flowers	.69	3.29
*PINK AZALEA; pink	.39	1.89
FLOWERING CRABS; red or pink	.89	4.29
*SMOKE TREE; 1-2 ft	.79	3.79

(Above SHRUBS, 1 to 2 ft. tall, 1 or 2 yrs. old)

EVERGREENS (for lasting beauty)

	EACH	3 for
MAGNOLIA; ½ to 1 ft.	.59	$1.69
PFITZER JUNIPER; low spreading, 1 ft.	.89	2.59
CHINESE FIR; 1 ft.	.89	2.59
JAP YEW; ½-1 ft.	.59	1.69
PHOTINIA; ½-1 ft.	.59	1.69
PITTISPORUM; ½-1 ft.	.79	2.29
WAX LEAF LIGUSTRUM; 1 to 1½ ft.	.59	1.69
*RHODODENDRON; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
COLORADO BLUE SPRUCE; ½-1 ft.	.59	1.69
HETZI JUNIPER; spreading, ½-1 ft.	.89	2.59
NANDINAS; fiery red ones, 1 ft.	.59	1.69
*MOUNTAIN LAUREL; 1 ft.	.39	1.09
RED BERRY PYRACANTHA; ½-1 ft.	.89	2.49
GARDENIA; white blooms, 1-1½ ft.	.59	1.69
BOXWOOD (Dwarf); 1 yr., ½-1 ft.	.49	1.39
CAMELLIA SASANQUA; 1 ft.	.89	2.59
BURFORDI HOLLY; ½ to 1 ft.	.69	1.98
*CANADA HEMLOCK; 1 to 1½ ft.	.29	.79
ABELIA; glossy leaves, ½ to 1 ft.	.39	1.09
IRISH JUNIPER; ½ to 1 ft.	.79	2.29
*AMERICAN HOLLY; red berries; ½-1 ft.	.39	1.09

(Above EVERGREENS are 1 or 2 yrs. old)

BULBS & PERENNIALS

	EACH	5 for
CANNAS; colors, red, pink, yellow	.19	$ .89
PEONIES; red, pink, white	.59	2.89
IRIS; blue, white, purple, yellow	.09	.39
HOLLYHOCKS; mixed colors, roots	.25	1.19
RED CARNATION; red	.25	1.19
*VIOLETS; hardy, blue	.19	.90
HIBISCUS; giant blooms	.09	.39
PAMPAS GRASS; white plumes	.39	1.89

(All PERENNIALS and BULBS are 1 yr. or older)

HEDGE PLANTS (1 to 2 ft.)

50 SOUTH PRIVET EVERGR. HEDGE for $1.19
100 SOUTH PRIVET EVERGR. HEDGE for 1.98
25 MULTIFLORA FENCE ROSES for 2.49
25 LOMBARDY POPLAR FOR HEDGE for 2.79
(All HEDGE 1 to 2 ft. tall, 1 or 2 yrs. old)

SHADE TREES & FLOWERING TREES

	EACH	3 for
CHINESE ELM; 2½ to 4 ft. tall	.19	$ .55
CHINESE ELM; 5½ to 7 ft. tall	.79	2.29
RED OAK; 1-2 ft.	.49	1.39
LOMBARDY POPLAR; 3½-5 ft. tall	.39	1.09
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ore packed out, and how much money he realized out of it. That he would not be able to find his cache never entered my mind.

It had all seemed so logical, so reasonable, and so natural to me that I did not think of any difficulty in connection with the ore except the rather minor one of transportation. The caching of high-grade ore, until a favorable time to carry it away, was a common practice, and I had never before known of a miner being unable to find his treasure. Imagine my surprise, and my regrets, when a few years later I found Long John in a Boulder, Colorado, sanitarium. He was in the last stages of miner's consumption. The following is his story:

"WHEN my pardner came to us on the Flats that morning, he said we were under suspicion and that it was not safe to go on with our ore just then. We did not want to take any chances on going to the pen and of having our high-grade confiscated at the same time, so we determined to hide it out and lie low until the next summer.

"When we took those burros and went back into the forest, we did not follow the trail you and I came out by. We just headed back into the timber, winding our way through the fallen logs and around the boggy places.

"I would guess we traveled between a quarter and a half of a mile before we found a place to our liking for our cache. The soil was soft and easy to work at this point, so we dug a long trench, about two feet deep, and put our sacks of grommets in the bottom of it and covered them up. We did a good job, too. We tramped all the dirt back into that trench on top of those sacks. Then we smoothed the place over and scattered some old leaf mold over it in such a way that it could not be distinguished from any of the rest of the surrounding ground.

"We did not want to leave any artificial marks around there so we did not cut any blazes on the tree near the cache, but we marked the place by natural objects in such a way we were sure we could go back to it. From it we could see the bluff on a hillside across the Dolores River. South of the cache about fifty yards was a tall dead tree with a peculiarly twisted branch at the top. To the westward was a little spring. A few feet southwest of the trench my pardner stuck a small dead limb, branches pointing down, in the ground. He set it at an angle so it would look like it had fallen there naturally, but we were sure we would recognize it when we saw it again. About the same distance on the opposite side, I laid a piece of dead sapling, about seven feet long and five or six inches through, across the upturned roots of a dead log. I put it there in such a way that one end of the stick jutted out beyond the roots quite a bit more than the other. We would recognize that when we saw it again, too.

"Maybe I would have found the place if my pardner had been along with me, but he got killed in a mining accident in Arizona the winter before. I went up there alone the next summer, but I could never find the place, nor the markings we had left. I got so confused I could hardly find my way back out of the timber. I tried to find you, but you were gone and the Mexican sheepherders could not tell me where you were. I finally had to give up the search and come away, and I have never been back since.

"Kid," continued the old man, "that fortune is still there. Right where me and my pardner buried it. We never told another soul about it, and it is worth going after, and it is yours if you can find it. My pardner is already gone and I soon will be, so it won't ever do us any good. It might pay you big to hunt for it, and I wish you the best of luck."

And with those few remarks, Long John started me on a fascinating lost treasure hunt that has extended intermittently through the years. I have not found the treasure yet, but always there is the furtive hope that on the next trip the powerful forces of nature may be kind enough to settle the covering soil over that trench enough to show a marked depression, or to wash one little corner of it away, leaving exposed the frayed and rotted fragment of a canvas ore bag.

In all my searching I have had the satisfaction of knowing that I was hunting for a cache whose existence was not clouded in doubt, veiled in mystery, or complicated with legend. The story of it has never before been told, so as yet there has not sprung up about it the usual crop of legends.

What happened to those markers is not difficult for a man familiar with mountain winters to understand. Violent storms are of frequent occurrence in this district, and snow accumulates to a depth of five to seven feet. The sapling that Long John laid across the old log became overbalanced with snow and fell off from the perch on which he had put it, and possibly in the violence of the winter tempests that occur in that country, it had been thrown several feet from the log on which he put it; while the small branch which his partner had so carefully planted on an angle as if it had fallen naturally, became overbalanced with a burden of snow and fell flat on the ground to undergo some disintegration during the winter season and thus to be so altered in appearance by natural forces as to be unrecognizable in the spring.

The tree with the peculiar top could undergo similar changes from the heavy snowfall or violent winds by having a limb broken off, or a peculiar knot removed by nature, which would be sufficient to change its appearance. To any man familiar with the mountain country, and cognizant of the fickle character of natural markings of this sort, such changes are not surprising or unusual. In fact they are to be expected, but Long John and his partner, being unfamiliar with out-of-doors conditions, were like many other neophytes and accepted as permanent their puny efforts at making markings so susceptible to alteration by the common forces of snow and wind.

They wrote their markings upon the sands of circumstances, and the elements erased their writings. The irresistible forces of nature so altered their artificial "open sesame" to their golden treasure, that Long John could not discern the combination to the natural safe deposit box in which they deposited their rich treasure. Nor have I, as yet, been able to interpret the changes that nature wrought; but I have not yet given up hope.

The unalterable existence of Burnt Timber Flats, the cache of ore nearby, and the bluff on the mountainside across the Dolores River have successfully withstood the ravages of time and silently guard a fortune in gold in the stately forest on the famous ridge.

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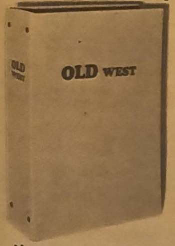

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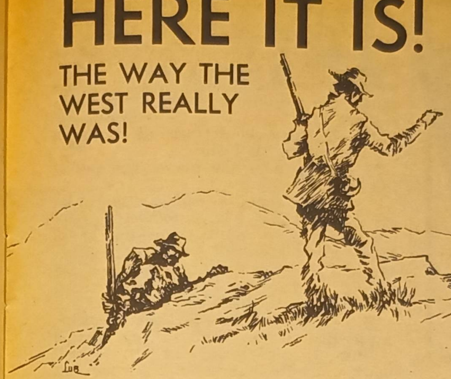

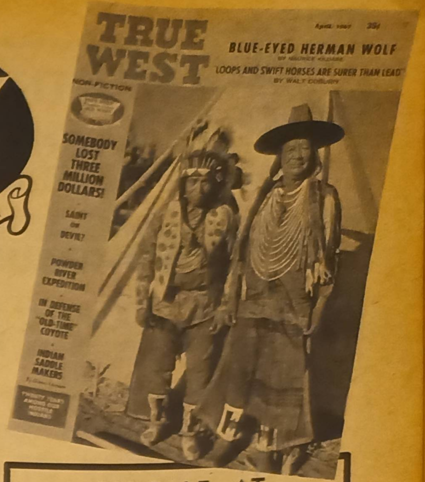

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Mrs. Burton's Macabre Ordeal

(Continued from page 49)

"Around two o'clock, I asked him to release me once more; he replied that he would when the landlady came to arrange the adjoining room. He became restless and toyed with the revolver.

" 'I am crazy,' he declared as he placed the weapon to his head.

"I took hold of the barrel and pulled it away.

" 'Don't do that!' he said. 'It might go off and hurt you. I have nothing against you. I only want you to see me die. Three days after I am dead, nobody will think of me. I thought of you, and as you are a good friend, and have a good heart, you might feel a little sorry for me.'

"I told him that he was doing a foolish thing, and advised him to get up and go out. 'I shall never go out of here again until the coroner carries me out. I am as crazy as any man in a lunatic asylum and I am going to die.' I began to believe that he was and thought I would humor him, so I sat by him and talked to him, while he played with the revolver. He turned to me once and said that I could not change his mind if I talked all day."

MRS. BURTON went on to describe the intolerable situation in which she found herself. She pleaded with Vallat until about four o'clock, when the landlady was heard moving around in the next room. Mrs. Burton reminded the gambler of his earlier promise to release her at that time.

She put on her hat and gloves as he rose from the bed with the revolver in his hand and came toward her. The young woman was standing by the door with her hand on the knob; Vallat was about three feet from her and directly in front of the mirror. She asked him again to call the landlady.

"All right, I'll do it." he answered, but even as he spoke Vallat placed the revolver to his left temple, fired, and fell to the floor dead.

The shot and the woman's horrified screams were heard by the landlady who unlocked the door and released her. Except for the memories she would carry until the end of her days, Mrs. Burton's macabre ordeal was over.

The gambling fraternity was shocked by the suicide. Vallat's act was attributed to his being insane. The dead man left no money, so his friends and associates paid for his funeral service and burial.

Police, investigating the suicide, learned that Vallat had made a vain attempt to purchase poison the night before he died. They also found two notes penned by the gambler, the first written to his employer:

Denver, June 87, Mr. Cates,
I have become so tired of life and want to end my troubles knowing that sooner or later, I will do something I will regret. I ask of you to dispose of my effects, the proceeds will probably defray the expenses of a cheap funeral.
Good bye,
Vallat

The second note read:

Jack Pearson,
Get my ring from Benjamin. I hocked it. Sam will give you more for it than I owe you.
Good bye,
Vallat

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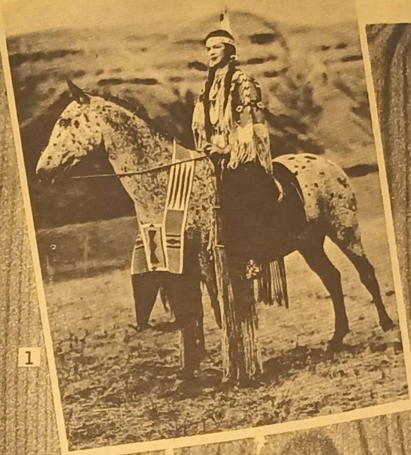
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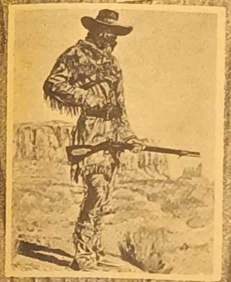
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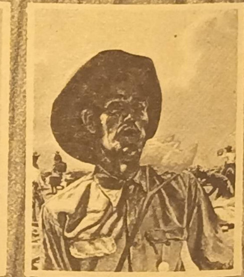
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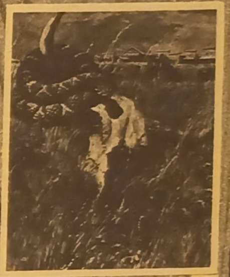
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The Goldrush Follies

(Continued from page 48)

The first of these was called Denver Hall, and it was constructed by Charles Blake. The main business of this place was the dispensing of bad whiskey—called "Taos lightning"—at twenty-five cents a drink. Gambling tables were ranged along the wall opposite the bar, and there was a clear space for dancing.

In the summer of 1859 James Reid built a building in Auraria (later Denver), which was known briefly as Reid's Hall. After the appearance there of the Cibola Minstrels, the place was named Cibola Hall. Some of the principals of the Cibola Minstrels had been with the Original Christy Minstrels in San Francisco.

Also a member of the troupe was J. B. (Buzz) Caven, who married Flora Wakely and, with his bride, moved on to the Bannack gold diggings in Montana. Flora was the youngest of the three Wakely Sisters, undisputed "first ladies" of the Colorado theater of goldrush days.

Denver's notorious Cricket variety hall was first advertised in the *Rocky Mountain News* in April, 1870, but had been in operation for several months before that. No admission was charged at the Cricket, but with the lure of gambling, a well-stocked bar and dancehall girls, it could be an expensive place to spend an evening. The Palace was another early-day resort for the sporting population of the Mile-High city, and Eddie Foy, the comedian, who played there in the late Seventies, has left us a description of it.

"The Palace was at Fifteenth and Blake," Foy recorded in his autobiography, *Clowning Through Life*. "It was located over a feed store. It consisted of two large rooms, side by side, one the gambling hall, the other the concert hall. On the concert hall side, the second and third stories had been thrown together, providing a high ceiling and affording space for the inevitable horseshoe tier of boxes around three sides of the hall."

Prior to his arrival in Denver in the fall of 1879, Foy and his partner, Jim Thompson, had played at Ben Springer's variety hall in Dodge City, Kansas, and at the Grand Central Amphitheater in Leadville. So it is clear that the variety hall was not limited to the gold camps, but had become equally popular in the cowtowns of Kansas and silver camps such as Leadville.

In his sprightly autobiography, Foy recounts that Ben Springer's hall, called the Lady Gay, had a rival down the street, called simply the Varieties. One of the male actors at the Varieties got the impression that Foy was paying too much attention to a girl he himself was interested in.

Foy was bunking in a one-room shack on a cross-street, and one night the jealous lover took a pot-shot at the comedian through a window.

Fortunately for Foy, and for a whole generation of amusement lovers, the rival was no Wild Bill Hickok as a marksman, and the American theater was spared a top-notch funmaker.

"This was the only time I was actually shot at," Foy commented.

GUNPLAY was not a nightly occurrence in the variety halls, and when it did occur, it was more likely to involve some feuding proprietors, as in Tetlow's case, or a quick-tempered admirer of one of the "box-hustlers." The performers were seldom, if ever, a part of such incidents.

The reason for this is simple: Managers of old-time variety halls used the same technique used today in Las Vegas—regularly employed "bouncers" to break up any threat of disorder.

In *Old Deadwood Days* (J. D. Sears Co., N. Y., 1928) Estelline Bennett tells of the shooting of one of the girls at the Gem Theater by Charlie Wilson, a member of the orchestra. The girl, Kitty Clide, was slain in one of the blind-drawn upper rooms of the theater building. Wilson then turned the gun on himself. Kitty was not one of the variety artists; she was described by Miss Bennett as a "beer-slinger." Wilson lived for two weeks after the shooting and the only reason he gave for the gunplay was that "he loved her so."

Deadwood's Gem Theater was frequently in the news because of street brawls in its vicinity or the deaths of some of the girls who lived in the place. The latter usually were announced as due to "mountain fever," although Miss Bennett, whose father was a judge, heard at home that they were suicides. "Overdose of laudanum" was the official cause of death on numerous vital statistics lists.

Miss Bennett wrote that Al Swearingen, manager of the Gem, suggested in appearance and manner the villain of an old-time melodrama, "and he came to the end of the play true to the old technique." He constantly quarreled with his wife and she sometimes displayed a blackened eye, and frequently limped. Finally she divorced him on grounds of infidelity.

Swearingen left Deadwood soon after the theater was destroyed by fire around the turn of the century. A few years later he was struck and killed by a locomotive in the railroad yards at Denver, while trying to steal a ride on an outbound train.

More names can be added to the roster of early-day variety hall managers who ended their days in poverty and misfortune—Harry Montague, who spent most of his later years in an almshouse in Southern California; and James McDaniels, who operated McDaniels' Theater in Cheyenne, Wyoming, during the lush years after the building of the Union Pacific Railroad.

McDaniels was a Virginian who had operated a variety theater at Quincy, Illinois, before traveling west. Before that, he had traveled with Barnum's, Dan Rice's and Van Amberg's circuses. He followed the U.P. west and for twelve years managed variety halls in Cheyenne. McDaniels died at El Paso, Texas, April 18, 1902, in poverty. His only support at the last was from the Actors' Fund.

ONE REASON why male actors on the variety hall circuit were not challenged more frequently by tipsy patrons was that most of these performers were athletes, well able to handle the most unruly heckler. One such was Gus Bruno, who was with Billy Emerson's Minstrels at San Francisco's Standard Theater in the early Eighties at the same time Eddie Foy and Jim Thompson were members of the troupe. That fall, Foy & Thompson received an offer of $75 per week (for the two of them) to go to Butte, Montana, where John A. Gordon had just opened his Theater Comique. Bruno wanted to go with them but lacked the rail fares for himself and his wife. Foy and Thompson lent him the money.

Bruno was a Dane who had started out in early youth as a circus acrobat and contortionist in Copenhagen. He came to the United States about 1870 and was billed in the variety halls as the "Limber Boy." In addition to his acrobatic skill, Gus Bruno was a clever comedian. Foy credited him with being the first to introduce Scandinavian and Dutch dialects to the variety stage.

Foy and Thompson, together with Foy's first wife, Rose Howland, and Gus and Addie Bruno, played in Butte for many weeks in the early 1880s. They arrived in what then was heralded as "the Silver City" before the railroad had been completed north from Ogden, Utah. Bruno was billed at the Comique as "the man of many faces," and Foy and Thompson, in blackface, offered "Scenes on the Mississippi."

Another veteran of the variety halls, and one with whom I had a personal interview shortly before her death a few years back, was Annie Ashley—in real life, Mrs. John Barton. Ashley was not her family name, either. As a girl, she had run away from her San Francisco home to fulfill a consuming ambition—"to dance on the stage."

Perhaps Annie Ashley had witnessed performances in some of San Francisco's early-day variety halls. At any rate, she teamed up with another girl and the pair was booked for appearances on the variety circuit.

This tour took them as far east as El Paso where, while waiting to collect their week's pay on a Saturday morning, they saw the proprietor of the hall shoot and kill a man who came up to the wicket and said in an insulting tone, "Come out of there, you s—o—b, and have a drink with me!"

With that, the man behind the wicket ducked and came up shooting. The interloper fell to the floor, bleeding from a chest wound. The two girls stood by, terrified.

"Go back to your rooms, girls," the man with the smoking firearm said. "I'll send your money up to you. Don't leave your room until you hear from me."

The girls did as ordered. About two hours later, Annie Ashley said, a tall stranger knocked at the door, handed each girl two weeks' pay, rather than the single week owed them, and gave each a railroad ticket to Tombstone, Arizona.

"You have an engagement at the Birdcage Theater in Tombstone," the stranger said. "Your train leaves this evening," he added, giving the exact departure time. "Stay in your room until fifteen minutes to traintime. I'll see that box lunches are sent up. And don't mention what you saw at the theater this morning if you know what's good for you."

The girls did as directed.

"It was years later before I ever mentioned the incident to anybody," Annie Ashley said. "I still don't know if the man who was shot lived or died."

And the pair did have an engagement at the Birdcage.

IN TOMBSTONE, Annie Ashley became acquainted with Wyatt Earp. Years later, when she and her husband, John Barton, were playing at the old Baldwin Theater in San Francisco, Earp, then retired and living down the Peninsula, sent around his card and the Bartons enjoyed a midnight supper with the by-then renowned "Frontier Marshal."

Following her marriage to John Barton, Annie Ashley and her husband toured the English-speaking world—the British Isles, South Africa, Australia, Canada and the United States, in a vaudeville skit titled "Canal Boat Sal." Many living playgoers throughout the nation will recall Barton as "Jeeter Lester" in the national company of "Tobacco Road."

The variety halls of the Old West filled a real need for the men who joined the gold and silver stampedes. They gave the argonauts a place to "blow off steam," to find companionship, to find respite from the toil of the placer diggings, and to revive their spirits for another "go" at fortune-hunting.

That there was a real demand for such places is shown by the large number of them that sprang up all over the West during the last half of the 19th Century. And that Samuel E. Tetlow of the Bella Union and his imitators had hit upon a highly popular form of amusement was shown by the success of vaudeville—"Big Time" and "Small Time"—for the first twenty-five years of the 20th Century.

Motion pictures and soaring transportation costs put vaudeville out of business. Television has attempted to revive it, in a diluted form. But no medium can recapture the sights and sounds of the old-time variety hall—with the songs and comedy on the stage accompanied by the click of poker chips, the clatter of the ivory ball on the roulette wheel, the muffled rattle of dice against the green felt railing of the crap table, mingled with a medley of cries: "Get your money down boys," "Eighter from Decatur!," "Snake Eyes," or "Keno!"

Not even Las Vegas has quite recaptured that.

"Call-Cattle" of the Mountains

(Continued from page 19)

A big hard horn walloped him on the side of the head just above his left ear. From the loose way he fell, smack in the middle of the struggling cow, I thought sure he was killed. But when I dragged him out of the ruckus and straightened him out on the hillside, I could see he was breathing. Blood was oozing from an ugly bruise on his head.

All I knew about what to do for somebody knocked out was what I had read in the story books, to wit: water—and the creek was a good 200 yards down the mountain. I can run pretty fast when I'm scared. I hit out for the creek at a high lope.

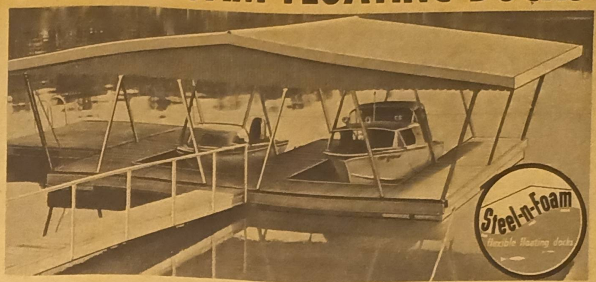
When I got back with a hat half full of water, Marion was sitting up singing *"Giddy-up, Napoleon, it looks like rain!"* He sounded plumb crazy, and I figured he was out of his head. I managed to pour a little cold water down him, then soaked a big swatch of torn-off shirt tail and tied it around his head.

"Wahoo!" he squalled. *"Giddy-up Napoleon! It looks like rain!"*

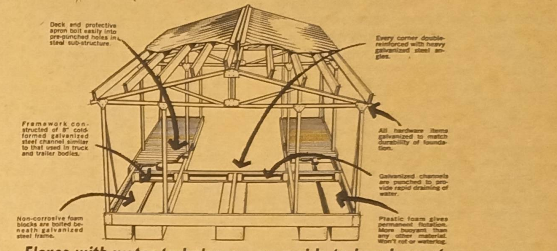
If he meant that squall to indicate that he was feeling O. K. again, it was a pretty poor try. His song dwindled off in a weak sort of gurgle, and he fainted again. As soon as he sort of came to the next time, I managed somehow to boost him up on his horse. I cut the cow loose and used the rope to anchor Marion in the saddle. Then we set out for home, with me leading his horse.

Those four miles over the mountain to the ranch were the longest I ever traveled. Every step of the way I was scared to death that my brother might die on me before I could get him home. But he didn't. Except for a headache and a big knot on his noggin, he seemed to get all right. We didn't even take him to a doctor, the nearest one being thirty miles away by buckboard.

STEEL-N-FOAM FLOATING DOCKS



FLOAT IT AND FORGET IT!


Deck and protective apron bolt easily into pre-punched holes in steel sub-structure.
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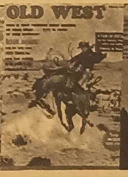
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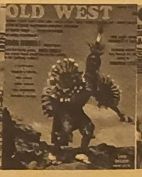
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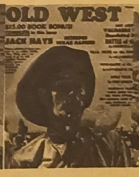
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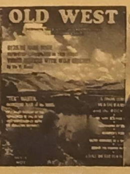
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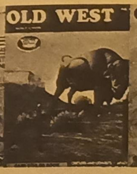
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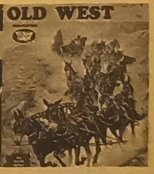
OW10—50c

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PA DID his branding in the corral, but without a chute. My three brothers, Charlie, Elliott and Marion, all got to be pretty fair cowpen ropers, but I was like the little boy in the doggerel who "shot at a rooster and killed a hen." My loop generally caught something, but not very often the calf I aimed at.

I was still just a button when my two older brothers left home to take jobs elsewhere. That left Pa, Marion and me as the branding crew. Except for very small calves, we stretched them out between two posts instead of flanking and holding them down cowboy-style.

Sometimes the same old cow that would eat salt out of your hand out on the range would go on the fight when she heard her calf bawl under the hot iron, and hook somebody in the pants if we didn't watch out. I remember clearing the top of a five-foot pole gate in one running jump one time, only about an inch ahead of the horns of a snuffy old brindle. Pa and Marion thought it was funny, but there were two of us who didn't: me and the cow.

Branding was fun as well as sweat and hard work. From about age six to sixteen, I considered myself the official calf-namer of the Barker outfit, and I took pride in being able to tell Pa which calf belonged to which cow whether it was with her or not. I had 'em all named by the time they started chewing their cuds.

It seems to me that cattle were more like people in those days, maybe because neither cattle nor people were such standardized types as they are today. It seemed only fitting that they should have names. We didn't always remember the names of steers old enough to butcher, as if killing them would seem somehow less personal that way. But I do remember naming one gangly brindle "Ira," after a dude summer boarder who got sort of sweet on one of my sisters. I don't know which felt the most honored, the steer or the dude. Boughten bulls got named for their former owners: Harvey, Ground, Fisher, and so on.

We called one black cow Spain because of a whitish splotch on her hip that was an almost perfect map of the country. Cuba and Manila inherited their names from the Spanish-American War. Old Speck and Frosty took their names from their looks. But mostly we gave heifers real-people names.

Midge, Annie, Kate, Margaretta and a good many others took their names from girls that one or another of the Barker boys got teased about. Madeline, Cornelia, Georgia, Millie, Carrie, Lucy, and Hazel, if I remember rightly, were namesakes of grade school teachers in Las Vegas, and some of them pretty ornery —the cows, I mean.

Of course, any good cowman knows his cattle, even if they are all red whitefaces, but I doubt if any other bunch of cows were ever quite as "personalized" as Pa's many-patterned SLBs. Whenever one of them died from eating wild parsnip or gave up the ghost in a bog, or got killed by a bear (one lone grizzly killed nineteen head in one summer), it seemed almost like a personal loss to us kids, even if the deceased bovines were wildies.

The last of those thorny, brush-dodging, many-hued SLBs are long since gone, and Pa has rested these many years in his mountain grave; but I never fish or hunt in the old Beaver Creek country without vividly remembering mountain cattle and the way Pa used to *swook* them in from ridge and canyon on the run.

A Family Moves West

(Continued from page 17)

from the broad, treeless prairie.

Next morning, as usual, Pa got everybody up early. He gazed down toward the waterhole. Without saying anything to anybody, he got his heavy .45/70 Winchester rifle and set out toward the tank, keeping under cover as much as possible. Nobody paid much attention until the booming report of the big, black-powder rifle startled us all.

Then he ran around the water tank and disappeared. Impatiently we watched and waited. After a time he came back with an antelope on his shoulder. Pa threw the antelope down beside a wagon, and we all gathered around to inspect the first big game animal we had ever seen this close. Then Pa said to Benny and Ida, "You grease the wagons while I dress this critter and take care of the meat."

Greasing the wagons was a tedious, but necessary, every day chore. The big greasy nut that holds the wheel on the spindle had to be unscrewed and taken off. Then the top of the wheel was cautiously pulled outward until the end of the spindle rested about midway of the hub of the wheel. Thus the inside segment of the spindle was exposed. Then, holding the wheel steady, axle grease was liberally smeared along the top of the spindle with a wooden blade. This done, the wheel was pushed back in place and the black, greasy nut screwed on tightly. It was quite a chore by the time all twelve wheels had been greased.

Mother had breakfast ready by the time the wagons were greased and the antelope was skinned and quartered. Breakfast usually consisted of oatmeal, sorghum molasses, sow-belly, gravy, biscuits and coffee. Milk for the children was provided by two part-Holstein cows that had calved shortly before the trip was started. We'd brought along a whole barrel of homemade sorghum molasses.

The baby fared as well as any child in the finest home or nursery. She rode in a well padded, homemade cradle, suspended to the back of the spring seat of Mother's wagon thus avoiding the jolts. At night the cradle would be unhooked and moved into the tent by Mother's bed.

There was a job for everybody every morning. After breakfast Pa caught up the horse teams, harnessed and hitched them to the wagons, while Ida brought in the oxen, yoked them and hitched them up. Charlie rounded up the cattle and loose horses; Mother and Benny, with the help of the little girls, took down the tent, rolled up the bedding, packed the kitchen equipment and supplies, and loaded the wagons.

The oxen were very gentle and tractable. When driven in, they would respond to command and take their places by the wagon tongue. Ida would then lift one end of the heavy yoke and put it on top of Coalie's neck. She'd slip the wooden bow around his neck from below and push its ends up through the holes in the yoke, and insert the key pins to hold it there. Next she would put the other end of the yoke on Spot's neck and put the bow on in like manner.

The back end of the draw chain was anchored by the double-tree pin through a link. Near the front end it was attached to the wagon tongue. When the oxen were yoked, Ida would lift the wagon tongue and hook the chain to the draw ring and they were ready to go. Benny or Pa would often help her with this heavy chore, but she was proud of being able to do it alone.

AT ENDEE, a little way southwest of present-day Glenrio, road information was procured and it was established that the family had safely reached New Mexico.

"Where will we build the house?" Mattie wanted to know. But it would still be many days' travel before that spot was reached. The next objective was abandoned Fort Bascom, about seven miles north of present-day Tucumcari.

It was a hard two-and-a-half day trip to the old fort for the road was crooked and a part of it sandy. The ground cover in this area was quite different from the short grass country of the plains. While there was some grama and buffalo grass, there was also the tall blue-stem grass and lots of short mesquite and yucca. All this provided cover and food for the blue quail which were abundant. There were more jackrabbits and cottontails than we had seen before.

After leaving the stark walls of old Fort Bascom our route more or less paralleled the Canadian River past the present Conchas Dam and, I believe, a village called San Hilario, the first Spanish-American settlement we had come to, but from there on that's what they all were.

Some twenty miles ahead was a high, rimrocked mesa rising steep and rugged more than a thousand feet above its base. That lay between us and Watrous to which we were headed. Pa had been told there was no way around but that there was a steep, rocky road to the top. The rest of that day and the next the wagons rolled up grade toward that awful mesa. Camp was made near its base. To plains folks not used to mountains, the prospects of getting the wagons up that awesome climb seemed mighty dim.

Next morning Pa scouted the road horseback and found it as bad or worse than he had expected. "We can get the wagons up to the first bench," he reported, "but from there on we'll have to pull the wagons up one at a time with two teams." Even at the bench there was no place to turn out of the road, so brakes were set tight and the hind wheels chocked up with football-size rocks.

Mother's team was hitched on in front of Pa's and the grueling haul began. Pa walked alongside and drove the lead team, while Ida rode in the wagon to drive the other. Benny walked along behind to chock up a hind wheel with a big rock when the teams stopped to rest, which was quite often. Mother, Pa and the older children never forgot how steep and rocky the Olguin Hill was and the ordeal of getting the wagons up it.

The double team portion of the climb was near a mile long and, despite dozens of rest stops, the teams were in a lather when they reached the top. Leaving the wagon there. the same process was repeated for Mother's wagon.

As before, Pa walked and drove the lead team while Mother rode in the wagon and drove. I rode with her, and Grace was in her crib as usual. This time Ida and Minnie followed to chock up the wagon when the teams stopped to rest. Pearl and Mattie walked behind; Benny and Charlie hazed the cattle and horses up the hill.

Pa, Ida and Benny went back for the ox-drawn wagon with Pa's team, while Mother and her helpers got a late dinner. Dinner was the mid-day meal in those days. Pa hitched his team on ahead of the oxen and walked beside it. Ida drove the oxen who needed prodding more than driving, while again Benny

(Continued on page 69)

LETTER RIP!

Dear Joe:

If anyone has ever had the hankering to play cowboys and Indians, be he six or sixty, then he should head out on the beckoning vacation route of the Old West Trail sweeping across Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming.

This is the big country of history and legend, the place where Buffalo Bill and Wild Bill Hickok gunned their way to fame; where Crazy Horse and his feathered crew dealt misery to a gent named Custer at the Little Bighorn; where the Oregon and Overland Trails and the Pony Express blazed out a route that an eager nation would follow.

Rodeo came roaring to life and booms on today in this rugged land where men are measured by what they do, not what they say. Indians, remembering all those glorious yesterdays when they rode tall in the saddle, are still ready to powwow at their reservations at the first beat of a tom-tom.

Massive mountain ranges, color-banded canyons, thundering waterfalls, and steamy geysers vie for your camera's attention. This is the home of Yellowstone, the nation's first and largest national park. Here, too, is Mt. Rushmore, America's shrine to democracy.

Nature played on a grand scale when it created this fascinating vacationland. The Grand Tetons were shoved to cloud-piercing heights and still-living glaciers crush and grind out the beautiful wilderness setting that is Glacier National Park. In a different mood, the Badlands were formed, a weird other-world domain that stretches down through the Dakotas and into Nebraska. Nearby, the Black Hills stand granite tall, not hills at all but the largest mountain range east of the Rockies.

Old West Trail Country is truly America's playland. There's room to roam with friendly, easy-going Westerners eager to show you how to enjoy every minute of your stay.

Here the deer and the antelope still play—along with elk, moose, buffalo, mountain lions, and all the other wildlife so unique to the West. Providing still more action are flashy imports such as the ring-necked pheasant and the chukar partridge.

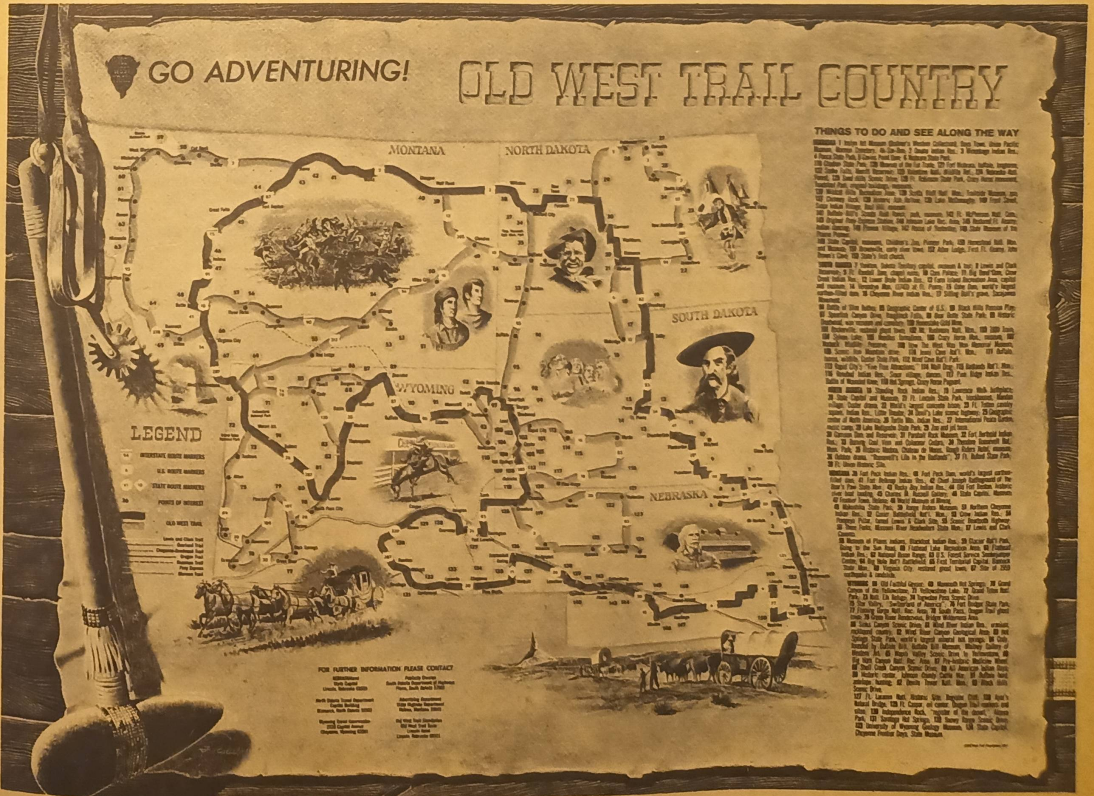
The Trail is especially appealing to the tent-and-trailer clan. Campsites come in an array of shapes and sizes and are spotted strategically along the route. Serenaded by the lonesome song of the coyote and blanketed under a pincushion of fiery stars, the camper can remember those long-ago days when other adventurers dreamed of the exciting trail that lay ahead.

It would take the pioneers a summer to travel the 3,700-mile route of the Old West Trail. You can make it comfortably during a two-week vacation. Just pick up the road almost anywhere in the five-state area and let the distinctive buffalo-head Trail markers lead you into the land of adventure.

Ahead lies a string of museums ready to tell you how the West was won. And such famed frontier outposts as Wyoming's Fort Laramie, Nebraska's Fort Kearny, North Dakota's Fort Abraham Lincoln, and Montana's Fort Benton have been restored to show you how it was done. Not so long ago, Custer, Crook, Terry, and all the other pony soldiers of old rode out from these posts and into the pages of history.

Moments such as these are remembered

Detailed adventure map available from Old West Trail Foundation



in a variety of Old West pageants, many performed on the very spots where the great events in history occurred. Such outdoor dramas as Bismarck's "Trails West," Hot Springs' "Crazy Horse Pageant," and Lush's "Pageant of the Rawhide" bring all those wild yesterdays booming back to life.

Trailsters will travel through the land of the Sioux and the Mandan, the homes of the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Blackfeet, Shoshones, Crows, and Omahas. Their reservations, some fourteen in all, are spotted along the vacation route. Each tribe stages an annual powwow, and many present weekly ceremonials with braves in full tribal regalia.

Rodeo buffs will be in seventh heaven when they follow the Trail route. No matter where the vacationer stops, he'll be sure to find a cowhand anxious to tame "the bronc that couldn't be rode." Cheyenne's famed Frontier Days heads the list of showdowns with Lincoln's Nebraskaland Days, Helena's Last Chance Stampede, Belle Fourche's Black Hills Stampede, and North Platte's Old Glory Blowout vying for equal attention.

Bill Cody captured all the excitement and pageantry of this beckoning Old West Trail country in his famed Wild West Show. The Trail picks up where Bill left off, leading you to and through the fabled land where the West was won.

This year, let Montana, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, and Wyoming be your hosts as you travel the historic and scenic panorama of the Old West Trail.—J. Greg Smith, Executive Director, Old West Trail Foundation, Lincoln Hotel, Lincoln, Nebraska.

Dear Sirs:

Will you publish a plea for me? I want to hear from anyone who knew Mr. Earl Crosby, alias Harry, Smokey or Garvin Wells. Bugger Red is supposed to have adopted Earl Crosby Wells. Maybe I could hear from Bugger's daughter, Mrs. Hank Linton. I need to talk to them, or see them if possible. I have some information for them. Please, I would appreciate this so much.—Mrs. R. Wells, Box 465, Hesperia, California 92345.

Howdy:

As an avid and all-time reader of your publications I feel the urge to contribute my "two bits" worth.

Many years ago (I'm almost sixty) when I was knee high to practically nothing, I overheard a conversation between my dad and my aged uncle (he was about eighty years old) regarding his days as a sheepherder. My old uncle was a confirmed bachelor of the old school.

Well, as the tale went—he owned his own herd of sheep, averaging 1,000 yearly (about the right number to be easily handled) and operated on the edge of the Texas Panhandle. Naturally he had his "run-ins" with the cattle people.

But Uncle was a tough old character and managed to hold his own; he had a fine outfit—a big house on wheels pulled by four black mules. His domicile would put to shame some of the house trailers of today. It would sleep four in case he had company, had a big cook stove, wall to wall carpet, etc, and shelf after shelf of classical books. Actually the old rascal was a well educated man, and in his younger days taught school.

He was always well armed with a Winchester to deal with coyotes and other predators of his flock. He had three fine sheep dogs but would only let one at a time sleep inside. A night inside in regular rotation, which was good old-fashioned psychology, gave the ones sleeping under the wagon something to look forward to while they were on guard.

From time to time he would have strangers drop in, and his offer of coffee and beans and lamb was always welcome. He was careful, however, as there was tough ones on the roam in those days who, with his outfit, would peg him to not be poor. So in his "front door" he had fitted out a small panel he could open so as to survey his company before entrance.

One dark night, as he was reading himself to sleep, there was a bang on the door. Up he got and opened the little panel. Outside, he said, "was the ugliest and meanest Mexican he'd ever seen," and besides that was the biggest pistol, poking right at him, he'd also ever seen. It looked like a cannon.

"Geet theese door open, meester, fast!"

"All right, all right, just a second," and Uncle reached for the Winchester and blasted six holes through the door and into the Mexican. Then opening the door, he kicked aside the dead man and heard two more galloping, hell bent for something, anywhere but there.

I well remember my dad asking, "What did you do then?" Uncle said, "Hell, I didn't do nothing except move on the next morning and leave that s—o—b to rot on the prairie. Oh, I did keep that gun of his, but by damn I sure was mad about those holes in my door!"

Later Uncle showed us that Mexican's pistol. It surely was a wicked looking weapon. When he died, Uncle gave it to Dad, and I inherited it from him, and still have it.—Bill Brayton, River Apts. #11, 400 Commercial Row, Reno, Nevada 89500.

Dear Sir:

My grandson sent me a copy of OLD WEST which had the life of Joseph Reddeford Walker. His brother, who was killed at the Alamo, was my great-grandfather. His widow, Sarah Vochere Walker, and children are buried eight miles north of Waco in the Walker cemetery at Lacy Lakeview.

Would it be possible for me to get a copy? I would love for my children and grandchildren to read the story.—Mrs. Tant Williams, Mount Calm, Texas.

Dear Sir:

Please send me 6 copies of the Winter issue of OLD WEST - 1966. I am particularly interested in the article on Joseph Reddeford Walker since my wife is the great-granddaughter of Joel Walker (a brother of Joseph Walker). I have read the original book *West Wind*, lent to me by a friend.—H. O. Sand, 105 Caravan Street, Sahara Park, Palm Springs, California 92262.

Gentlemen:

I saw the picture you ran of the two moose hooked to a buggy sent in by W. S. Jones. I was in Athabasca Landing, Alberta, Canada, in 1913. I saw two moose which looked identical to the ones in the picture. A fellow and his son, Bill Day and Len Day, operated a livery stable there and they owned and drove the moose all over town. I understand that later the Royal Canadian Mounted Police got them and used them.—Orren C. McMullen, Weiser, Idaho 83672.

Howdy, Podners:

I've got a little problem that perhaps some of your readers might help me with. I would like to hear from anyone having any knowledge of Thomas Walter Abercrombie. He was running a blacksmith and carriage shop in Dallas, Texas, when he died in 1901 at the age of thirty-two. I have been told that he had also operated a blacksmith shop in Garrett, Texas, in approximately the year 1897.

He was married and had children. I have been in correspondence with a daughter of his who lives here in the Northwest. She was a very young child when her father died and knows very little about him and his life before marriage.

The daughter had been told that her father had been either a Deputy Sheriff, Indian Agent or lawman of some kind in his earlier days, somewhere in Texas or Indian Territory.

Would certainly appreciate hearing from anyone who might have any knowledge whatever to shed on Thomas Walter Abercrombie.—F. C. Christiano, Route 2, Box 166, Walla Walla, Washington 99362.

Dear Joe:

The year 1920-21 I was stationed at Fort Ringgold, Rio Grande City, Texas, with the 13th U. S. Cavalry. I worked with a gentleman, tall, slim, about sixty-five or seventy years of age then, who was landscaping the camp. He said his home was in San Antonio, Texas, where he had been in business. He stated he had been in the Texas Rangers. He had two black-handled pistols and a black gun belt. Can anyone furnish me with his name?—Ted R. Reeves, Box 130, George, Washington.

Editor:

This message is to let it be known that I, Chief Walking Bear, a Sioux Indian, am starting a Village or Tribe, and would like to know people who are interested in being a member.

The Tribe will be under the name of "The Wild Indian Tribal Association" and we would like to have Indian members from any tribe who would be interested in the old-time ways. To live in tepees, use the old-time customs. Practice the old dances, use the old ceremonial ways. If there are any Indians, men or ladies or princesses, who wish to become members in our proud Tribe, please send me your name and address, so I can write to you at a later date.

I hope to have the Tribe started by April, 1967, so I hope that you Indians who want to live like our forefathers did, will write to have membership in the Wild Indian Tribe.—Chief Walking Bear, Wild Indian Tribal Association, P. O. Box 387, London, Kentucky.

Dear Hosstail:

I'm stationed in Viet Nam—am in the Marine Corps over here. I just wanted to write and let you know I would rather have TRUE WEST, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST, than a piece of homemade apple pie! I mean it, your magazines are "in." All the guys are bugging me already about, "Whatcha reading? I get it when you're through, etc." You keep sending them and you can bet your six-gun we'll keep reading. Keep the presses rolling!—L/Cpl. J. W. Baker, AFU 55-1-Loom Br., FPO San Francisco, California 96602.

A Family Moves West

(Continued from page 66)

was the chock-up man. This trip was the most difficult one because the horses pulled faster than the oxen, so that meant holding them back and prodding the oxen constantly to keep their efforts synchronized.

What a relief when all the wagons and stock were atop the mesa and that terrible hill was behind them. It had consumed the better part of the day getting up there, but after an hour's rest the family pushed on a few miles before making camp. Again we were on high, open plains some thirty-two miles from Las Vegas and twenty-five from Watrous. Las Vegas was the larger, a real lively trading point, but Pa decided to head for Watrous because it was on Sapello Creek and his friend, Dr. Sparks, had said there might be a good chance to homestead there. Both places were on the main line of the A. T. & S. F. Railway which had built into New Mexico only ten years before.

FOOD SUPPLIES were replenished at the general store in Watrous when they reached that point two days later, then the caravan headed upstream a couple of miles to make camp in the lush valley. At dusk a man named Kroenig rode up to complain that our camp was on his land. He wanted it moved. Pa didn't take kindly to that idea and thought the landowner was being unreasonable, because grass was plentiful. But Kroenig kept fussing about it and Pa finally gave him a dollar and a half, or about two cents a head for the stock, in payment for the privilege of staying the night there. Kroenig said it wasn't enough but Pa balked at raising the ante and the landowner rode off still grumbling.

The Spanish-American village of Sapello was reached the next afternoon just six weeks after leaving Moran, Shackleford County, Texas. There Henry Goeke, an old German with a Spanish-American wife, was the king-pin of the area and claimed the land thereabout. He gave us permission to camp in a little valley a mile south of the village. There we stayed several days while Pa scouted for a place to homestead. By then Mother's asthma had almost left her. "If we go a little higher," they reasoned, "maybe it will all go away."

Pa's horseback trip took him some twelve miles up Sapello Creek before he found a place that suited him. But a Mr. Jones had already filed a homestead entry on it.

For some reason Pa wanted that particular place badly and made a tentative deal to pay Jones $150 to relinquish his claim. That would leave it open to the next applicant to homestead. Pa wanted to talk to the family before closing the deal and came back to camp the second day. The way he described it made it sound like paradise.

We then moved about six miles to an off-stream ranch owned by a Mr. Romero. The first day there a man named Johnson, who owned a place just below the one Pa wanted, came by with a wagonload of vegetables he was taking to Las Vegas to market. They were fine vegetables and he showed us a head of cabbage that weighed forty pounds. Right then Mother said, "That's where I want to go."

Pa rode back up there and closed the deal with Jones paying him $150 for his relinquishment. Then he came back and made a quick trip to Las Vegas and from there to Santa Fe by train and filed his homestead entry on a 160-acre tract. The upper Sapello Canyon, later named Beulah, would be the Barker family's new home.

Benny, tall, quiet and competent head cowboy of trip, who didn't like New Mexico and returned to Texas a year later

Back at camp on the Romero ranch arrangements were made to have all but thirty head of the cattle taken care of there. Then on October 12, 1889, the imigrant family of ten broke camp for the last time and moved up to the new homestead. It was an eight-mile trip over a rough, mountain road with lots of steep up and down grades, but nobody minded bad roads now that the long journey's end was in sight.

The narrow canyon in fall color was a beautiful sight. A small trout stream, lined with willows and alders, wound along the bottom. There were some open meadows, but open land available for planting of crops was very limited. Aspen and oak brush would have to be cleared.

There were groves of huge, tall pine trees, and some blue spruce in the bottoms, while the higher and steeper slopes were covered with forests of pine, Douglas fir and white fir intermingled with aspen and Gambel oak. Five miles west towered the majestic Sangre de Cristo Range.

The house was just a crude log cabin about twelve-by-twenty feet with a loft, reached by a ladder, where at first the kids had to sleep. Adjacent was a small, half-completed aspen log room which was finished as soon as possible. Such was the new home, and the prime objective of moving to it had been accomplished—Mother's health seemed completely restored.

It was most remarkable that no rain at all had fallen on the travelers from the day they left Moran, Texas, until they arrived at the new home in Sapello Canyon, a period of fifty-two days.

THE FALL continued to be warm and dry until November 7, then it began to snow and really made up for lost time. The first day Pa went deer hunting and bagged a nice fat buck and two doe mule deer—enough to provide meat and gravy for quite a spell. There was no closed season or bag limit at all on game then.

Snow continued to fall for three days and nights. When it finally quit there was a full three feet of it on the ground, and the family had been caught wholly unprepared. Getting in enough dry wood was a chore, but attempting to keep the horses and cattle on the south-exposed hillsides where they could get some food browsing on oak brush, mountain mahogany and other brush was a frustrating, never ending job.

There was no hay to feed them, so Pa and Benny cut pine and fir trees so they could eat the green needles. That caused the cows to slink their calves. Later some straw at $10 a ton was purchased from a neighbor. By spring half our cattle and horses had succumbed to the rigors of the New Mexico winter.

More land was needed to plant a crop the next spring and in that regard the heavy snow was a blessing. The fall had been warm and the ground was not frozen when the snow fell, and of course it did not freeze under it. So with feet wrapped in gunny sacks as improvised overshoes, the menfolks began shoveling off snow and grubbing out apens and oak brush on a fertile hillside. Even the older girls helped pile the brush for burning.

By spring several acres had been cleared and, at the proper time, was planted to potatoes. The productivity of the land was marvelous and that fall a thousand dollars' worth of potatoes were marketed in Las Vegas.

There was also hay for the stock when winter set in again. The house had been improved, a stable and a potato cellar built, pole fences put up and other improvements made.

The fine potato crop had relieved the family's precarious financial situation. Good, free summer grazing for the stock was found on the open range in the Lone Tree Mesa area. Garden vegetables of unexcelled quality had been produced in great quantity. Wild game was plentiful. Cutthroat trout were fun to catch and regularly supplemented the menu. The wolf had not had pups on the doorstep after all.

The environment was peaceful. The attractiveness and beauty of the canyon inevitably had its effect. Everybody was busy, healthy and happy.

But Benny, perhaps longing for his sweetheart, had become dissatisfied with the country and had gone back to Texas where he passed away a year later. But he left a memorial.

Benny stood on a pole fence, reached up and cut the top out of a six-inch pine sapling he'd used for a post. Pa thought it would kill the tree and scolded him. But a branch took over for the trunk, grew out, up and around the cut top and made a twelve-inch tree with an arc in the middle. Marks on the pitchy stub made by Benny's ax seventy-five years ago are plainly visible, and the tree is still growing.

There were yet two boys, David Marion and Squire Omar, to be born there to bring to eleven the children of Squire L. and Priscilla J. Barker, of which six survive—two well past seventy and four eighty to eighty-eight.

The Barker family, with members and multiple descendants now prominent in life, had taken deep, enduring roots in the majestic environs of the upper Sapello Canyon—truly a Beulah Land!

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

GOLD!

Green Russell and Gold (University of Texas Press, $6.00) is told by Elma Dill Russell Spencer, grandniece of Green. Green Russell and his brothers, John, Levi (Uncle Doc) and Oliver grew up near the first major gold-mining area in the U. S., Auraria and Dahlonega in Northern Georgia. They knew gold mining and when gold was discovered in California, Green and John went immediately. They were real rarities in California—experienced gold miners—and at the end of the year came home with a sizeable stake. John was ready to invest his earnings and settle down in Georgia. Green then took his two younger brothers, Oliver and Levi, to California and for two years the Russells were successful miners. On their return to Georgia, Green bought a plantation and Levi went to Medical College in Philadelphia and after three years came home to practice. The panic of 1857, however, was decisive in once more starting the Russells on the trail of gold. In the spring of 1857, Green and Oliver went to Kansas to look for new farming land—they found some to their liking in Pottawatomie County and planted crops. En route to Kansas, the Russells visited Cherokee friends in Indian Territory to investigate the finding of gold in the Rockies by the Ralston party of Cherokees en route to the California diggings. The Cherokees agreed to join the party from Georgia to prospect the Rockies in the spring of 1858. The 1858 party of 104, including many Cherokees, explored the front range after crossing the Platte but were soon discouraged and in the first days of July, ninety-one of the prospectors gave up. Green, Oliver and Levi Russell and ten others stayed and on their way to the mountains up the Platte found their first cheering prospects of gold in Cherry Creek. There is much family history—most of it from the lips of the author's grandmother, Jane (Mrs. Oliver) Russell. Ben Carlton Mead did the drawings and maps; there is an extensive bibliography plus an index. Attractive and worthwhile.

Ho! For the Gold Fields (Minnesota Historical Society, $8.50) was edited by Helen McCann White. It is, by far, the most comprehensive treatment of the movement of the northern overland wagontrains to the Montana diggings in the 1860s. This account is made up primarily of the emigrants' own stories—their letters to their relatives and friends back home, diaries, journals and reports. The eight trains, all from Minnesota, between 1862 and 1867 took about 1,400 new citizens to Montana. The assembling of the original documents, most of them printed here for the first time, was no small task and their editing (minor) and annotating (major) involved much research. The rosters of the eight trains are included plus maps of the routes followed. There are over fifty illustrations, including one by Charles M. Russell, plus an index. This is a big, handsome book that will serve historians and researchers of the future quite well indeed.

Australians and the Gold Rush (University of California Press, $6.50) is by Jay Monaghan, historian and writer. Many historians cannot write entertainingly and most of the writers who can are not historians. Dr. Monaghan is of that rare breed who can make history interesting and fun to read. In this book he covers the Aussie invasion of California and the return of the gold seekers to lead the Down Under discoveries. The period of 1849-1851 was a trying one in Australian history—there were labor problems, a surplus of goods and the price of wool was down. The leaders felt that they could ill afford to lose any appreciable amount of the country's sparse population to California. John Fairfax, editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, for example, was reluctant to announce the discovery of gold in California. Australian merchants, however, were quick to recognize the opportunities for reducing their inventories since they could send goods to California in a shorter time than could the U.S. east coast merchants. The ship owners wanted passengers as well as goods but the newspapers discouraged emigration. Despite all efforts to keep the Aussies at home, many of them did go to California. Dr. Monaghan's account of all this, plus much more—the exodus of husband-hunting Australian women to California and the lynching of two of the "Sydney Ducks," for example—is great reading and you may be sure is backed by diligent research. The book is illustrated with old prints and photos, there is a good bibliography and an adequate index. History as you like it!

SOCIAL HISTORY

The Christmas of the Phonograph Records (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) is by the late Mari Sandoz. It is a nostalgic page from her childhood and the Press has given it an appropriate format. Old Jules is the hero of this story and in the end, Mari the villain. There are a few drawings by James W. Brown including one in color on the front cover. A gem.

FOLKLORE—HISTORY

In the Shadow of History (Folklore Associates, Hatboro, Pa., $5.50) is a reprint of the Texas Folklore Society Publication XV, first issued in 1939. It was edited by J. Frank Dobie with the help of Mody C. Boatright and Harry H. Ransom. Dobie also contributed "The Line that Travis Drew" and "The Roadrunner in Fact and Folklore" to this volume. There are other legends of the Alamo and some Mexican and Indian tales. Winnifred Kupper, of the Hill Country Thalmans, who studied with Dobie, introduces some of the folk characters of the sheep industry. It is a diverse and entertaining volume and too long OP. This new edition has a "Preface" by Dr. Wilson M. Hudson, the present Secretary-Editor of the Society, that is of considerable Dobie interest. Recommended.

A VOLUNTEER WITH CUSTER

Campaigning with Custer and the Nineteenth Kansas Volunteer Cavalry on the Washita Campaign, 1868-69 (Argonaut Press, University Microfilms, $7.50) is from the daily dairy of David L. Spotts of Company L. It was edited and arranged for publication by E. A. Brininstool in 1928 and this is a facsimile reprint. Spotts was an Indiana boy who arrived in Kansas in July, 1868 and joined the Nineteenth late in October. The Nineteenth was still trying to reach Camp Supply when Custer and the Seventh hit Black Kettle on the Washita late in November. As a matter of fact, the Nineteenth didn't do much Indian fighting but this is a fine first-hand account of the life of a six-month volunteer. The Nineteenth was poorly equipped, poorly fed and poorly disciplined—it is probably a blessing that the Regiment did not have to do much fighting. Spotts faithfully reports the rumors of the doings of Custer and the Seventh but records but little contact with the regulars. There are some photos including the last one taken of Custer and one of Calamity Jane (why?) and the complete roster of the officers and men of the Nineteenth. The addition of an index would have been most helpful.

PICTORIAL HISTORY

The Colorful Butterfield Overland Stage (Best-West Publications, $6.75) covers only the route of the Butterfield in California. It reproduces in color twenty paintings by Marjorie Reed and frankly (and on purpose) they make the book. The brief text is by Richard F. Pourade, the San Diego historian, who has wisely let the paintings do most of the talking. The artist knows the Butterfield route from personal exploration and it seems to this reviewer that she chose the spots and incidents to illustrate with considerable care. Despite the glib statement in the introduction that "The chief obstacles (on the Butterfield Trail) were in the Western section, the Colorado Desert and the California mountains, and it is this part of the route that is depicted in his book", this old Texan feels that Majorie Reed can add twenty or forty more great scenes to the pictorial record she has started. In fact, it would be a shame to quit now! More, please!

NAVAHO LORE

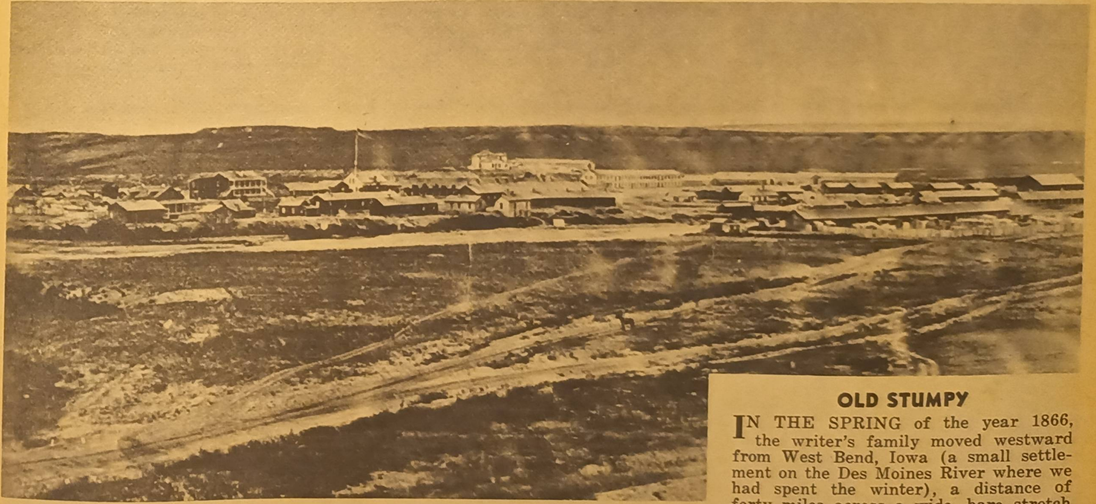
Navaho Neighbors (University of Oklahoma Press, $5.95) were just about the only ones that Franc Johnson Newcomb had for the twenty-five years that she and her husband operated the Blue Mesa Trading Post on the Navaho reservation. She went there as a bride in 1914 and over the years learned much of the ways of the families who lived near it. This is not her first book about the Navaho and let us hope it is not her last. There are some high spots in this book—distinguished visitors, the last roundup of outside cattle allowed on the reservation and the Indian Fairs. But for the most part it is sound reporting, sympathic to be sure, of the everyday living of the Navahos. The photos are good and there is an adequate index. Highly recommended.

OLD WEST Special! $10.50 BOOK BONUS!

RARE BOOK REPRINTED COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE!

CALKINS' TALES OF THE WEST

By FRANK W. CALKINS



U.S. Signal Corps Photo

1876 panoramic view of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, showing road approaches. Note lone rider in foreground.

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OLD STUMPY

IN THE SPRING of the year 1866, the writer's family moved westward from West Bend, Iowa (a small settlement on the Des Moines River where we had spent the winter), a distance of forty miles across a wide, bare stretch of prairie into the valley of the Little Sioux. Here we settled upon a homestead, having to go eighty miles to the nearest land office at Sioux City to take out the necessary papers.

Our nearest neighbors, with the exception of five families who had accompanied us, were fifteen miles away.

In order to give the reader some idea of the raw newness of the country, I will add that our nearest marketing points—Fort Dodge and Sioux City—were each eighty miles away. All that distance we had to go in order to dispose of a few pounds of butter or to buy a pound of sugar.

To build a house of lumber was not to be thought of, though my father did manage to get a quantity of floorings, sheetings and shingles made from native ash at a sawmill twenty miles down the river. From these he finished a comfortable log cabin into which we moved on one of the first days of May.

As I have said, our nearest neighbors lived fifteen miles away, but we soon discoverd several of a nomadic sort who made their appearance periodically, and lived in "dugouts" along the river. These were old fellows who hunted for a living and, in their own dialect, had "trapped the kentry off'n fer years."

One evening, just after we were fairly settled in our new cabin, and while we were seated at supper, there appeared in the open doorway one of the oddest-looking creatures imaginable. It was a little old man with a reddish-gray beard and long, thin hair of the same color; and though I was then but a boy ten years old, I can at this moment shut my eyes and recall the image distinctly. The dumpy figure standing for a moment, one foot upon the doorsill, one dirty hand resting on the casing, the greasy, patched, old "wammus," deerskin pants and big beaver cap are still vivid in my recollection.

"Come in," said my father, as the queer old fellow stood hesitating, with a grin upon his face. "Come in and have some supper."

"I'm obleeged to ye, mister; don't keer'f I dew," and he stumped into the room, half falling over the sill and stumbling across the floor in a clumsy, awkward fashion. "Got no feet," he exclaimed, " 'cep'n only a wooden un an' a stub.

"Ben a-trappin' round here some this spring," he continued, hitching up to the table. "These is my grounds, from the forks down here to the head of the Stony. Got a dugout up'n the high bank nigh Round Grove. Got 'nuther up'n the Sioux nigh the 'Lakes' (a local name, still used, for the group of lakes mentioned above) an' I've got a nuther out on Rock River, an' a nuther up'n Minnesoter on the Lacky Parle." (*Lac Qui Parle*, Lake Which Speaks.) "Change off, ye know; fer when t'aint good trappin' on one ground, most gen'ly 'tis on a nuther."

Having thus oddly introduced himself, he began using his knife and fingers upon the food passed to him, eating rapidly while he answered the various questions my father put to him. He sat next to me at the table, and I noted that his clothes were woefully greasy, and had a smell about them which I came to recognize later on when I trapped my first muskrat. I left the table before I had finished supper, but sat in the doorway where I could watch our queer guest and listen to what he said.

During the course of the meal, we learned that his name was Charles Weeks, and that he was born near the shore of Lake Champlain in New York. He had come West in '35, and had trapped in northern Iowa and in Minnesota ever since. For thirty years, in fact, since he was a boy of nineteen, this man had wandered over and lived on these uncivilized prairies, and the greater part of the time he had lived alone.

AFTER SUPPER it began to rain gently, and my father and I hastened to finish the remaining "chores."

When we came in, dripping from the rain which meantime had begun to fall more rapidly, the old trapper was still sitting by the fire, for even though an evening in May, the storm was a cold and thoroughly disagreeable one.

"Knowed this was a-comin'," said the trapper. "Reckon ye'll hev to let me roll in on yer floor here fer the night. I could 'a' huffed it home to my dugout ten years ago, when I stud on two feet 'stid of two stumps, an' I'd 'a' thought nothin' of sech a sprinkle es this; but them days is gone by."

My father assured him that he was welcome to stay, and then asked if he would tell how he came to meet with such a misfortune as the losing of his feet; and I will give his story mainly in my own words, rather than in his backwoods dialect.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "It's a pitiful yarn, though, and I don't generally like to say much about it. It happened about ten years ago over on the Des Moines. I was staying that fall with a gritty chap that moved up from Fort Dodge and squatted on a piece of Des Moines bottom-land. He had his wife with him, and a baby about a year old, I reckon, as pretty and as slick, too, as a muskrat kit.

"Symmons—that was the man's name—had built himself a log shanty, and he had a yoke of oxen and a cow, and had broken a five-acre lot that spring, and tried to raise some potatoes and sod-corn; but he planted too late and the frost killed every hill of them early in September.

"Well, at that time I had a dugout not far from where he'd settled, and I had some flour and coffee, and a lot of traps cached nearby; so when I came down from a summer's hunt up in Minnesota to begin my fall trapping, Symmons wanted me to go partner with him for a season. Seeing he was so hard up, and that he could furnish me with a decent place to live in and cook, I concluded I'd go in with him.

"You see, in those days, and now too, the buyers came around late every fall and spring, and bought all the fur the trappers had taken during the fur season. So we decided that when we had sold our furs that fall, I was to take Symmons' oxen and wagon and make a trip down to the fort for a winter's supply of groceries and such things.

"Well, we did do famously for a couple of months. All the sloughs were unusually full of rat houses built that summer, and there were plenty of beaver and mink on the river and creeks.

"Everything went off well enough with us until one day about the last of November. Then we had trouble enough, and it came quick and unexpected.

"A lot of Sioux had sneaked into our parts unknown to us, and one night they lay in ambush in a grove near the cabin. As it happened, when we went to the cabin Symmons was ahead of me and he got all their bullets. I got none.

"Poor fellow! They killed him the first fire, for he wasn't expecting anything of the kind, for there hadn't been any Indian trouble in our parts for over two years. He was carrying his pelts along without even a gun with him.

"I had mine, though, and as I was on the other side of the river from them all, I made a break to get away. Then the Indians rode to the shanty and burned it, and drove off the cattle.

"They didn't find Symmons' wife at home, for she had heard the firing and had run off with her baby and hid in some thick willows down the river. It was nearly dark when they got to the house, or I reckon they would have found her easily enough, for I had no trouble finding her, shivering and crying in the brush next morning.

"You may be sure she was glad to see me, poor thing, for she thought we'd both been shot. She and the baby were nearly frozen for it was very cold in the night. But she wouldn't be satisfied to go away without looking after Symmons, until I told her I had found him and buried him on a sand bar.

"We were poorly equipped for cold weather, and especially for the tramp between us and where her folks lived at Fort Dodge.

"When she knew what we must do, she got right up with her little one and said she was ready to start. Well, we set off at once, down the river. I carried the baby, and she carried the gun, except when we saw any game I'd try to get a shot. And I did kill a duck and a rabbit before noon, and made a fire by firing my gun into a mess of dry leaves. By this fire we cooked and ate them both for dinner.

"When we'd got through our meal, and had got upon high land, I found that we had reached a point where we must make a tremendous circuit round the west bend. It had grown warmer and I concluded to risk it, knowing that we could make it before night if it didn't storm. The woman was clean grit and a good traveler, and the baby seemed to feel contented as a kitten after its dinner of broiled rabbit.

"Mis' Symmons, though, couldn't keep from crying all the time, and every little while she'd burst out afresh, and I'd say something to try and keep up her spirits; but you can believe that I didn't feel more than ordinary cheerful myself about that time.

"WAL, we hadn't made more than half that stretch of prairie before I saw there was a big snowstorm brewing, such a storm as I reckon they never get anywhere except here on these prairies." (These storms have since become well known under the name of blizzards.)

"That made me uneasy enough; for I knew if one struck us away from shelter, we wouldn't stand one chance in a hundred of getting through alive.

"The snow came with a tremendous northwest wind when we were about three miles out from the river, and in five minutes you couldn't see six rods from the end of your nose. It turned cold so suddenly it seemed like being slapped in the face with an icy blanket after coming out of a warm room.

"Mis' Symmons happened to be dressed purty warm with a flannel dress and a cloak that she could pull over her head. She hadn't time, when she fled from the Indians into the woods, to get her bonnet, and the baby hadn't scarcely any clothes on, but she had wrapped it in her cloak all night.

"Well, when that storm came, I made up my mind there wasn't any show for us, although I'd try and save the baby. I jerked off the fur socks that I wore inside my rawhide 'packs' and pulled one of them over each of the baby's legs, and tucked its arms inside of them, too. Then I pulled on my packs and put the little creature inside my coat next to my bosom, and we hurried on. The wind was at our backs, and that was one grand thing. I knew if we could keep on for the next half hour we could make the timber on the river; for all we had to do to get our direction was to point straight with the wind.

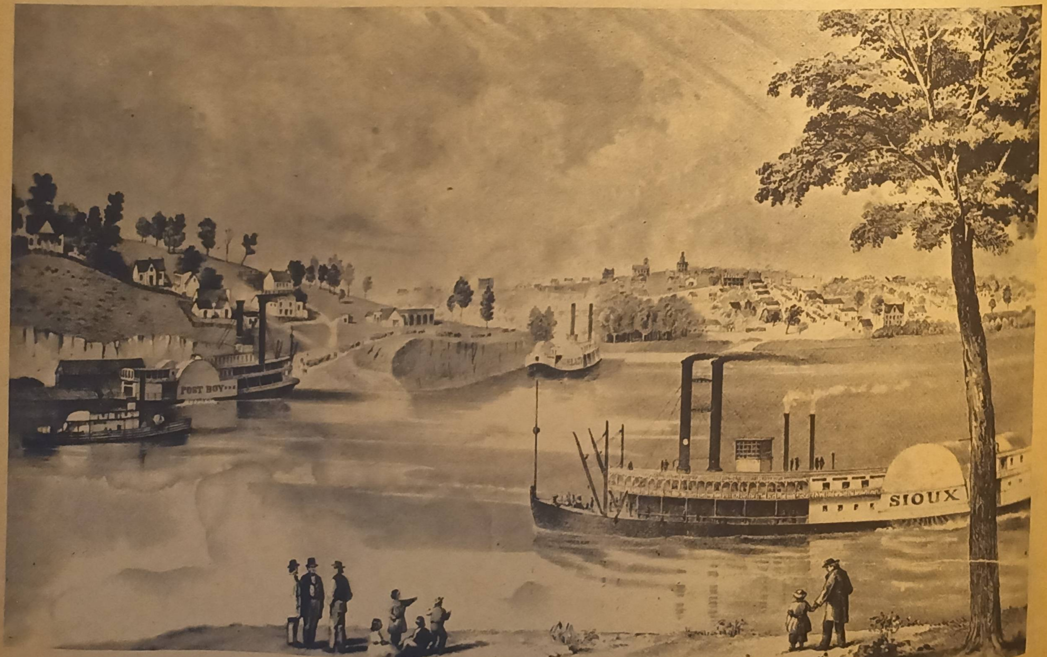
"I made Mis' Symmons hang to my coat-tail, and then I took her off at a good dog-trot, with the wind helping us on.

"It was a terrible jaunt! The wind blowed harder and the snow grew thicker every minute; and the cold seemed to cut clean to the bone. It wasn't five minutes before I knew my feet were freezing. No great wonder, you see, after pulling off warm fur socks and then putting my cold feet back into them frozen rawhides.

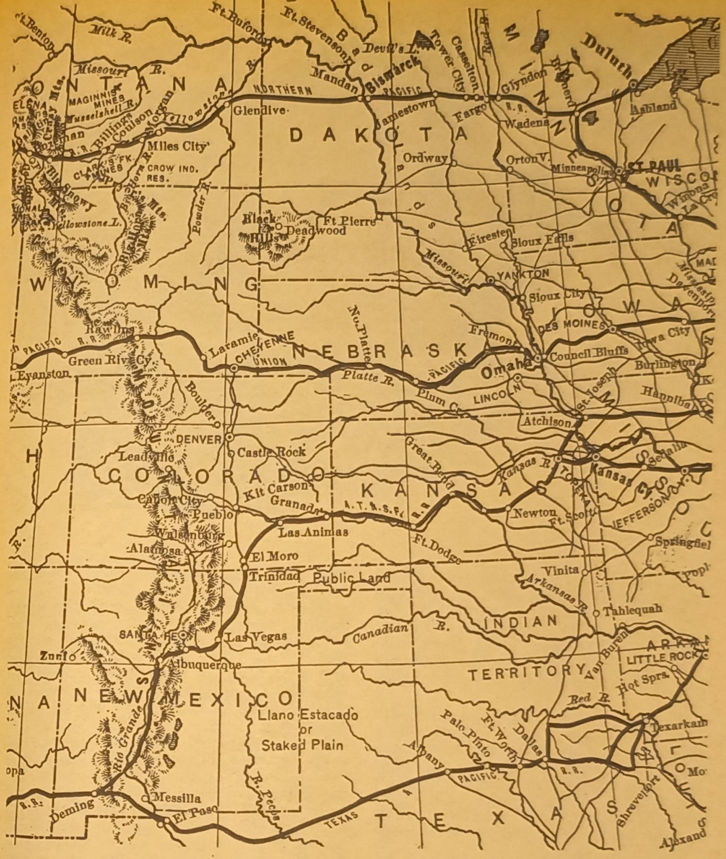
"I hugged that baby and went ahead harder and harder, and that plucky Mis' Symmons she hung to me and kept up, and finally we made the river, and got into a sheltered place behind a hill.

"It wasn't dark, and so while she held the baby and walked down a path in the snow, I got together a pile of dry wood and made a fire. Then I took my knife and cut a big heap of brush and made a kind of shelter over the fire so the snow wouldn't sift down on us. That completed, I took my gun and went along the bottom of the hill and shot a grouse and a couple of rabbits, and brought them in.

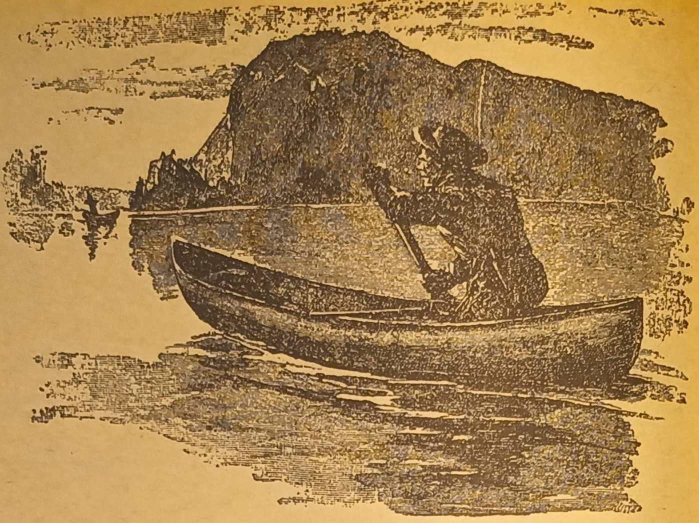
"By that time we had a first-rate fire,



Nebraska City, below Omaha, in 1865 as seen from Iowa side of the Missouri. From a drawing by R. E. Mathews.



Map showing frontier areas traversed by principals cited in Calkins' book



and Mis' Symmons had got down by it and examined her baby, and had found it wasn't frozen anywhere; but, poor woman, she'd begun to thaw out herself, in spots, and she was suffering terribly.

"As for me, I had worked all the time like a beaver, and I'd kept every part of me warm but my feet. They were frozen solid, from the ankle down and felt like a couple of sticks.

"I thawed 'em out in snow by the fire; but I couldn't tell you what I suffered that night. Mis' Symmons wasn't frozen badly anywhere, just her toes and some frost-bit spots on her shoulders and hands. Her cloak had saved her head and ears, and my big beaver cap, like the one I wear now, had saved mine.

"We managed to cook the rabbits and eat them, and to feed the baby, which didn't make any fuss at all, but went to sleep in its mother's arms.

"It was a frightful night, but somehow we lived, all of us—she a-dozing by the fire and holding the sleeping baby, and I cutting and piling sticks on the fire.

"The next forenoon, about the middle, it cleared off. We had cooked and eaten the grouse for breakfast and I'd got a heap of dry wood round the fire, so I told Mis' Symmons that I knew where there was a dugout, four or five miles below, and if she thought she could keep herself and the baby warm, I'd go down there and prospect.

"She said she could, and wanted me to go; so I walked off, and got down there after a couple of hours' hard wading, expecting to find the dugout empty, and not fit to stay in. Wasn't I the happiest man to find two trappers that I knew occupying it, and fixed up as snug as you please!

"They were Bill Goss and Jim Freeman, God bless 'em! And the way they took me inside and put me in warm blankets, and then took more and went after that woman and her baby was a blessed thing to see, I tell ye."

The old trapper drew his dirty sleeve across his eyes, and every other eye in the cabin was wet with sympathy.

"Well, they took us in and nursed us," continued the old man, "and when the weather became clear, Bill put on his snowshoes and went down to the fort and got her folks who lived there to come up after her with a team and sled. And they got a doctor, too, to come up to see me; for my feet had been getting awful bad.

"When her folks came they took her home, and the next spring they all moved back to Mississippi, and I never saw her or the baby again. I didn't get 'round again for a good while, and when I did, I'd lost one foot and ten toes, and I've been stumping it over the prairies ever since. That's why they call me 'Old Stumpy.' Still, I don't know but I'd do the same thing agin—pore creatures!"

McCLEOD'S ADVENTURE

AMONG the earliest settlers of the Wisconsin valley were "Bob" and "Bill" McCleod, known to later settlers as the "McCloud Brothers." Long before the tide of emigration began to turn northward from the exhausted mines of the "Lead Region"—the date is not exactly known—Bob and Bill had built their log cabin on the north side of the river and settled themselves under a picturesque bluff in what is now known as Richland County.

They were hunters and trappers of true backwoods origin, and belonged to that rough and hardy class of men who have for more than a century led the vanguard of our civilization into the wilderness. They were large, fierce-looking men, who usually shunned neighbors and had little to say to those whom they met.

They kept up an inveterate feud with the Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies, whose hunting grounds encroached upon what they were pleased to call their own. This feud was continued long after the treaties of peace which had settled the difficulties which were the causes for the Black Hawk and the Winnebago "Wars."

The McCleods hated the Indians with a fierce and unrelenting hatred and were cordially hated in their turn, and also greatly feared by the roving bands of savages who knew them.

Bob, at least so it is said, had sad cause for his hatred of the Winnebagoes, for during the Indian troubles of 1827, a party of three young bucks had made a raid upon a small settlement in Missouri and had taken several persons, among them young McCleod's betrothed, a girl of sixteen years.

For six years Bob mourned her sincerely, and then during one of his trading trips to Prairie Du Chien he met his long-lost sweetheart and knew her instantly. But she was the wife of a Winnebago and had almost forgotten her own people, so thoroughly had she become Indianized.

From that day Bob grew morose and vindictive. and his brother shared in this feeling. Neither of them ever married. In their difficulties with the Indians—and they were known to have had many—they were not, it is perhaps just to say, always the aggressors.

It is known that on more than one occasion the brothers were in danger from parties of Winnebagoes and Pottawatomies who had come upon their "hunting circuit" with the evident intention of either killing the white men or driving them across the river; but such was the address, the watchfulness and boldness of Bob and Bill that in every instance they were enabled to escape and sometimes to inflict serious punishment upon their enemies.

Once a single Winnebago in the night boldly perched himself among the branches of a scrub oak that grew at the foot of the bluff, and with gun cocked and ready, waited patiently for daylight when he expected to kill one or both of the brothers as they came out of their cabin door.

As it happened, Bill had gone out early in the evening to watch deer at a "lick" in one of the hollows above. He did not return until daylight, and as he came around the point of the bluff with a saddle of venison upon his shoulders, he caught a glimpse of a moccasined foot dangling below the limb of an oak between himself and the cabin. With great caution he crept nearer to the object, and saw that an Indian was crouching among the leaves. As soon as he had obtained a clear view of the intended assassin, he drew his rifle and shot him.

Bob, who had been out all night the night before and was sleeping late—late for him—was aroused by the shot and came out rubbing his eyes with one hand, and with a cocked rifle in the other.

The Winnebago had a bright, new Army musket, and if the brothers had been at home and—as frequently happened after getting their breakfast—had come out of their cabin door together, he might have killed them both. This was, no doubt, his design.

AT ANOTHER time, while Bill and Jules Piquith—a "Canadian Frenchman" who was trapping in company with them—were away on a trading trip, Bob had a bout with a Pottawatomie, which came near costing him his life, and in which the Indian certainly was the victor.

It was in June. Bill and Piquith had gone down the river with a boatload of furs—their spring catch—to market them at Prairie Du Chien, which was the nearest trading post. One evening, several days after their departure, Bob was returning down the river in his dugout from a visit to some "setlines" at a famous catfish-hole which he had discovered at the lower end of an island. He saw a canoe shoot out from the mouth of a creek, some hundred yards ahead, and glide off down the current.

It was dusk, but Bob thought he knew the canoe. It was Bill's dugout, and somebody was taking a most unwarrantable liberty in paddling it about.

He and Bill, with a considerable amount of labor, had each fashioned a light dugout, or canoe, from a pine log, for paddling about to their traps and on fishing excursions. Each used a broad paddle of cedar, and could propel his light craft through the current at a surprising rate of speed.

These canoes were among their most valuable possessions, therefore Bob was highly incensed upon seeing a stranger making off in one of them.

"Hi thar!" he yelled. "You, feller!"

But the stranger paddled swiftly on without seeming to have heard.

Again Bob called, or rather roared at the retreating canoeman, "Hi, you! Land that dugout!" Then, seized with a sudden conviction that the trespasser was "one o' them Pottawats from Muscada," the irate hunter caught up his rifle and leveled it. He found it too dark to sight with any accuracy and, hastily laying down his gun, resumed the paddle.

So began an exciting race. The Indian, of course, knew that he was pursued but evidently relied upon the growing darkness to protect him from the white man's rifle, and upon his own dexterous use of the paddle to make his final escape.

On the latter point, however, he was much mistaken. Bob was a man of great strength and an expert in the use of his broad paddle; an implement so large as to be clumsy in the hands of an Indian used to the light blade with which his birch-bark craft was propelled.

In less than a mile's run, McCleod came up with the Pottawatomie.

The Indian was on the lookout, and when Bob's canoe had come up within a few yards of him, quickly dropped his paddle and caught up his gun.

Bob was just on the point of reaching for his own gun, but so quick were the Indian's movements that the hunter had only time to throw himself backwards as the Pottawatomie's gun cracked. The bullet whistled over his head harmlessly enough, and Bob straightened up with a hoot of derision.

The Indian, to expedite his movements, had dropped his paddle upon the current and Bob saw that he was vainly reaching for it while his canoe was drifting.

Instead of "wastin' an' wishing'," McCleod determined to run the Indian down—that is, to upset his canoe and strike him on the head as he struggled in the water. But as he was about to drive at it, over it went, and the Pottawatomie disappeared in a sudden plunge into the water on the other side. Bob thought he understood that movement. Shooting his canoe forward until it had passed the drifting one, and then catching up his gun, he watched sharply for the Indian's head to appear. It was not so dark but that he could see the surface quite plainly for a number of yards on either side, and he knew that the Indian could neither swim very fast nor remain very long under water.

HE WATCHED several seconds, but in vain for no head appeared, and then suddenly began to suspect the trick that had been played him. He was just about to turn and take a look at the overturned canoe when he felt it grate against the stern of his own. He threw his rifle around, with a quick intuition of what was about to happen, but he was too late. McCleod never knew exactly how it was done, but as he turned, his canoe was given a violent wrench at the stern and he was pitched, gun in hand, neatly out into the water.

The Indian had either come up under the overturned canoe or just behind it, and as it drifted down against Bob's craft, the wily fellow had seized and upset it, well knowing that with a wet rifle and himself in the water, the white man would not be a formidable foe.

Bob came to the surface spluttering, but clinging instinctively to his rifle.

"Hoo! hoo!" shouted the Indian. "How you like?" McCleod turned his head and saw the Pottawatomie making off, swimming toward the point of an island—the channel was studded with them—some fifty yards below.

Angrily determined to punish the Indian at all hazards, he immediately struck out and gave chase. Both swimmers were encumbered with their rifles, but the Indian had several yards the start, and proved himself as good a swimmer as the white man. He reached a ridge of sand against which the deep current was wearing, as much in advance as he had started, and quickly drawing himself up, faced about and clubbed his gun. By the time the Indian had executed this maneuver, Bob had come within striking distance, and suddenly realized that he had made another mistake.

Just as his feet struck bottom, the Pottawatomie leaned forward—the Indian was standing up to his knees in sand—and struck viciously at him with the barrel of his gun. Bob barely had time to throw his head to one side, and the blow fell with benumbing force upon his right shoulder and, glancing, knocked the rifle out of his hand.

Bob had the presence of mind to throw himself quickly backward, to kick vigorously with both feet while he "pawed the water" with his left hand; his right he could not use.

This energetic plunge undoubtedly saved his life, for before the Indian could recover to deal another blow, Bob was out of reach. He now swam on his side out a few yards into the current and treading water with his feet awaited the canoes which were drifting down toward him. The Indian plunged into the water, secured Bob's rifle, then stood on the bank and shook both guns at the discomfited hunter.

"Hi, you!" he yelled. "You want gun, you come git." Then he dropped the guns, laughed, slapped his legs, and hooted at the enraged Bob all the derisive English of his vocabulary.

As for McCleod, he had nothing to say but bore his misfortune with outward stoicism—like a savage in this respect at least—and when the canoes drifted alongside, he managed to get himself astride the bottom of one.

By the use of his uninjured arm and his legs, he paddled it ashore at the main bank, leaving the Indian to capture the other and make off at his leisure.

Bob went home to his cabin to nurse his wound and his wrath. It was some days before he could use his right hand, even to feed himself. He had a musket and plenty of ammunition at the cabin, and with this weapon he was obliged to content himself until it came his turn to make the fall trading trip.

He never saw his rifle again, although the canoe was accidentally discovered the following spring. It was hid near the mouth of a creek, not far from a deserted Pottawatomie village.

AN EXCITING BOAT RIDE

"ISN'T THAT the mouth of White River?" I said to Capt. Isaac Brodhead, of the river steamer *Treadwell*, with whom I had taken passage for a trip up the Missouri not many months ago. We were standing on deck, enjoying the moonlit scenery, and had just come up opposite a gap in the low hills, showing a valley up the bottom of which I could see a long arm of shining water.

"Yes," answered the captain, who stood leaning upon the taffrail. Presently he came to where I stood, and seated himself on the rail with his back to the water.

"I made the money to buy this boat, or rather the one that I owned before this, off that river," he remarked, and the remark was in a tone that plainly invited a question.

"And how was that?" I asked.

"Trapping." he answered. "Twenty years ago there was more fur to the mile along the banks of White Earth—that's what we called the river then—than on any other stream of its size that runs into the Missouri.

"Fur brought a good price then, too," he continued. "A trapper could make money in those days, if he cared to save. Most trappers are too free with their cash. It wasn't so with me, though."

He sat thoughtful after this, and at length I ventured a question.

"Did you go out alone when you trapped on the White Earth?"

"No, of course not. The business was too dangerous; and then, two or three men could trap to better advantage than one. I used to trap with two fellows named Thad Peters and Gil Villemont. We started out in September and did not get back to the Missouri till the middle of the next May, or later.

"For two seasons we went up White Earth in a big skiff, and when we came back, it was loaded so full of pelts that two of us had to walk alongshore, while the other steered the skiff.

"The last time we had to make a big dugout canoe, pack part of them in that, and take it in tow. We could have made another for two of us to ride down in, but it was such a desperate lot of work to dig one out with the tools we had, that we'd rather walk. We always kept another boat cached near the mouth of White Earth, and when we struck the river, we pulled this out of its hiding, calked it, and sailed down to Omaha, where we spent our summers and sold our fur.

"In the fall we loaded our boats on some up-river steamer which took them and us back again to the mouth of White Earth, and landed us there.

"But the third season we took with us a bigger boat, a flat scow skiff large enough to bring us back and all the pelts we might take in the season. She was twenty-one feet long, eight and a half wide in the center, with planked sides twenty-two inches high. She had two sweep-oars on the sides, and a steering oar that would work on either end.

"She was a queer kind of craft, made so as not to draw much water going up the river, for at that season the water was always low. In the spring, during the freshets, the stream was generally deep enough in mid-channel for the heaviest river craft, and that was the time we came down with our load.

“WELL, we set off in the big boat at the mouth of White Earth about the first of September, and by the middle of the month we had worked our way 125 miles up the stream to the mouth of Porcupine. Here we had a dugout hut, stoned up in front, which was Injun-proof (at least while we were inside of it), and which we used for our winter quarters.

“We had been lucky in having never seen an Injun in that vicinity or when we were passing up or down the river. There was not, however, very much risk of meeting them unless it was at a camp or a crossing; and in those days the savages never seemed to hunt along White Earth, except in early summer when the deer and elk came down to the bottoms to raise their fawns and calves where there was tall grass and good hiding places.

“In fact, the only two tribes that we were afraid of were the Brulés up on the Missouri and the Oglallas down on the Niobrara. And we ran the risk of encountering them, for fellows of our craft always took their chances of meeting the redskins twenty years ago.

“We got through the winter very satisfactorily and did not meet with any misadventure until we were coming down the river in the spring, with our furs. We were within a day’s run of the Missouri and the boat was loaded with pelts. We had on board sufficient provisions for the run down to Omaha, so it was not necessary to land. We had made a week’s bread ahead, and had placed flat stones in the scow on which to build a fire. Dry willow tops and limbs of trees to cook meat and coffee could be gathered as we went along.

“Our furs were baled and wrapped tightly in buffalo skins, and these were packed around the sides of the boat so that the oars would just work over the top of them.

“There was but little need, however, of using the oars; the river was high—all back over the bottoms—and the current in the middle channel was swift and strong. It took us along about five miles an hour, and we should probably have reached the Missouri by noon of the second day without seeing an Indian if we hadn’t camped over the first night.

“Just after we had shoved out from shore on the morning of the day before we reached the Missouri, Gil Villemont sang out: ‘Look over there, boys! We’ve got company!’

“He was in the bow, or the end that happened to be the bow at the time, and pointed to the prairie to the right. Thad and I looked. What should we see but what seemed to us a hundred Indians on ponies, galloping down a long slope toward the river!

“For a moment we were so surprised that we just sat and stared at them, when all at once they discovered us and brought their ponies to a standstill instantly.

“ ‘Mates,’ said Gil, ‘I’m sure they are Oglallers, for they always go in droves. We had better get out of gunshot. They can’t come after us on horseback.’

“Gil and I seized the oars while Thad steered, and turned the boat out of the channel over onto the ‘swash-water’ of the bottom land.

“The Indians no sooner saw us move than they set up a yell that could have been heard a mile away, and came dashing down to the water’s edge. It didn’t take many sweeps of our long oars to run across toward the other shore, and then there was nearly a half-mile of deep water between us and the savages.

“ ‘They can’t bother us much now,’ said Thad, ‘for neither their guns nor their arrows will reach us here, and we will get to the old ‘Misery’ by night. So let them powwow if they want to, or they can foller us down the river, as they choose.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said Gil, who was a queer-talking fellow, and drawled out his words when he wished to make a point, ‘yes, but remember, lad, this is May and the ice is out. We’ve had warm spring rains a-plenty, and thar’s nothing under the sun to keep part of those rascals from swimming over behind us if they should take it into their heads to tackle us from both sides at once.’

“That wasn’t a pleasant view to take of our situation, and we hadn’t gone 200 rods before we saw that that was exactly what the savages intended to do, for in a few moments a part of them rode into the water and started for the opposite bank. Then they slipped off behind, and each savage caught his horse by the tail and steered him across.

“We at once steered our boat back again into the middle of the channel, and as the stream broadened out below us for a mile or so, we had a chance to prepare for defense before we reached narrow places where the Indians would have a chance to shoot us.

“We had each a rifle; muzzle-loader, of course, for that was before the day of Winchesters. Among us we numbered five big six-shot revolvers. We were well armed for the times, but what were three men in the face of a hundred Indians? Even if we had a thousand guns, we couldn’t use but one apiece at a time, and one of us must attend to the steering of the boat.

“We judged, too, that the Indians were Oglallas, from the fact that they evidently came from the south, and had a large number of ponies with them besides what they rode; and we concluded that they felt sure our boat was loaded with valuable furs that could be traded for guns and ammunition at the agencies. It would be a great prize for them and we felt that they would do their best to capture our cargo.

“Gil, who’d had more than one skirmish with Indians, planned our defense for us. He had us stack the fur bales in three different places, one at the stern, one at the bow and one midway—a row on each side, so as to shelter each of us completely while sitting between them. Then he took his place in the stern to steer. It was a cramped position and the most dangerous one; for when he came to a strong side current, he’d be sure to have to stand up in order to get the right sweep for his oar-handle. But he was a brave fellow.

“ ‘Now, boys,’ said he, when Thad an’ I’d got fixed in between our stacks, with rifle, revolvers and ammunition in front of us, ‘I want you to keep cool. Don’t show yourselves to get a shot. In fact, don’t shoot at all unless they get on a point in front of us, at some of the narrows. Then we shall have to drive them back; for then I must stand up and steer hard to keep the boat from the shore.’ Gil drawled this out in his slow, queer way, and Thad and I promised to heed his suggestions.

“IN THE meantime part of the Indians had crossed, and now both squads of them were galloping down, one on each side of the river, to reach some of the narrows in front of us. A mile or so ahead there was a place such as you’ll find every once in a while on all small streams, a place where the highlands crowd the valley in on both sides, and of course the flood of water is pinched up into a narrower channel. Luckily for us, though, in this place which would give good arrow-range from both sides, the water was much stronger and swifter than anywhere else.

“Well, both gangs came crowding down into the very edges of the water and ranged themselves out in lines. Then they got off their ponies and stood in the water behind them, so as to protect their bodies; for the rascals weren’t any more ready to take chances in those days than they are now.

“Thad was in the bow. He was a hare-brained fellow, but a good shot. As soon as we had drifted near enough so that we were within rifle-shot, he rose up, rested his rifle over the top of his barricade, took a long, close aim, and fired.

“Gil and I both craned our heads to see if the shot did execution, and I saw the nearest pony on the right bank rear up and fall over into the water. The Indian behind him scampered to another pony; whereupon the whole gang set up a yell and began firing their guns and shooting arrows from both sides of the river.

“Of course, we were obliged to stick close to cover. The arrows skipped and whizzed over our heads, and the bullets struck the planks like the clatter of hailstones. ’Twas fortunate that we had the furs packed in several folds of hard, dry buffalo skins; and it was still more fortunate for us that we had them at all, for we never could have passed those two lines of fire without being hit, otherwise. Some of the savages fired their arrows into the air at such an angle that when they came down they fell into our boat. More than one feathered shaft buried its head in the planks on the outer edge of the boat, but not one happened to hit us.

“We made the run of the narrows in about a minute, and as we passed below, we held a bale of skins at the back end of the boat so as to stop shots from the rear. In a minute more we were out of reach. Gil laid the steering-oar out straight behind and we swept along swiftly down the center channel.

“As soon as we were fairly out of range on another broad stretch of water, we looked up to see what the Indians were doing. We rather hoped they would now leave us alone after wasting so much ammunition; but we were disappointed for they rode along the highlands, on each side, and swarmed beside us like two flocks of black buzzards hovering over a wounded buffalo. They knew there were more narrows ahead, and they evidently hoped that in some of them the current would not favor us as it had in the one we had just passed.

“Well, after floating something more than five miles, we had another gauntlet to run, and here Gil had to raise his head and arms above his barricade to give an extra sweep and steer us clear of a strong side current, splitting off at a little island and running in sharp against the other bank. He could see ahead enough to tell what turn of the oar was needed; but as he was giving the sweep, an arrow struck the brim of his wool hat and the shaft ran clean through to the feathers. There it stuck.

“ ‘I’ve got a new ornament to my headdress,’ said he, cool as you please, as he leaned back between his bales.

“In a minute or two we were out of the reach of their arrows again, and running downstream between two lines of thick trees. The water roared and swashed with a noise that half-drowned the yells of the savages. And they did yell fearfully every time we passed them.

“This was but a specimen of our experience for eight or ten hours that day. The rascals were loath to give us up, and hour after hour they followed on, swimming the mouths of creeks, keeping well to the front, and shooting at us whenever there was the slightest chance of hitting the boat.

“At last they either got discouraged, or else were short of ammunition, for a little before sundown they pulled up, looked after us awhile, then set off on their return upstream.

“We got up then and stretched our legs and examined the boat and the furs. More than fifty arrows were sticking in the planks and into the buffalo skins of the bales, and there were plenty of bullet marks, too. It fairly looked as if the old scow had feathered out, the arrows were so thick. And I assure you we were glad to get off without any of them in our skins.

“Gil was nearly beat out, and I took his place until about dark, when we shot out into the Missouri, then pulled across and camped on the other side for supper. We went on, however, as soon as we had rested our cramped legs a little by walking about; and a week later we got down to Omaha, safe and sound, with over $3,000 worth of furs.”

A RACE FOR LIFE

SEVERAL years before the first real settlers came to build their log houses on the banks of Spirit and Okoboji Lakes, the wandering trapper and fur hunter had discovered both their beauties and their uses.

These fine lakes now furnish a summer resort for hundreds of families in Iowa, and for tourists from nearly all the Northern and Eastern States. Yet when James Freeman and David Utter built their trapper’s hut a little more than thirty years ago, at the north point of West Okoboji, there was not a settler’s cabin within fifty miles of them.

James Freeman’s first advent into this region was some time about 1852, he believes, though for a long period of his trapping life the years went on with him so much the same that he says he “gits ’em kind o’mixed.”

He first saw the region when out one summer elk hunting with a party of “Johnny Green’s Tribe” of Chippewas. He was so delighted with the lakes that he came back with his traps and spent the fall and winter there, living literally in a hole in one of the banks like a badger. He had such success that season that, upon returning to Prairie du Chien in the spring, his lean ponies loaded down with rat, mink and fox skins, he easily found a partner to go back with him the next fall.

It was a young man named David Utter who went out with him upon the second trip.

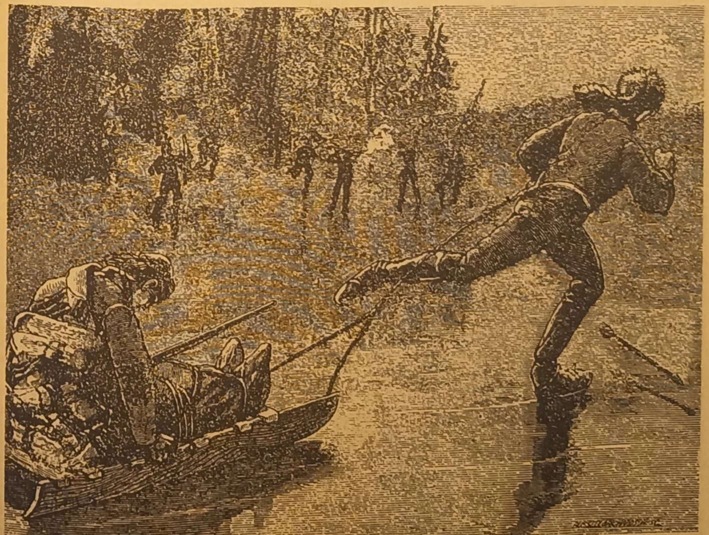
On account of the large number of rat sloughs which lay to westward and northward of the lakes, they made their winter quarters on the beach at the upper end of West Okoboji, which was quite bare of timber, and even bushes. The bank was high and sheltered their cabin from the northwest winds which, in this part of the country, nearly always bring the fiercest storms.

They cut hay for their ponies and built a comfortable shed, and passed a very prosperous though, as it happened on account of steady hard cold, a rather monotonous winter.

Spring came again at last, and the early summer brought the trappers back loaded with furs to James’ usual market at Prairie du Chien.

The two men kept quiet about the rich trapping grounds they had discovered in the far northwest of Iowa, but nevertheless when they returned to the lakes the next fall, they found a large log cabin built in the woods at the lower end of West Okoboji, and four young men, brothers, from the vicinity of Prairie du Chien, inhabiting it. These newcomers had been exploring the region and had discovered, by the stakes left sticking in various places to mark it out, the grounds already claimed by Freeman and Utter, and had staked out grounds for themselves, taking in “Gar” Lake, the “outlet,” and several miles on both banks of the Little Sioux River below.

Bullets, buckshot and feathered shafts whistled past them.



As the four young fellows—their patronymic was Gilman—had shown such thorough regard for James’ and David’s rights as trappers, the latter could find no fault with them, and the six trappers came to an amicable agreement to hold the lakes in common against all future pioneers.

JAMES and David took up their old quarters seven miles from the Gilmans’—seven miles of beautiful, clear water, plentifully stocked with fish, which formed a constant source of supply for the trappers’ rude table. Fur and game were as abundant as ever, and the outlook for the season was bright.

Yet misfortune came to them. In the first place, David was taken down in October with malarial fever, caught, no doubt, by exposure in the rat sloughs. James was compelled to stay constantly by him for several weeks, though the Gilman boys took turns, coming across in their canoe, to sit up nights with him.

One night, when David had taken a turn for the better and James was sleeping by his side, their four ponies were stolen from the shed and the trappers never saw them afterwards. The animals were probably taken by some solitary Indian, or else by a party of them.

This was not only a serious loss, but a deep cause for alarm. James and David had never seen any sign of Indians in all their trapping there, except old tepee stakes and a few decayed fish-drying racks along the beaches.

As David grew better, however—such is the hardihood of the trapper—James left him bolstered up on the bunk, and began to put out the traps again.

It was now late in the fall, and though there was no snow as yet, there had come a cold “snap” that froze two or three inches of rough ice over the surface of the lakes.

James had been out twice with the sled, putting traps along the beach, baiting them with fish, and the third day as he was returning just before sundown from his beat, he happened to look off over the high prairie to the northwest, when a sight met his eyes that gave him a sudden and great alarm.

It was a party of horsemen coming down towards the lake. He watched them a few seconds, and though they were fully three miles distant, he was certain they were Sioux.

“Some of ’em,” he said, “have been sneakin’ round ’n’ stole our hosses, ’n’ now they’ve gone back fer others to drive us out o’ here.”

As near as he could count, there were more than thirty of them, and he concluded at once that their bold manner of approach was to be accounted for by their numbers.

James knew them of old for a daring and relentless horde. But he did not wait to study the situation long; he plied his skates in a straight shoot for the cabin, which was a half-mile to the north, almost directly in the face of the coming horsemen.

He kept his eyes upon the latter, and soon saw that they had discovered him and noted his movement, for they whipped up their ponies and headed them directly toward the cabin.

But he could reach the cabin first, and he thought if David were only well they might have time to barricade and fight off the savages; but Utter was not yet able to stand on his feet, and he must be saved at all hazards.

JAMES' plan was quickly made as he dashed forward. He reached the cabin by the time the Indians had made a mile run, as he conjectured, after he came where the bank hid them from view. Bursting open the "shake" door, he rushed inside without untying the sled rope from his belt.

David was sitting up in the bunk, his back to the wall, busily trying to mend an old pair of moccasins with his "buckskin needle" and a "waxed end." Without giving him time to say a word, James caught down his partner's rifle and pistol which hung on the wall, thrust them and the ammunition bag into David's hands, and catching the blankets around the astounded invalid, gathered him forcibly into his arms, and carried him out and deposited him upon the sled, just outside the door.

"Injuns," he said, when Dave had caught his breath enough to ask what was "all this racket about?"

"Better leave me 'n' scoot, if there's many of 'em comin'," suggested David, coolly.

"Not a thought on't, ol' boy; you jest grit yer teeth 'n' hang on 'n' I'll pull ye through to Gilmans'."

"Gimme your gun, too, then," said Dave. "I can hang to both of 'em 'n' the sled too."

His growing excitement gave him strength.

"All right, Dave, ye kin try it," said James, who was now busily strapping a small box of powder and lead upon the rounds of the sled between Dave's legs; when he had secured the latter he strapped Dave's legs down, too.

"Can't roll off if ye try, now," he exclaimed; and he delayed yet a moment longer to fasten the blankets around the poor weak boy's body. Now we'll streak it, Davy, straight shoot for Gilmans'!"

Away the brave fellow darted, dragging the sled with its precious freight at his heels. As soon as he had got out on the lake from under the bluff where he could glance back over the high bank, the intrepid skater saw that he had not a half-mile the start of the Indians. They were coming as fast as their ponies could carry them, and they set up the usual hideous yelling when they sighted the whites.

"Lot of 'em, ain't they?" said David, in his squeaky, weak voice, after twisting his neck for a look at the Indians. "They'll try to ketch us on them p'ints down yonder, Jim."

"Yes!" shouted Freeman. "Don't bother me with talk; I've got ter work now!"

James had understood the danger from his very first thought of this plan of escape. The two points of land that projected into the water, the one on the left, about three miles down the lake, and the other on the right, nearly opposite the Gilman cabin, would either give the Indians a chance to cut him off if they could get out on them before he passed.

If the ice had only been smooth, he would have laughed at his pursuers, well knowing that he could reach Gilmans' before they got half-way down the lake; and once with those four sturdy, well-armed fellows, there in the woods, he would not fear fifty Indians.

But the ice was rough, and do his best, he knew he could not drag that loaded sled and make more than twelve miles an hour. And chances were that the ponies on the smooth prairie would considerably exceed that rate. Still he hoped for the best, and skated at his handsomest pace.

As he and Dave had expected, the Sioux saw their advantage, and without losing a moment, they divided into two parties at the head of the lake and came yelling down both shores at the top of their horses' speed.

It was a hard race for James. On the left-hand side, an inward curve of the lake gave that party of savages an advantage; but on the other hand, an outward sweep of the shore would compel the others to go round. In ten minutes the Sioux on the left bank were neck and neck with the skater; and their shouts came across the quarter-mile of ice with startling distinctness.

"Better cut me loose," squeaked David; "you can't save us both, old fellow."

"No, never!" growled Jim, and then bending forward and hugging the shore a little closer, where the ice was more smooth, he lent his energy to a splendid trial of speed that carried him ahead of the foremost Indian, and passed the point in advance of him—the whole gang of them whooping and screeching frightfully to flurry the fugitives. Several shots were fired; the bullets pattered on the ice behind the sled, but did not strike it.

David could hardly contain himself at this successful run. He cheered and crowed, in his weak way, but so earnestly, nevertheless, that it warmed the heart of the brave, cool skater. It added a mile an hour to his speed, he said, "ter hear Dave squawk."

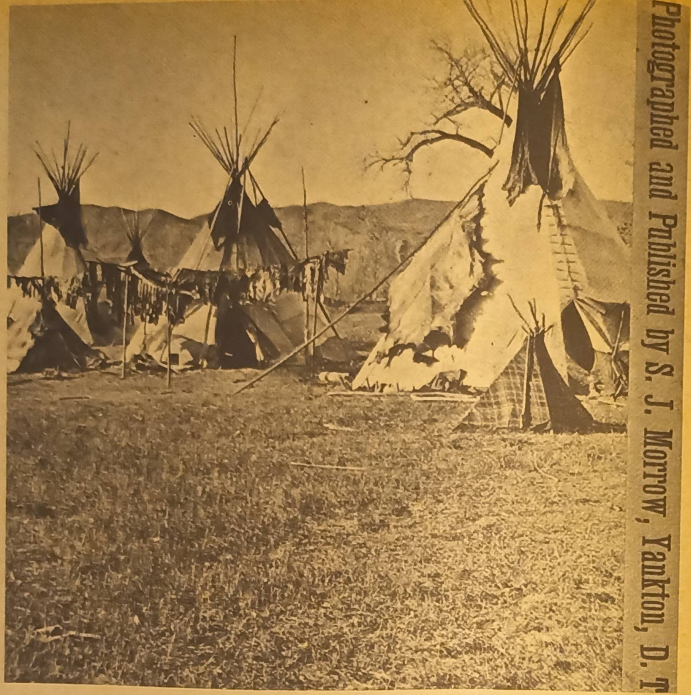


Photo Courtesy Historical Society of Montana, Helena

Buffalo meat and hides drying in a Cheyenne village

FAST as he was skating, however, he kept a cautious eye on the Indians who were now flying along the right-hand bank to cut him off at the lower point. They were gaining ground and rounding the broad curve of the shore. Five or six of them seemed to be mounted on swifter ponies than the rest, and were considerably ahead, riding scattered out in line, their bodies nearly flat along their animals' backs so as to catch as little wind as possible. Each Indian was plying his quirt with downward strokes and desperate energy.

"S-c-r-r-t-t! S-c-r-r-t-t!" Jim's skates scratched over the ice ridges, while Dave sat "stiffening" his back, hugging the rifles and watching the Sioux.

It had already begun to get dusk a little as James and his sled came within shooting range of the point. The foremost Indians had already reached the extreme end of the little cape, and were jumping from their ponies for a run across the ice. James veered off somewhat; but he dared not go much out of a direct line for Gilmans' for if the Indians should once succeed in getting between them and the cabin of their friends, there would be no hope of escape.

The trapper was now terribly fatigued; half an hour of such tremendous exertion was beginning to weary his muscles. Nevertheless, he nerved himself for one more desperate rush and then, as Dave afterwards said, he "went like lightning."

Six or seven of the savages had left their horses and got out within easy range as they passed the point, and spreading out in line on the ice, began firing guns and shooting arrows at them. The growing darkness saved them.

Bullets, buckshot and feathered shafts whistled past and over them, but they were going swiftly; the twilight favored them, and strange as it may seem, they got past without a wound.

The Indians did not follow them, probably from knowing that the other trappers were in the woods just ahead. After a few minutes more, Jim slowed up to get breath, having nearly lost it entirely in his last hard effort.

David was too tired and "done out in his back" to crow much this time. The jolting and jerking of the sled in the roughest spots had been a hard strain upon his feeble strength.

As they neared the woods, they saw three figures hurrying out on the ice to meet them. The Gilman boys had rushed out to see what it meant. James panted forth his story in a few words.

The ride did not injure David, and he rapidly recovered.

A BAD MEDICINE MAN

ABOUT ten years ago—it was the autumn of 1877—the writer, being at that time one of a firm of contractors engaged in furnishing hay and wood to the Government posts on the upper Missouri, met with an adventure which may prove interesting to such as like accounts of personal encounter and peril.

Upon referring to my diary for that year, I find that on the fourteenth day of September, being then at Fort Randall, I had set off to return to Yankton. I had reached Fort Randall some time previously on one of the freight steamers which brave the currents and sand bars of this most fickle of all navigable rivers, but had failed to finish my business there in time to catch the return steamer of the Benton Line. When at last I was ready for the journey, I found that I should not be able to get a boat down the river again for at least three weeks.

As I could not possibly wait so long, I went to our "wood camp," some fifteen miles above Fort Randall, and procured a horse and saddle from one of my partners who had charge of our working force stationed at that point.

My home was on the river some miles below Yankton, and I had fully two days' ride before me. There was no agency nor post near the end of my first day's ride; consequently I should be obliged either to camp by myself or spend the night in the tepee of a Yankton Sioux.

I concluded to adopt the alternative of lying out by myself, for I had been inside a great many Indian habitations, and had learned to prefer the pure air of the open prairie to the odors of a tepee, and my own cookery to that of any squaw. Indeed, I would not have hesitated for a moment about the matter but for the fact that, at the time of which I write, it was not a safe plan for a lone traveler to make a night camp, even among the most reputable of the reservation Sioux.

He might sleep in their tepees, among their families, with comparative safety. He could not be made away with there without incurring a risk which the cunning rascals well understood. But a lone camper, sleeping in the woods or on the prairie was still a strong temptation to the enmity of the "white man's hater," as most of the Sioux loved to call themselves.

It was, at this time, a frequent occurrence that some lone trapper or traveler between the posts on the upper Missouri was missing, and such a one usually was never seen or heard from again.

From our wood camp, within three years, two men had disappeared mysteriously—one trapper named Bret, the other a Norwegian woodchopper.

But such is the hardihood of pioneers, living amid constant dangers, that I gave but slight heed to these things; and having procured à loaf of bread, some bacon, coffee, a small skillet and a tin cup at the wood camp, I packed them with my blankets, tied the bundle on behind my saddle, and thus equipped, set out with the determination to camp where night should overtake me—and to be in Yankton within thirty-six hours.

The day was exceedingly warm for that time of the year, and I was obliged to travel slowly, the more so since my horse was rough-gaited and a poor traveler.

AT NOON I pulled up near the log cabin of a Yankton Sioux with whom I happened to have an acquaintance. His name was Kotonka Washta (Good Buffalo), and for an Indian, he was possessed of remarkable intelligence and industry. He owned seventy ponies, six cows, fourteen dogs and three squaws; and the latter had cultivated during the summer a considerable field of corn, pumpkins and melons.

Kotonka himself was not at home, but from his women I bought a few roasting ears picked from a patch of late sweet corn, and a couple of melons which were "prime ripe" and luscious.

The afternoon was hotter even than the morning; the air was "muggy" and at times almost stifling. I could hardly spur my horse along at any reasonable pace, and, at last, after I had made about fifteen miles from Kotonka's place, the horse became exhausted and refused to go farther.

It was now about five o'clock, and I picked a camping spot near at hand and made preparations to spend the night. The place which I chose was a little knoll on the high land overlooking the valley of a small creek which here runs into the Missouri.

It was not in a region that I liked, but I was compelled to accept the situation, so I unsaddled my wretched horse, turned him loose, and began to make arrangements for my supper. I went to rest early, thinking that if my horse would prove able to travel, I would get up and be off by two or three o'clock in the morning.

There were several sets of old tepee stakes standing along the bank just at the foot of the knoll; and as I knew from past experience that these were excellent material for campfires, I went immediately down to pull some of them up for that purpose.

While doing so, my attention was attracted to a dense thicket of plum trees which grew along the creek below me. Looking closely, I saw that the tops of many of them were red with fruit. This was an attraction not to be resisted and, dropping the stakes, I made my way through a copse of hazel brush and small scrub oak bushes, and soon found myself in the midst of the very finest plum grove which I had ever seen.

There were several varieties with red, yellow, and variegated skins. Nearly all were now "dead ripe" and under many of the trees the ground was thickly strewn with those which had fallen from overripeness or been shaken off by the wind.

The trees were tall for their kind, and stood thickly together, completely shading the ground which was almost bare of vegetation beneath their boughs.

I selected a tree where the fruit upon the ground best suited my taste, and a thorough shaking brought down a small shower of large, bluish-red plums. I squatted upon the ground, and began eating and filling my hat. This enjoyable business had proceeded for some minutes, and both the hat and my internal capacity had nearly all the fruit they could hold when I suddenly felt a sensation of the near presence of some living thing.

I can not describe the feeling, but there came over me a warning sense of being watched by human eyes and of being in personal danger. This feeling was so keen and alarming that for a moment it held me spellbound. I dared not look to the right or the left. Almost unconsciously, though, my right hand stole back to my hip and grasped the handle of a Colt revolver (the only weapon which I carried) that hung in a sheath at my belt.

THEN I glanced quickly up—to the left—and found myself, as I had expected I should, looking squarely into the malicious eyes of the ugliest being it was ever my lot to face. The visage was bedaubed with a hideous coat of paint, green on the cheeks and lower jaws, with circles of black under the eyes, and with vermilion stripes across the forehead.

The savage wore a green blanket around his shoulders, over which peeped the horn of a bow and the top of a quiver of arrows. He had a black, slouched, felt hat on his head, and a pair of blue Army trousers belted at the waist.

He was standing not thirty feet distant from me, partly concealed by the slim trunks of the plum trees, and stood stock-still when I first caught sight of him. I could distinguish his position plainly enough to see that he had been stealing toward me on tiptoe, and that his right hand rested on the hilt of a knife in his belt. His eyes were like those of snakes.

I confess that I was startled. He was a Sioux medicine man—one of a class of as venomous wretches as ever moved in human form.

Without moving from my squatting position, I whipped out my Colt's revolver, and "pulled down" on him.

"Huh!" he grunted, in evident alarm, and then stepping out into an open space, he threw up both hands, and exclaimed, "No shoot! Me heap friend!"

The scoundrel! I knew better. As he stood there, I eyed him for a moment, trying to make up my mind whether I ought to shoot him down and avoid further risk, or order him off and trust to my wits to escape the arrow which I felt sure he would now send through my skin if given a chance.

But bad as he looked, and treacherous as I knew he was, I could not bring myself to shoot him.

"Go on!" said I, at length, in as savage a voice as I could command. "Go!"

He walked past me and disappeared among the plum trees—never looking once to the right or left. When he was out of sight, I got up and backed quickly and softly away in the opposite direction until I had got out of the plum thicket. Then I turned and hurried up the hill through the hazel brush and oak shrubs. You may be sure that I kept my eyes on all sides of me as I went—and I had need to, for before I reached the edge of the copse, that painted rascal rose up just in time to make a spring to one side, and his feather shaft hurtled by terribly close to my body.

I had my revolver cocked in my hand, and instantly returned a bullet for his arrow, as he dodged down into cover again.

I was a tolerably quick shot in those days, and I think I hurt him for he jumped up with a yell, dropped his bow, bounded zigzag away through the bushes and got out of sight and range in a remarkably short space of time.

As he ran, I sent two more shots at him but, of course, without any certainty of aim. He was out of sight and reach in a few seconds. I then went back to my packs and the horse on the knoll, and thought over the situation.

After reflection, I concluded that my falling in with him was probably a chance meeting. These medicine men are very solitary in their habits, and this one had probably been prowling about by himself after their fashion. No doubt he had been in the plum grove there, and watched my coming at his leisure. Seeing me busily occupied in filling my hat and my mouth with plums, he had determined to steal up behind me and kill me. Now that I had so signally thwarted him, he would have a double incentive to murder me, that I might not report him at the forts. Yet so confident did I feel of having hit him pretty hard, that I did not much fear his coming back.

Nevertheless, as soon as I had cooked and eaten some supper, I packed up and started on again, by the hazy moonlight, determined to move as far as I could get my horse to go.

I crossed the creek at a point considerably above the plum thicket, where there was no brush, and thence pushed my horse along at a good walking pace over the rolling prairie. The old beast did better in the cool of night, and stood up to his work so well that by nine o'clock the next morning we got into Yankton.

I still have the medicine man's bow—an ash one tipped with buffalo horns—as a souvenir of our little fracas in the plum thicket.

SAVED BY A JACK

ONE HOT EVENING in the summer of 187-, the writer, with three other young men, was camped on the banks of the South Platte River some seventy miles above the little station of Julesburgh. We had unharnessed the horses of our big wagon and picketed them out to feed near the high stockade of a solitary ranch station. Over the top of the stockade posts the grass-grown roofs of several adobe cabins were visible. On the roof of one of these, a half-grown antelope kid was industriously cropping the herbage and by its side lay another, serenely asleep, its head thrown back over its shoulder.

Beyond the stockade, and adjoining it, was another enclosure of several acres, surrounded by a high board fence; a large stock corral, in fact, in which several ponies were standing, lazily whisking away the flies, evidently too much overcome by the heat to make any further exertion. These and the antelopes were the only signs of life about the place.

"Guess this ranch takes care of itself," remarked one of our party, who was attending to a skillet of venison steak over a fire of dry drift-sticks we had picked up on the bank of the river. "Guess old Cliff would stir up these fellows if he knew they all went off 'n' left the houses with a couple of tame antelopes for guards."

On first halting for the night, we had rattled at the gate of the stockade in the hope that we might be let in and given a chance for fresh water at the well; but the gate was barred inside, and the premises were apparently deserted. We rather wondered at that, for we had heard of this ranch and knew it to be one of "Cattle King" Cliff's outposts—a "roundup" point for the east half of the great range over which his thousands of cattle fed, winter and summer.

As we sat down to our supper of biscuits, steak, canned tomatoes and coffee, we heard the big gate of the stockade squeak on its hinges, and a moment later there sauntered out to us a tall strapping young fellow in a woollen shirt and buckskin leggings. He had on his head a wide-brimmed, white wool hat, with red leather band, and on his feet high-topped, high-heeled boots adorned with Spanish spurs.

There was also a pair of big Colt's in his belt. His woollen shirt was open in front, the sleeves rolled up to the elbows, and the deep tan color of his arms matched well the bronze of breast, neck and face. He had the biggest and fiercest of black moustaches, and a pair of sharp black eyes to match—a remarkable figure, perhaps the reader may think, but one that, with some modification of form or feature, will soon grow familiar to the camper in the "cattle country."

"Hullo, fellow!" said this specimen cowboy as he came up and leaned his elbow upon the hind wheel of our wagon.

"Hullo!" we said; and then, in the short, suggestive parlance of the country, we asked, "Eat?"

"You bet!" was the cheerful rejoinder, and the stockman flung himself down into the circle about our oilcloth, was helped to a pint cup of coffee and some tomatoes, and helped himself liberally to biscuits and fried antelope.

"Got nothin' but cold grub in the ranch," he explained between mouthfuls, "and it's too mighty hot to make fires now. Nobody here but me. Boys gone up on Lodge Pole to run in strays. Been asleep all the afternoon. Rattled the gate, did ye? Wal, now, I must be a snoozer! Curious what risks a man'll take in this country. Now, here's you fellows trailin' about all alone, the four of ye, an' me here a-sleepin' alone in a 'dobe, an' 600 Cheyennes turned loose on the country above!

"Fact," he said, coolly, noticing our looks of surprise, not unmixed with alarm. "Yes, sir; runner come down from the ranch above 'n' warned me yesterday. They've gutted one ranch up there, killed a cowman, 'n' run off a lot o' stock; expect 'em down here any time. A lot of 'em come down here last year and caught us snoozin', right in broad day noon, too."

THE READER may be sure we were not a little alarmed at such news, though we hardly knew whether to credit the fellow's words or not. He might be trying on the cowboy's and miner's favorite pastime—that of "stuffing," or frightening, tenderfeet; but he gave us further particulars in an honest, matter-of-fact way, and after supper invited us to haul our wagon inside the stock corral and to spend the night with him in one of the adobes. We concluded finally that he was acting—as indeed, afterward proved to be the fact—in good faith.

Having accepted his invitation to a shelter for the night, we were soon established in one of the long, cool adobes. Our horses had been picketed as close to the stockade as the grazing limit would allow.

"You'll have to take the risk on the stock, of course," said Briggs—he had given us his name in the course of our conversation. "We all have to take them risks, but I reckon there's no danger to yerselves in here. The Cheyennes caught us napping here once, as I was a-tellin' ye, an' they won't calc'late on doin' it again.

"Tell ye about that, if ye like. 'Twas kind of a scary time for Gowan an' me, but there was a heap o' fun in it too."

Of course, we were glad to listen to his account.

"It was jest about a year ago now," he said, "when Ed Gowan and me was keepin' the ranch alone, while the other three boys—there's gener'ly five of us stays here—was up river a-helpin' brand a new lot o' steers jest druv in frum Texas.

"There wasn't nobody along the river a-thinkin' of Injun trouble then, an' as for Ed an' me, we hadn't seen one for nigh a year. We stayed close round the ranch here, though, for a week after the boys went off. Then we begun to feel mighty restless.

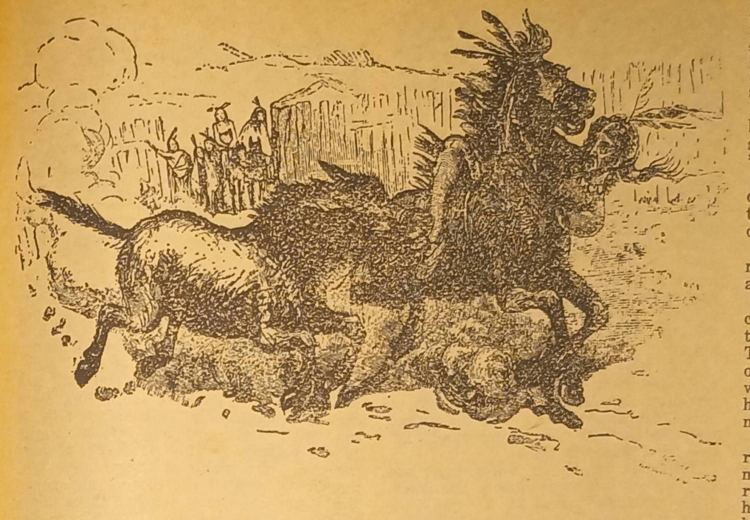
"Then, too, we was expectin' the boys back ev'ry hour. We calc'lated 'twouldn't be no harm to leave the ranch for a half day's hunt. We was tired o' beef an' bacon, an' we knew where to go to find plenty of antelope.

"We saddled our ponies an' struck out that afternoon. We rode up into the rock country 'bout twelve miles north o' here, among the big cañons an' cuts, an' we found plenty of antelope. We'd killed five by dark, but by the time we could gather their saddles an' pack our extra horses, which we'd took two, an' get back to the ranch, it was nigh daylight next morning.

"The boys hadn't come so, as we was mighty tired an' hungry an' sleepy, we turned our ponies in with the other stock in the big corral, and got us some breakfast; then we piled onto a couple of bunks, and was soon sleepin'.

"I was woke up by a punch in the ribs, an' when I'd come to myself 'nough to get my eyes rubbed open, I saw that there was a half-a-dozen naked, greasy Cheyennes in the room, standing around a-grinnin' at us. I saw, too, that Ed was awake, an' that they'd gathered up all our shootin' irons, an' that we was both pris'ners in our own shanty.

"I needn't tell ye that we both felt mighty foolish and badly scared, though we put on as bold a face as we could. Ed was the bravest, though, and the coolest. He'd been a trapeze performer with Montgomery Queen's big show. He was all muscles an' sinews, up to all sorts of tricks, and as spry as a cat.



"Wal, sir, soon as Ed saw how 'twas, he reached out his hand to the nearest buck an' says, 'How do, brudder?'

"'How?' says the Injun, an' all of 'em grunted an' grinned.

"But jest then there was a terrible commotion and a-yellin' outside, an' two or three of the Injuns rushed out. The others wanted to see the rumpus, too, I expect, for they turned to us and motioned us out of the door. We got up, and walked out, with an Injun in front an' two behind us.

"As we got out the door, we heard a frightful yellin' outside the stockade. There was six or seven Cheyennes dancin' and screechin' like they'd gone plum crazy. But the biggest fun was what was goin' on inside the stock corral, and we soon saw that the dancin' bucks was a-laughin', though you'd never guess it by jest listenin' to 'em.

"You see, one of their fellows, thinkin' of course, he'd have an easy job, had rode into the corral to drive out the stock—there was thirteen ridin' ponies and three or four colts. But there was a customer in there that the Cheyenne hadn't reckoned on. It was a big jack, the ugliest, orneriest critter ever you set eyes on. He never 'lowed any strangers inside that corral if he could help it, an' he gen'ly could, an' that was one reason we kep' him.

"Wal, he'd got after Mr. Cheyenne, an' he was goin' for him most savagely.

"When we first saw the race, the Injun was clear up on his pony's neck, a-clingin' for dear life and the jack was right up alongside, with his jaws wide open. The Cheyenne had lost holt o' his reins, an' was just hangin' over on the opposite side of his horse's neck, and there they was, goin' round and round, the jack a-grabbin' an' bitin' at the Injun, an' brayin' an' squealin' till you could a-heerd him a mile. An' the best of it all was that them Cheyennes outside all seemed to think it was the biggest kind of fun.

"Talk about an Injun's not laughin', why, fellows, they nigh busted their throats. They clapped their hands onto their stomachs, an' doubled up like jackknives. Ed and me laughed too. I don't believe we could 'a' helped it if we'd known they'd kill us the next minute.

"BUT MATTERS soon begun to get pretty serious inside the corral; the Injun darsn't git off his pony, for he could see mighty plain that the jack was after him.

"He'd 'a' got the fellow, too, if his pony hadn't a-been such a smart little critter; the mustang seemed to know that his master was in danger, for he kept flying right round in a short circle, keepin' away from the fence, and keepin' the jack on the outside o' his circle.

"The Injun was awful scared. He couldn't use his weapons if he had any, an' he just hung on an' yelled to the others—for help I expect though, of course, we couldn't understand. But it must a-been, for pretty soon they stopped their laughin' an' all but two that was left to guard us jumped on their ponies, rode into the corral, an' with a big whoop made a dash for the jack.

"I didn't have time to watch the outcome of it, for all at once I saw Ed jump at one of the guards an' strike out. The Cheyenne went down like a stone, an' before I could gather my wits enough to make a move, he turned, sprung onto the other one, wrenched a Winchester rifle out of his hands, an' knocked him down with it.

"I thought it was time then for me to take a hand in the fight, an' seein' the first Injun that Ed had hit tryin' to git up again, I made a jump for him, an' snatched his gun out of his hands. It wasn't much of a job, for he was still half stunned from the rap Ed had give him.

"'Come on, Jim!' I heard Ed say then. 'Don't shoot! Get inside the gate!'

"I was glad enough to obey orders, I tell ye, an' leavin' the two Cheyennes to come to their senses, I followed Ed at a run. We got inside the stockade an' barred the gate, then we run into this 'dobe here an' fastened the door.

"'You bet they won't come for us now,' said Ed, 'I'm fixed for 'em, an' so are you pretty well.' An' lookin' at him I saw he'd not only got the last Injun's Winchester, but he took off his belt of cartridges, an' brought that, too. I had a Springfield carbine in my hands, so we didn't much fear 'em.

"They made an awful racket outside but they didn't fire a shot, an' pretty soon things quieted down an' we heard 'em drivin' off the stock.

"After a while we unfastened the door, an' got up on top of the 'dobe, an' then we could see the whole gang drivin' our ponies across the hills to the north.

"'Guess I didn't hurt those fellows much,' said Ed, 'but look, they've made an end of old Jack.'

"Sure enough we could see him in the corral chucked full of arrows. They had to kill him or he'd a run 'em all out. The next day the boys come down, an' one of the range bosses, an' I expected we'd get the bounce; but when he heard how 'twas, he jest laughed and sent for more ponies."

We stayed that night with the young ranchman, and pushed on again the next morning, but learned, on reaching the ranches above the day after, that we had narrowly escaped a brush with a large party of Cheyennes. They had passed over the trail not more than two hours ahead of us, on their way south again, evidently fearing pursuit from the troops at Fort Collins and Cheyenne. Such was life on the plains but ten years ago, where now are large and thriving settlements, as safe from Indian raids as the good old city of Boston.

A WOMAN'S BRAVE EXPLOIT

AS EARLY as 1834 a few hardy pioneers ventured to build cabins upon the western banks of the Upper Mississippi, and to move their families into them. One of these bold men was William Gleason, who, with a yoke of oxen, a cart containing household effects, and a cow, moved with his young wife from the lead mines at Mineral Point in the spring of the year mentioned, and settled at the mouth of the Little Pinnicon (Little Turkey).

He was attracted thither by the tales of two young trappers whom he had met at the old French town of Prairie du Chien, the winter before. They told him of the black, rich land in the valley of the Little Pinnicon, with scarce a stick of timber in the way, though the bluffs on either hand were lined and covered with oak, butternut, hickory and poplar. Their stories of bear, deer, beaver and mink stirred his hunter's heart.

These young men—Simpson Briggs and John Ellery—had each marked out a squatter's claim and, not intending to spend their lives as mere trappers and hunters, wished to have neighbors. In the end, Gleason agreed to come, and accordingly set a time when, with his wife and his goods, he would be at Prairie du Chien where the young men agreed to meet him.

True to their word, Briggs and Ellery were awaiting them in camp at the "Prairie" when Gleason and his wife arrived. The two trappers guided the settlers on a three days' journey over prairies and among wooded hills, and finally brought them, with their effects, to the bank of the great river at a point opposite the mouth of Little Pinnicon.

Here a strong bateau, with mast and sail in the bottom, lay hidden among rocks. The enterprising trappers had provided themselves with this boat as a means of freighting their packs of deerskins, buffalo hides and furs to markets down the river. Its size and strength enabled them in two trips to set the Gleasons, with their household goods and stock, upon ground which was henceforth to be their own.

There a surprise awaited the newcomers. As they mounted the bank of the little creek at the mouth of which they had landed, John Ellery pointed to a little tree-grown knoll some 200 yards distant.

"Yonder's your cabin ready fer to move in," said he, "an thar's good water in a spring down thar not fifty steps from it."

"That's room enough fer four," said Gleason, as a few minutes later, the party surveyed a comfortable log structure with strong "shake" roof and stone fireplace and chimney.

"Yes," said the young wife gratefully, "and it shall be both yer home till ye bring wives of yer own up the river."

Thus did the generous and brave backwoodsmen aid each other in the pioneer work which has lain the foundation of populous states.

That evening the party of four sat round a rudely constructed table upon the puncheon floor of their new home, and ate with great contentment a supper of warm biscuits, broiled duck and coffee. The next day, by the aid of the oxen and a stub of a plow (a "single breaker"), a "truck patch" was plowed and before the sun set was planted with seeds which had been carefully hoarded. A week later more than three acres had been thoroughly "stirred" and planted to corn, squashes and pumpkins.

A FINE crop was raised that year, bringing in autumn such abundant variety to their table that this little band of pioneers felt themselves to be living in the very "lap of luxury." Of game—the house when the men were at home was an arsenal of guns—they had such abundance as three good hunters, with ample opportunities, could secure. Even Mrs. Gleason was provided with a gun, a short flintlock fowling-piece, which she knew how to use, and upon which she put much reliance for protection when the men were all away from the cabin.

Briggs and Ellery were often away upon trapping and hunting excursions. In September they rode away upon their ponies to the west to shoot buffalo, and walked back at the end of the hunt leading their ponies heavily laden with hides. They had to go only a three days' journey from the river to strike the buffalo range, now dwindled from its former vast proportions to the limits of the National Park in Wyoming, where a straggling band of buffaloes still exists, protected by United States soldiers.

These isolated settlers lived in constant danger, for the country all about them was the common hunting ground of bands of Winnebagoes, Pottawatomies and Musquakies, and occasionally Sioux. These last were far more to be dreaded than the others as Black Hawk's war had given the lesser and nearer tribes a wholesome fear of the soldiers, stationed at various posts throughout the region.

No Indian was trusted, unless thoroughly known to be the white man's friend, and of the three men living at the Little Pinnicon, one always remained near the cabin. When the trappers were away, Gleason stayed close at home, busying himself with the building of stables, yard and fence, or with improvements upon the cabin. To the latter he added in time a bedroom for himself and wife, and a general storage-room for provender of all sorts.

Flour, coffee, sugar and other necessities were got at Prairie du Chien by Briggs and Ellery, who made the trip in their bateau.

Early in autumn straggling bands of Indian hunters sometimes stopped at the Pinnicon cabin to beg for "tobac" and "sug," which, as the supplies were limited, had to be denied them.

Winter came and passed without incident to the settlers, save such as their hunts afforded. These were often stirring or amusing, and their recital served to make the evening pass pleasantly before the crackling back-logs of the fireplace.

Thus time passed until planting-time came and went, and still the little band remained unmolested. About the first of June, Briggs and Ellery, with the bateau well loaded with the spring catch, set out for Prairie du Chien.

They had been gone twelve days, and their return was momentarily and somewhat anxiously looked for by the Gleasons, who were out of flour and other necessities. It was on the morning of this twelfth day that Bill, as his wife and the others called Gleason, came hurrying to the cabin.

"Sallie," said he, with much excitement, "there's a big band of elk 'bout a mile up creek, an' I'm goin' after 'em! Won't be gone long."

"Go ahead, Bill," said his wife. "I can take care o' myself a few hours." He snatched down his rifle from its pegs, and hurried out.

He had been gone not much more than an hour, when a young dog chained near the door began to bark. Mrs. Gleason looked out, and saw coming down the river, half a mile away, a string of horsemen whom she knew at once to be Indians.

She watched them a moment. Whether it was the manner in which they rode, or the fact that she was alone that alarmed her, she did not know; but accustomed though she was to the lonely life of the frontier, she was frightened. She immediately shut and bolted the door, and with table and stools hastily barricaded the two small openings which served as windows, leaving a corner of the one at the front open to serve as a port-hole. Then she looked to her gun, and freshened the priming.

By this time the sound of horses' hoofs had drawn near the cabin and halted. Sallie Gleason's face was very pale at this moment and her hands trembled, yet she did not hesitate, gun in hand, to take her place at the opening in the window.

She saw enough at her first glance to warrant all the precaution she had taken. Naked, hideously bedaubed in paint and evil-eyed, such a villainous-looking lot of savages she had never before seen. There were seventeen of them drawn up in a squad a few yards distant, and they were surveying alternately the cabin and the growling dog.

THE INDIANS were armed with bows and arrows and lances, with but two guns in the crowd. Mrs. Gleason saw at once that they were Sioux. Standing far enough back in the darkened cabin to prevent them from seeing her, she looked through her port-hole directly into the eyes of these dangerous visitors.

For a few moments they sat their ponies silently, giving no hostile sign. Presently one of them, with a guttural word of command, turned his animal's head and with a vicious cut of his quirt set off at a gallop, and the whole troop followed him.

Sallie Gleason breathed more freely as she watched the galloping squad cross the creek and ride out of sight beyond a point of bluff some half-mile below. She thought of her husband, and felt certain he was not in the direction they had taken. She opened the door and windows and resumed her household occupations, but kept a sharp watch in all directions.

Several hours passed with no incident to arouse her fears afresh. At noon she made preparations for dinner, expecting Bill soon to return. Then she took a pail and started for the spring for water.

She reached the top of the gully through which the little creek ran, and was about to descend to the spring when she saw something near the mouth of the gulch that gave her instant alarm. It was a single feather dyed red, projecting above the ridge of a clay bank that marked a turn of the creek's channel.

She had seen that feather three hours before and remembered it. It slowly disappeared. She turned about and hurried back to the cabin, expecting every moment to hear the Indian yell and feel an arrow pierce her body. But nothing further occurred to alarm her then and she reached the cabin in safety.

Once more she barred all entrances and prepared to defend herself to the last. She understood now, she thought, why the treacherous fellows had ridden away so unconcernedly. They had intended the action for a blind. After riding out of sight they had dismounted and having slunk back under the shelter of the riverbank had entered the bed of the creek where they were now lying in wait for a chance to shoot down the inmates of the cabin.

That the Indians had not killed her when they had the opportunity was a source of thankful wonder. It could not be, she believed, that they had not seen her, but they must have thought themselves undiscovered. Thus she speculated in fear and excitement.

Through an opening in the front window her eye took in the broad expanse of the Mississippi beyond the ambush of the savages. Suddenly there came into view not a mile distant, the well-known sail of the bateau.

Her first feeling was one of delight; but almost instantly the true situation flashed upon her and she realized the purpose of the ambush. A deadly fear for her trapper friends seized upon the brave woman's mind.

She saw it all now. The Indians had discovered that sail away down the river, and knowing where the boat would land they had, after their cunning and treacherous fashion, stolen back to lie in ambush for the unsuspecting boatmen. She had not been seen on her excursion to the spring because the Indians were intent upon other victims.

She kept her eyes on the boat; it was coming slowly on with a light breeze in its favor; the boys seemed to be plying the oars lazily.

What could be done to warn them? It would be certain death to her to go outside and make any movement likely to attract their attention. Even if they saw or heard her, they might well fancy her to be merely greeting their return.

Then she thought of the "Wild Goose Bar," and a plan of action came like an inspiration.

THE WILD GOOSE BAR was a drift of sand which extended into the river from a point several hundred yards above the mouth of the creek. It connected with a small island, or rather peninsula, about a hundred yards from shore. The geese in their autumn flight often alighted upon it at night in great numbers, and thus had given this sand bar its name.

From the lay of the ground back of the cabin-knoll, Sallie knew that she could reach a point very near to the bar without being seen. If she might but safely run the gauntlet of the sand stretch to the cover of the willows upon the island, she would be able to warn the coming boatmen.

There was no time to lose. By the time she could reach the island the bateau would be close at hand. She opened the back window and, gun in hand, crawled through and ran down the side of the knoll into a little swale which extended for some distance parallel with the river's bank. Once on this low ground she bent forward so as to keep her head out of sight and hurried up to a point which she knew must be about opposite the sand bar. Then boldly rising upright she ran swiftly across the intervening ground to the riverbank and slid down its steep side to the foot of the bar.

The keen eyes of the Indians had seen her at last. They guessed her purpose and set up a howl like the cry of a pack of wolves. Looking aside in her flight along the bar she saw them emerge, a yelling swarm from the creek-bed, and give swift chase up the bank of the river.

They shot arrows at her as she ran, but the range at first was too great, and the shafts fell in the water or stuck lightly in the sand behind her. Oddly enough she thought of the scores of wild geese that had been fired upon from the bank and killed upon the sands over which she was fleeing.

That hundred yards seemed a long distance. The Indians gained swiftly upon her and before she could reach the island their arrows began to whiz spitefully past. She would certainly have lost her life had not the boatmen, who were rapidly drawing near, opened fire at this critical moment. Their long-range rifles scattered the Indians and sent them instantly flying.

Sallie had just breath enough left to note that there were more than two men in the bateau, and then she fell exhausted and fainting upon the wet sand at the edge of the island.

When she became conscious, Briggs and Ellery were kneeling by her, one on either side, fanning her with their hats. Her clothing and hair were drenched with the water they had thrown in her face to revive her.

Looking up, Sallie saw two tall strangers leaning on their guns, and looking upon her with sympathy and interest. They now came forward and each in his rough way—for they, too, were frontiersmen—uttered expressions of grateful admiration, mingled with not a little wonder, at the feat she had performed.

When Gleason returned and the story was repeated to him, he said, simply, but with wet eyes: "Ye're a brave woman, Sallie, but I'll never leave ye alone agin, so long's thar's danger from Injuns."

That night John Ellery set out for Prairie du Chien in a canoe, and a few days later a squad of cavalry scoured the region in search of the Sioux. They did not find the Indians, who no doubt knew of their presence and mission, for the settlers at Little Pinnicon saw no more hostile bands.

The strangers who had come with Briggs and Ellery were men with families, true pioneers in search of fresh lands. They were so pleased with the Pinnicon Valley that they marked claims adjoining the others, and each brought a wife and children into the Little Pinnicon settlement.

IN THE SIOUX COUNTRY IN '75

ON THE NIGHT of the 13th of July, 1875, the writer left the neighborhood of Ft. Laramie, W. T., in company with thirty-four others, en route for the Black Hills of Dakota.

We left the region of the Fort "between two days," as they say out West of those who, for any cause, get out of a neighborhood by stealth. For nearly two weeks we had been in camp on the bank of the Laramie River under strict surveillance of a sergeant's guard, when, for some reason, the patrol failed to put in an appearance on the night mentioned, and at midnight we struck camp, hitched to our wagons, and "rolled" up the Platte.

We traveled hard until nine o'clock the next morning, when we drew into a sheltered cottonwood grove and hid for the day. Just before noon a sergeant's squad of fifteen cavalrymen rode by at a gallop on the lookout for us, at least ostensibly so, for there was little doubt in our minds that they saw our wagon-tracks leading away from the freight trail but purposely shut their eyes to them.

Instructions from Washington made it necessary for the commandant at the post to halt all northern-bound outfits at the Platte, allowing none to cross over until the Government's commissioners should gain posession of the Black Hills portion of the Sioux Reserve by treaty with all the tribes concerned; but when soldiers were sent out after trespassers who had escaped across the frontier of the reservation, they were usually not very anxious to bring them in.

The next day we swam our stock across the Platte, which was too deep at that season to ford—and rafted our wagons and effects, which consisted of mining tools and "grub," mostly—on a raft made of five dry cottonwood logs. It took the whole of daylight to get the eight wagons and their loads across, and we camped that night upon the extreme edge of the Indian lands.

In the morning our motley crowd gathered in front of one of the wagons, and we organized to pass through the country in military fashion. A French Canadian, an old plainsman named Michaud, who talked plain English, was chosen captain, and an uncle of the writer, who was a veteran of the Rebellion, was selected as second in command. There were several old miners from Colorado and California, some citizens of Cheyenne, three buffalo hunters, a Spaniard from the City of Mexico, a New Mexican "greaser," and "pilgrims" from the States, among whom the writer was the youngest.

That day we moved over the rough, barren hills which lay between the Platte and Rawhide Butte, and past "Bridger's Hole," a famous rendezvous of the old-time trappers, which Michaud pointed out to us. As we moved forward we presented quite a military appearance; marching on either side of the wagons, with shouldered guns, were the members of our party not employed in driving or as scouts. Two horsemen rode several yards in advance upon the only saddle animals we had; two on foot also kept pace with the wagons at some distance on either hand.

At night a guard was stationed on four sides of the camp, outside the circle in which our animals were picketed, for we were upon exceedingly dangerous ground. Both Sitting Bull's and Spotted Tail's young men had cut loose from the agencies, as we had learned at the fort, and we were likely at any moment to be "jumped" by a strong party of them.

ON THE third day out from the river, just as our small train had entered a valley between two stretches of high, rough hills near the head of White River, the scout upon our left, some two or three hundred yards away, came running down the hillside at top speed, shouting, "Injuns! Injuns! Corral the wagons! Corral the wagons!"

There was a general hustling toward the wagons of the other out-riders and scouts at the same moment, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it our wagons were drawn up into a circle —each team sheltered by the wagon ahead of it—and our little force, bristling with arms, gathered in an excited crowd within the corral thus made.

No Indians were in sight as yet and the scout who had given the alarm was telling that he had caught sight of "a hull raft uv' em dodgin' 'mong the rocks up yander," when suddenly, above the tops of some of those same rocks were seen a number of signal flags and hats in motion. This was plainly an indication of a desire to hold communication with us.

Our greaser now came forward and made it known to Captain Michaud that he could speak the Sioux tongue, as he had lived for several years among the Cheyenne Sioux, and offered to go up to the buttes and talk with the Indians. He was, of course, told to go, and a few minutes later, as he mounted the steep bluffs, we saw a number of nimble fellows scramble down from a ledge or rock and seat themselves in a circle about "John," as we called the New Mexican.

They talked busily for some time, the Indians gesturing in an animated fashion, then all rose and passed out of sight behind the point of rocks which the Indians had descended.

We waited impatiently for some time, when about twenty horsemen came in sight and rode down toward us, the greaser with them. They came within a hundred yards or so, then halted, and John rode down to us on one of their ponies.

In answer to anxious inqures, he said that there were at least 150 of Sitting Bull's and Spotted Tail's young bucks over on the other side of the buttes, and that they wanted (and I fancy now there was "an uncommon want in their tone") to know what we were doing upon Indian lands. The head chief, John said, would like to come down and hold a talk with the "head man" of our party.

Captain Michaud sent John back to tell them that the party who had come with

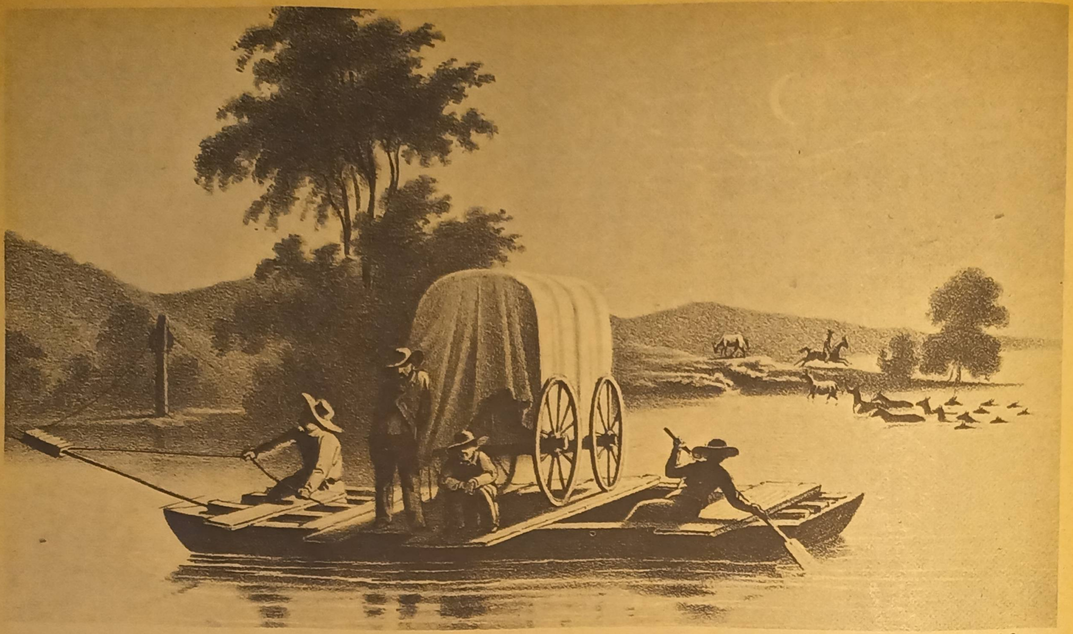


Photo Courtesy Library of Congress

Early lithograph showing crossing of the Platte at mouth of Deer Creek

him could advance and he would talk with them, but that no others must come any nearer, or we should fire upon them.

It was a wild-looking and gaudily bedecked lot of fellows who rode down and dismounted in front of us. They were togged out in bright colored calicoes and beaded buckskin; their faces were hideously daubed in paints—yellow, green, black and vermilion.

They wore belts of cartridges around their waists and over their shoulders, and were armed with Winchester and needle guns. Altogether, I think they were the fanciest lot of redskins, and the most formidable in appearance, that I have ever seen. They flung themselves off their ponies, dropping the reins in front of each animal, and then seated themselves in a semi-circle a few yards in front of our corral. We noted, uneasily enough, that there were a swarm of others up among the hills looking on with interest.

Those immediately before us, however, indicated their peaceful intentions by producing and filling a long peace-pipe, and after each buck had taken a whiff and blown it out through his nose, this pipe was proffered to our captain by the chief. But Michaud, who had advanced with the interpreter and stood confronting them, stepped back, dignifiedly folded his arms, and told John to say to the chief of the Sioux that he considered himself a much greater man than any before him and the pipe should have been presented to him before any of them had touched lip to it.

I HAVE never seen so hideous an expression as came over the face of the chief as the interpreter repeated Michaud's words in Sioux. He threw the pipe upon the ground and, amid the grunts and black looks of his warriors, began a haranguing in which, according to John's interpretation, he charged us with coming upon the Indian lands to steal them away from their rightful owners; they (the Indians) knew where we were going, he said, but we could never get there as the country in front of us was so rough and broken that no wagons could pass through it (and he illustrated this by waving his hands up and down to show the hilly nature of the region, and swayed his body sidewise to indicate the tipping over of our wagons). He then further declared that the Indians would not let us go among the mountains to seek the yellow dirt, but would attack us and kill us all if we attempted it.

This was the substance of John's interpretation, though the harangue was drawn out at much greater length, and if we could judge by the grunts of approval with which the surrounding braves greeted almost every sentence, the speech must have been a very good specimen of Indian oratory.

Michaud's reply was brief and characteristic of all we had known or afterward learned of the man.

"Tell them," said he to John, "to jump their hosses an' git, an' to go mighty quick, too!"

There was a chorus of angry "Huhs" as the Indians scrambled to their feet and sprang upon their ponies again. They scurried away, evidently thinking that after such threats as their chief had made had failed to intimidate us, we must be determined customers. In three minutes there was not a Sioux in sight.

They all disappeared behind the buttes in a twinkling, and then we held a council of war in which it was admitted by the older frontiersmen that our expedition was one of extreme danger, and that our chances of getting through with whole skins were, to say the least, not more than even.

Some of the party were badly frightened and wanted the whole outfit to set out at once upon the return. Michaud quickly put an end to that project by declaring that a retreat would bring the whole swarm upon our heels at once. We had faced this danger, he said, from the moment we had crossed the Platte River and ought to have expected to meet Indians, and it would look extremely silly to run at first sight of them. The only thing to do was to move right on, using the same precautions as before.

The timid ones were silenced and we moved on. That night we camped upon a high bench of land, and when it came on dark we discovered signal fires burning upon three buttes in as many directions. Appearances were so alarming that we dug rifle pits around inside our wagon corral. I remember that my turn to go on guard, with three others, came that night from nine o'clock till twelve. I probably experienced as many sensations of awful lonesomeness and fear as any young fellow of nineteen, new to the situation, would be capable of. The memory of those three hours is yet vivid.

Morning came, however, with no further sign of Indians, though the signal fires were visible during most of the night. We traveled again until noon over a rough country, meeting with no incident of note. But during the noon camp, John, our greaser, left us and went out among some hills a half-mile distant and did not return until we were hitching up for a start.

When asked if he had seen anything of the Indians he shook his head, and when pressed as to whether he thought they were following us, he said, "Mebbe so, mebbe not." It was noticed by those nearest him that he was particularly silent and taciturn all that afternoon, though they paid no great heed to his mood. But that night when he drove his team out fully 300 yards from the usual corral and camped by himself, our suspicions were fully aroused.

He had taken no part in our organization at Ft. Laramie, his name was not on the role for guard relief, and as he had never been taken into our councils, Michaud did not interfere with his movements. During the evening, however, a number of the men went out to see him and find out, if possible, his motive in camping by himself. They found one of his horses tied to the wagon; John had taken the other and gone.

They waited an hour or more but he did not return. They came back to camp and reported, and for the next hour our party gave themselves to surmisings and speculations. Some declared the greaser was in cahoots with the Sioux, while others only feared that might be the case and were willing to admit that John might possibly be on the lookout for our interests, as it was plainly clear that he had nothing to fear on his own account.

Captain Michaud was ready to give the New Mexican the benefit of a doubt, as was also our lieutenant, but it was agreed that an extra guard should be stationed near enough John's wagon to report the hour of his coming in and any developments which might follow.

MORNING CAME, and still the greaser's horse and wagon stood out there on the prairie with no sign of their owner. The guard picketed out the animal where it could graze and we moved on after breakfast, leaving both wagon and horse.

Evening found us upon the edge of a high plateau overlooking the Cheyenne Valley with our goal, the Black Hills of Dakota, plainly in view and a stretch of rough "breaks" dropping away in front of us. We were just about entering at the head of a torturous cañon which had been explored and found passable by an advance scout. We had to get down into it and camp, or go without water for our stock for that night.

As the foremost teams were driving down a steep pitch which led into the gulch, a shout was raised which brought the whole outfit to a halt. "Hold up! Hold up in front! Th' greaser's a-comin' on hossback, comin' like th' wind! Wait'n see what's up!"

Those of us on the rise looked behind, and sure enough there came John, whom we knew by his white horse, riding at the top of his animal's speed and swinging his old sombrero violently back and forth. He pulled up, however, when he saw that we had halted and were waiting, and came in among us at a trot. Shouts greeted him from all sides.

"What's th' matter, John? Where's yer other hoss 'n' wagon?"

"Injun gitta ma hoss an' wag'n," he replied, as he dismounted and rubbed his animal's steaming neck and shoulders. 'Injun gitta me too, boota he no keep; plenty Injun in el arroyo, de cañon!" and he swept one hand toward the yawning gulch in front of us.

Incredulous and suspicious looks were exchanged upon his announcement which did not, to most of us at least, seem at all likely, as our scout had just returned from the canyon and had reported the coast clear. We looked down over the barren breaks and there was no sign of life of any kind save a scanty growth of buffalo grass and scattering pine shrub.

Michaud came forward and asked John how he knew the Indians were in the canyon. His reply in broken English was brief. He had gone out among the Sioux last night he said, and they had proposed to him to join them in an attack upon the whites when their wagons should attempt to pass through the broken hills of the Cheyenne. They had detailed their plan, and when they found he would not join them, had made him a temporary prisoner and had placed an Indian as guard over him who was to release him at sundown. He escaped during the afternoon, he would not say how, and had ridden hard to overtake us. Having made enemies of his friends, he said, the Indians would capture his wagon and other horse and kill him if they ever got a chance.

All the time he was talking, our captain looked him steadily and sharply in the eyes. But John bore the scrutiny with composure, adding that in order for our party to get safely through the breaks it would be necessary to drive farther down where he knew of a long ridge which we could descend with the wagons without danger of surprises.

Satisfied of the truth of John's account, Michaud ordered back the wagons which stood with locked wheels upon the sidehill below. As the teamsters circled about and drove up again toward the top, a chorus of shrill yells broke out away down among the gulches which set everybody in the outfit agape and staring.

The sounds died away in a wail while we were straining for a sight of the screeching redskins, but not an Indian could we see, nor did we hear any sound more than this one outbreak of rage and disappointment—attributable, undoubtedly, to their discovery of John's appearance among us, and the knowledge that we were now fully on our guard against any attack they could make upon us.

"Queer varmints, them Injuns!" said Michaud, at length. "Boys, this greaser's saved our bacon sure; we'll follow where he leads now."

I remember that a grim smile, or rather grin, came over the dark, wrinkled features of the New Mexican at this and his small shrewd eyes twinkled with satisfaction. We did follow him after that, and three days later we arrived safely at Camp Custer on French Creek, whither a few venturesome miners had preceded us. Here we managed to raise a sum of money for John, which paid him in part, at least, for the loss of his wagon and horse he so freely sacrificed to save our lives.

Eleven days later, Colonel Benteen, with a detachment of United States cavalry, captured the whole lot of us and escorted us across the Missouri where we were told to remain until the Government should acquire a clear title to the lands we had trespassed upon.

SEQUAPAH

THE following story of early adventure in one part of the Northwest is told by Morgan Apleigh, an old farmer, who was one of the first settlers of the lower Des Moines Valley. He was a boy when he moved to Iowa in 1836. During the next twenty years he made many hunting and trapping excursions to the North and West in search of fur and peltry, and sometimes went either alone or with companions four or five hundred miles into the great wilderness which stretched away on every side but one, and which was tenanted only by Indians and animals.

Many were the adventures of this hardy pioneer. Generally he had for companions several of the young men belonging to the frontier settlement in which he lived, and also an Indian of the Iowa tribe who not only served as guide but also as protector against danger of attack from many of the Western tribes, whose language he understood and with whom he was acquainted.

It was with a party of nine, including Sequapah, the Indian, that Apleigh met with a perilous adventure early in the '40s, and which he relates in language much as follows:

"It was 'bout forty-five years ago, I believe. We'd had a dry season; didn't raise any crops to 'mount to anything, an' 'bout the first of September I told the old folks I couldn't stay at home any longer. I'd got to get out o' that clearin', 'n' be doing something agin.

"So I went across the river 'bout two miles, where the Clancy boys lived, Art and Logan, to see 'em 'bout goin' out west of the Missouri after beaver an' buffalo hides. 'Twas after dark when I got to their cabin, 'n' I found 'em both down on their knees mouldin' bullets. They had the floor covered with 'em, 'n' I remember I like to have broke my neck treadin' on 'em.

"Well, after the boys had had a good laugh at me, Art up an' tol' me that they had 'lowed to come over an' see me in the mornin' 'bout goin' with 'em on a hunt they'd been a-plannin' at a raisin' they'd been invited to over on Plum Creek. They'd got five of the men over there to agree to go, perviden' Sequapah, an Iowa Injun that lived 'bout twenty miles 'bove us, would go along.

"Sequapah had been off with me, an' with Art an' Logan Clancy, on many a huntin' an trappin' trip. He'd been 'mong the Sioux a good deal, an' was 'quainted with a good many of their head chiefs, 'n' could palaver as well in Sioux or Omaha as he could in his own Iowa tribe.

"Of course I fell in with 'em, as that was jest what I wanted to see 'em about. So the next day Logan went after Sequapah, an' brought him down, comin' past Plum Creek so as to let the men know the Injun was ready to start.

"Well, the long an' short of it was that in three days we started, nine of us, with three teams an' wagons, an' five ridin' horses besides. We had cloth covers for our wagons. Art an' Logan had got the canvas at St. Louis, together with some buffalo guns for me an' themselves. Besides our ordinary huntin' rifles, we had five buffalo guns in the crowd. These guns were short, heavy rifles for close shootin'; barrels 'bout eighteen inches long shot a slug—twelve to the pound—'most as big as a man's thumb.

"WE STEERED for the Platte River, an' rafted the Missouri not far 'bove where the city o' Council Bluffs now stands. The Platte Valley was the best huntin' and trappin' ground in the hull Northwest in them days. Buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, beaver, ever' kind o' game except grizzlies, was thick as grasshoppers.

"There was one drawback to huntin' then, that usually kept white men out o' the country. It was the huntin' ground of both the Lower Sioux an' the Pawnees, an' 'twas generally bad business when a white man met up with a band of either of 'em.

"I went out there many a time, though, between 1840 an' 1861, but Sequapah was generally with me an' he was so well 'quainted with the Sioux that I went boldly 'mong 'em with him, an' they never offered me harm.

"With the Pawnees 'twas different.

Sequapah didn’t know any of ’em an’ couldn’t understand their lingo as it’s altogether different from the Sioux an’ Iowas, who have many words alike an’ can generally manage to understand each other.

“We usually made out to do our huntin’ an’ trappin’ in them parts as close to the headquarters of a Sioux band o’ hunters as we could make it pay; an’ they bein’ at war always with the Pawnees, an’ ’most always the strongest, we managed to dodge the Loups, except on three or four trips when we did run some pretty narrow chances with these red-hot rascals. The trip that I’m talkin’ ’bout was one of ’em.

“ ’Bout fifty miles from the Missouri we struck a strong band of Yanktonais Sioux, some 300 of ’em, camped on the bank of the Platte. Sequapah knew the head chief an’ a lot more of ’em, an’ after we’d spent a day restin’, tradin’ an’ powwowin ’mong ’em, we moved on up twenty-five or thirty miles an’ pitched our camp near the mouth of Shell Creek.

“We had to camp in a rather exposed place on account o’gittin’ water, but we picked the best ground we could find, on a slopin’ ridge that ran down to the creek-bed. It was exposed enough, though, there bein’ a bushy gully on either side, an’ each o’ the gulches within a hundred yards. An’ we had plenty of reason to wish ourselves a thousan’ miles away from it inside o’ three days.

“It ain’t exaggeratin’ to say that the country was black with buffalo an’ the creek a-swarmin’ with beaver, an’ we ’lowed to have the biggest kind of a harvest in robes an’ pelts.

“The second day out we brought in twenty-eight of as fine buffalo pelts as ever I laid eyes on; but that very night two o’ the Plum Creek boys, Hank Bean an’ Dave Torsey, come in with their ponies a lather of sweat, an’ their hats gone fresh from a hard run, to get out o’ the way of a swarm o’ Injuns that had chased ’em almost into camp. They said they believed there was more than a hundred of ’em, an’ it was proved pretty soon that they hadn’t put the figger too high.

“Well, we set to work at once to make ourselves safe from their arrers if they should pitch into us, for Hank an’ Dave ’lowed they would as soon as they could get us located an’ find out our numbers.

“We took the three wagons an’ formed a squar’ of ’em with an open side to’rds the creek, as there wa’n’t much danger o’ them comin’ up the slope from that direction. Then we took our fresh buffalo hides an’ nailed em’ four or five deep to the tops of the wagon boxes, so that their lower edges laid on the ground, an’ that wall o’ hides is just exactly what saved us from a general massacre.

“WE DIDN’T look for an attack before mornin’, if it came at all. Sequapah gave it as his opinion the boys had been run in by a fresh band of Sioux, an’ that he could pacify ’em once he got amongst ’em. He said he didn’t b’lieve Pawnees, unless the whole tribe was together, ’d dare to come in so close to the big Sioux village below. We picketed our horses on the slope, an’ leavin’ Art Clancy an’ a Plum Creek fellow named Rowley on guard, the rest of us rolled in an’ went to sleep.

“I don’t know how long we’d slept, but not long, when we was brought standin’ by sech a storm of hidjus yells as never had come to my ears before. It come from both sides, ‘Yi! Yi-hi! Yeouoogh!’

“We all began to grab for our guns the instant our wits come to us; an’ just about then Art Clancy an’ Rowley shot inside our wagon fort.

“ ‘Ravines are full of Injuns on both sides, boys,’ said Art, ‘but they haint shot an arrer yet! They’ve come up the bottom o’ the gulches turrible sly, fer that hell’s the first I’ve heard of ’em.’

“Sequapah had been asleep with the rest of us inside, and now we called on him to explain the queer performance, for we’d expected to have arrers an’ bullets come thick as hail after sech a yell, but not a bullet nor a arrer was shot at us, nor had the Injuns made another sound ’ceptin’ that one gen’ral shriek.

“ ‘Hum! Um Sioux, Oglallas, me guess,’ said Sequapah. ‘Um no hollar like um Yanktonais, no like um Wapekuta, no like um Cheyenne, me heap guess um Oglalla. Um a heap fool, holla “Yi hi”; Think when he no shoot, evlybody he run look, then he heap shoot um. Huh!’ an’ he spit hard on the ground to express his disgust. ‘Huh! Me make a heap talk now; then he right off go away, me guess.’

“On sayin’ that, he climbed up on one of the wagons—we’d taken off the sheets—laid his gun across the top of the box, an’ stood up bold as a lion.

“HE YELLED out something in the Sioux language, then called over two or three names that I knew: Hoton Washtado, meanin’ ‘He with a very good face,’ an’ Petit Corbeau, Little Crow—both Sioux chiefs, an’ then, without waitin’ for ’em to reply, began flourishin’ his arms and makin’ a speech.

“He was a reg’lar Injun ’bout likin’ to make a spread. I’ve often thought since that I never saw nor heard anythin’ so perfectly redic’lus as his performance that night.

“I can see him yet, ever’ time I shut my eyes, as he stood up there atween the wagon-bows speechifyin’ an’ layin’ it off with both hands, talkin’ first at one ravine an’ then turnin’ to the other. Talk about an Injun’s bein’ dignified, why, Sequapah made more noise than any Fourth o’ July orater I ever heard! Desprit as the sityeation might turn out for us, we jess had to laugh.

“There was a moon that didn’t go down til after midnight an’ it was light enough to see off quite a distance. While Sequapah was talkin’, we was all peekin’ over the tops of the wagons tor’ds the ravines, some on one side an’ some on the other, an’ Injun heads began to pop up in both directions, seemin’ to shoot up out o’ the grass at the edge o’ the slopes.

“Pretty soon there was a whole string of ’em standin’ up on both sides, lookin’ like a picket fence in a mirage, a-listenin’ with all their ears to Sequapah’s oration. The nearest ones must ’a’ been ’bout eighty steps away. It wasn’t light enough to see ’em distinkly, but there couldn’t ’a’ been less than half a hundred on each side.

“Sequapah kept on with his speech, jabberin’ away in Sioux for nigh ten minutes I should guess. I could understand a few words an’ heard him tell ’em: ‘Oglalla wash-tah-do pe-o-peh, Ko-sah-wahu’, an’ ‘Pawnees ha wai-kahu! sich-e wa-nich-ee!’ which meant that he was braggin’ up the Oglalla Sioux and callin’ the Pawnees miserable fellows, no good for any purpose, an’ as the two tribes was always at war with each other he expected to make frien’s with ’em, takin’ it for granted, o’course, that they were Oglallas.

“Well, he wound up finally an’ waited for an answer. One of ’em then, on the right-hand side, who seemed a foot taller than any o’ the rest, came for’ard a few steps an’ begun talkin’ back in a deep voice that sounded harsh as a grater.

“Sequapah listened a few seconds an’ then, ‘Huh!’ he grunted; ‘No understan’, um Pawnee!’ an’, mad as a hornet to think he’d wasted all his elokence, he grabbed up his gun an’ blazed away at ’em. Then, quick almost as lightning, he turned, give a jump, an’ shot down amongst us like a metiur.

“Was there music! Such screechin’ and howlin’ I hope I may never hear ag’in; an’ the bullets an’ arrers came peltin’ on the wagons an’ the buffalo-hides like a dozen boys was throwin’ handfuls o’ gravelstones at ’em. They’d click on the iron, chug into the wood and thump the skins, an’ ever’ time there’d come a shower of ’em, there’d rise up a horrible babel o’ screeches.

“We ducked, o’course, the minute Sequapah shot at ’em, an’ then we lay close, reservin’ our fire for a charge if they should git bold enough to make one. Four thicknesses o’ buffalo-hides hangin’ loose was plenty of protection agin any weapon the Injuns had in them days, but there’d been several cracks left at the hubs of the wagon wheels an’ ever’ few minutes an arrer or a bullet or a shot would whistle through one of ’em.

“They was accidental shots, o’ course, fired at the wagons, but ’fore we got the cracks located so as to keep out o’ range of ’em, Jim Rowley ’d got a buckshot in his wrist an’ Logan Clancy had a piece o’ scalp raised across the back of his head by an arrer.

“WE LAY huggin’ the ground for two hours or more with a storm of yells an’ shots on each side, an’ nobody fired at an Injun but Art Clancy an’ Sequapah. They took turns in loadin’ their big buffalo guns nigh to the muzzle an’ firin’ ’em over the tops of the wagons, so to let ’em know that we had big guns amongst us and plenty of ammunition. This prob’ly discouraged ’em from makin’ a charge, an’ after a while the firin’ slacked up an’ ever’thing got quiet.

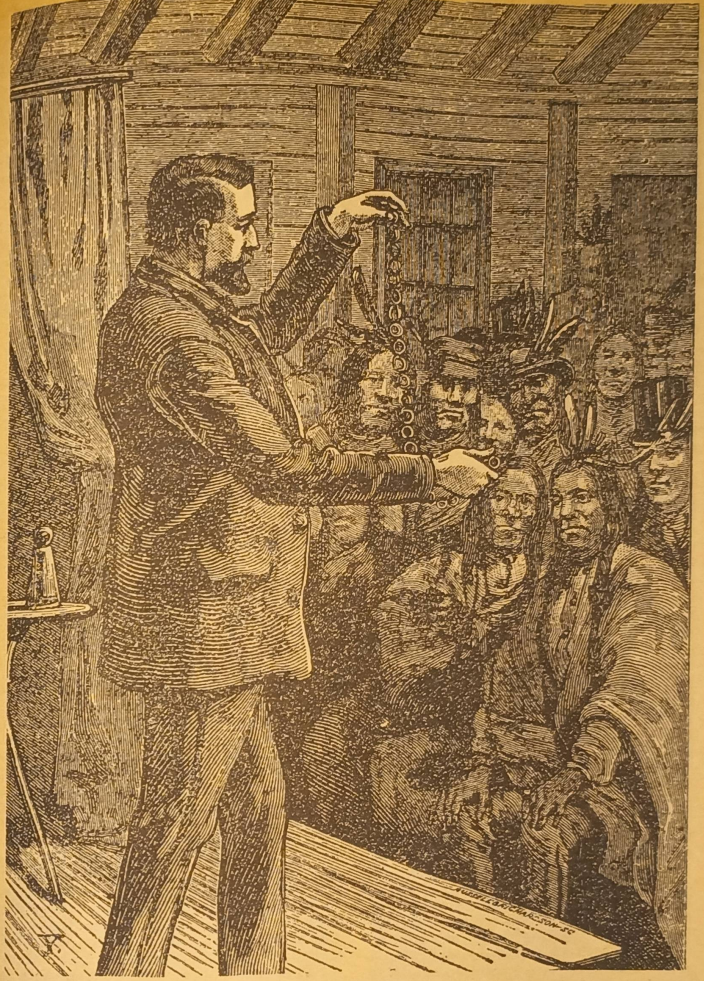
“But they hadn’t give up, we soon found, for some of us kept watch through cracks after the firin’ stopped, an’ ’twasn’t long till an Injun was seen sneakin’ out tor’ds the horses. Two or three shots sent him scuttlin’ back into the gulch again.

“Then after a bit, we discovered that a number of ’em had climbed into the tree tops across one of the ravines an’ was tryin’ to shoot their arrers over onto us. They couldn’t get up high ’nough, though, an’ failed to get their arrers inside our corral. We sent some bullets over after ’em an’ they give that up.

“Ever’thing was quiet until morning after that, ’ceptin’ now an’ then a few whoops, and when daylight came, and when it got light enough to see, we made a sudden discovery inside our little garrison.

“Sequapah was gone!

“He wasn’t inside the corral, an’ no one had seen him go out. It had been quite dark for two hours back, an’ we knew at once that he’d slipped out an’ crawled off down the slope an’ that he’d gone in hopes of gitten away an’ bringin’ the Sioux to our rescue; but as we’d heard some fierce yells down tor’ds the mouth o’ the ravines not long before, we were afraid he hadn’t made it.



“I performed with rings.”

“That was a terrible day for us; the Pawnees had settled down to a reg’lar siege. We could see a few of their streaks o’ smoke comin’ out the ravines where there were fires and where, prob’ly, some of ’em were cookin’ their breakfasts. But there was enough of ’em on the watch, an’ we couldn’t expose so much as a finger without havin’ a shower o’ bullets, shot an’ arrers sent at it.

“Art Clancy an’ I managed to build a fire an’ roast some steak, which we handed ’round to the boys. Logan had his head bandaged and Rowley had his wrist wrapped in some cloths they tore from the linin’ of Jim’s coat.

“The horses had been picketed close in, an’ all but three of ’em was there by their stakes whinnyin’ for water. Three o’ the farthest ones had either been cut loose durin’ the darkest part o’ the night or they’d got scared at the firin’ an’ broke away.

“Wall, the day wore on, an’ that afternoon another o’ the Plum Creek boys got his, a bullet glancin’ off one o’ the wagontires an’ buryin’ itself in the top o’ his left shoulder. It was a severe wound an’ used him up. We done the best we could dressin’ it and made him a comfortable bed to lay on.

“The afternoon passed an’ still no sign of frien’s. Night came on, an’ wore away. How those poor horses whinnied for water! Two more of em broke away in the night.

“Daylight came agin an’ found us ’bout as despairin’ a set of men as ever was besieged. We’d have made a break to get out an’ cut our way through in the darkness that night, if ’t hadn’t been for the wounded ones. We couldn’t leave ’em nor git away with ’em.

“It was lucky we didn’t try, for just about sunrise down came the Sioux, swarmin’ over the hill an’ down the ravines like a fresh-stirred nest o’ hornets. They came streakin’ down, layin’ low on their horses an’ yellin’ like demons, an’ they cleared them gulches o’ Pawnees ’bout as quick as I can tell it.

“Sequapah was with ’em, an’ he came ridin’ straight to us an’ seemed as tickled as we ourselves that he’d brought the Sioux in time.

“The Yanktons followed up the Pawnees an’ fit with ’em nearly all day. They killed a good many of ’em, too, and got back three o’ our horses.

“The next day we hurried back an’ camped at their village. Here the boys nursed their wounds an’ the rest of us hunted an’ trapped. There wasn’t many of ’em that cared to git far away from the Yankton village agin, an’ as we had to share our ketch with the Sioux, we didn’t go home as well loaded as we expected.

“There was enough of peltries, though, so that when we came to carry ’em down to St. Louis they brought enough to pay well for our time, if not for the danger we’d undergone.”

OUTJUGGLED

“NOW turn your tongue loose, Mac, and tell us a good story—some wild yarn. We don’t want any fancy stuff, but a real adventure, something exciting out of your own knock-about experiences on the frontier.”

It was during our hunting trip up Red River into Texas and “The Nations” territory. We had camped that night in the shelter of the bluffs, and had a roaring campfire burning for a blustering “norther” had come down on us. Mac had figured as a traveling magician.

“Well, gentlemen,” Mac responded at length, and in compliance with our urgent demand on him, “I will tell you a little thing that happened to me once upon a time, and not so very long ago, either. It was last fall, in fact, and came off at one of the Comanche villages.

“About the middle of November, I was trailing my cart and show truck over the “Sill Route” once more, and I camped for the night at the Comanche town, as I’d done dozen times before that. I knew the bucks, every one of them, or thought I did, and I felt no fear at going among them alone, though before I’d always carried a driver.

“Well, I hadn’t got my supper cooked before a lot of young braves came down to my wagon and engaged me for a show that evening in their new schoolhouse! A big log house with a floor and seats had just been built, and they’d got a half-breed girl to teach.

“I told the young chaps that if they’d help me rig a little staging and put up my curtains and raise me five dollars, I’d give them a first-class show with all the latest performances in legerdemain.

“Well, these young bucks that I was speaking of came down in about an hour with half the town, young and old, big and little, at their heels, and away we went, cart, horse and all, over to the schoolhouse which was in the woods about forty rods from the village. In a very short space of time, we had a narrow staging rigged, and I hung my calico curtains across the front of it, packed in my truck-chests, and while the house was filling up full of the black, greasy-faced beggars, I got ready for business.

“They raised me the five dollars in silver and paid it cheerful as you please. The beggars’ll give their last cent either for a drink of whiskey or to see any kind of queer performance that is new to them.

“WELL, I opened up on ’em. I performed with rings, with cup and ball, and set them all grunting and a-chuggering with delight. Then I loaded a pistol, marked the bullet, and let them examine it.

“Handing the pistol to a young buck, I told him to shoot me squarely between the eyes. That was too much for them Comanches. They gripped their seats and grunted like a lot of wild hogs that you’ve just jumped in a thicket of sweetbriers.

“That young buck’s hand trembled like a mule’s ear, but he pulled down on me, gritty like, shut his teeth and cut loose. Then them Comanches just rose to their feet and yelled! But I stepped down out of the smoke and motioned them back into their seats, and got them quiet again.

“Opening my lips, I showed them the bullet between my teeth, and when they’d all seen it there, I took it out and passed it around. It had the same marks as the bullet they’d seen me put in the pistol.

“But I hadn’t done with ’em yet. Fool that I was, I proposed the rope performance, and called on two of their best men to come up and tie me, telling them that I could get out of their knots before one of them would have time to saddle a pony if the horse were right there.

“I produced my rope, a good long one, three-eighths, and stout enough to hold a two-year-old steer. I lay down on the platform and told them to come on and do their tying. At first they all seemed a little scared. That bullet business, you see, had made them a little shy about fooling round me.

“Presently a big, tall, ugly-looking old buck, wearing a green blanket and with a lot of dyed turkey feathers in his hair, came up on the stage and motioned to a stout young one, sitting near, to come and help him. The young chap trotted up, and they went at me.

“I swelled out my muscles with all my might—you know how the trick’s done—but, gentlemen, before they got half done, I knew I was cornered.

“I saw it in that old villain’s wrinkled, scowling face and in his murderous, snaky little eyes. He was one of their medicine men, probably the greatest of the tribe. The old brute was jealous of me, and knowing there was nothing any more supernatural about my tricks than there was about his own, he’d made up his mind to corral me in one of my own performances.

“Well, gentlemen, that rope was passed round my wrists in a twinkling, and drawn so tight that I winked hard with the pain. I felt the veins swell almost to bursting.

“From my wrists they passed the rope tight around my waist, then took a half hitch around my neck and knotted it under my arms. Then they went for my legs with the other end of the rope, and tied my ankles (I’d taken off my boots) so tight that my feet ached before they’d finished knotting.

“I lay there and never opened my mouth. I wouldn’t even let myself think till they pulled the curtains on me. When they got through, I told them to draw the curtain and shut me in so that I might set my medicine at work on the ropes. I saw the old medicine man grin as I gave the order. He shoved the young fellow off the staging and pulled the curtains to, leaving himself inside. Then I heard a surprised grunt all over the house, and I began to think.

“I let my muscles relax and shrink up like a turtle; but those knots shrank with me, and I found myself helpless as a baby. And there was that old grinning wretch bending over me with his snakish black eyes just glittering in triumph!

“ ‘Guess you’ve got me, old man,’ said I. ‘What are you going to do about it?’

“He bent over me and made a hissing noise with his mouth, a noise that sounded exactly like the buzz of a rattlesnake’s tail. Everything and everybody in the room was as still as a tombstone. I couldn’t hear a breath outside. All at once that wretch stopped his hissing, and with a quick movement jerked my head up between his knees, jammed something between my jaws, whipped a red scarf out from under his blanket, and passed it around my head and mouth—gagged me, in fact, tight as a double-cinched bucker.

“ ‘I’ve given my last show on this earth,’ I thought. Then the old villain backed down off the platform and slipped out from under the curtain.

“There was a general grunt of curiosity and astonishment outside, and a heap of admiration for their old juggler.

“ ‘Silence!’ growled the old wretch in Comanche. ‘Silence! I have breathed upon the bad medicine man of the whites. If I had not done so, his vile, poisonous breath would have slain every warrior in the room. At midnight every one of you would have died. Just as the moon rose above the treetops, your spirits would have left your bodies. Your squaws and your children would have been given to those crawling snakes, the Creeks and the Chotaws in the East!’

“Of course, I’m only trying to give you the substance of what he said. I understand their jargon only well enough to get the general meaning. When the old man ceased speaking, the crowd just got up and shrieked in the awfullest bloodcurdling yells you ever dreamed of! For a minute I thought my time had come and that I should be torn to pieces by the screeching mob, but the old man shook his medicine rattle at them and down they sat again, quiet as you please.

“ ‘Listen!’ he said. ‘Go home now, my children, to your tepees and sleep. Come not here till morning, when you’ll find the bad medicine of the whites harmless as water. He shall not hurt you. Go, and leave me with the medicine dog; for I must breathe again upon him, and my breath will take away all his charms and magic. He shall catch no more bullets in his teeth. Go, my children, for my breath is sacred and can be of no good until all the members of my tribe are in their lodges.’

“And do you believe it, they all got up and skipped out of there, every mother’s son of them! There I was, left alone with that hideous old beast. I had worked desperately all the time he was talking, trying to draw my hands from the rope.

“I loosened one of them just a trifle, enough to know that in half an hour of hard work I could bring my wrist through by peeling all the skin off with it. Well. when they’d gone and the last sound of them died away, the old juggler stuck his face inside.

“ ‘I go now,’ says he. ‘I go to my tepee to prepare my medicines against the medicine of the white dog. When I come again the white man’s magic shall all be mine. He will tell me all his medicines.’ Then he came inside, felt of all my knots, made himself sure of them, and then went out and left me.

“ ‘SO THAT’S your game, is it?’ thought I, and I began to take hope at once. I hadn’t time to think over the situation; I just worked like a beaver, with the sweat pouring off me like rain off a slicker.

“It was a struggle for life, for of course I hadn’t a doubt but the medicine man meant to kill me whether I told him any of my tricks or not. He would smother me like a cat in a sack, and pretend to his tribe that his breath had killed the medicine man of the whites. Then he would possess himself of my trinkets and be the greatest man that ever trod a Comanche town.

“Well, he was gone longer than I had any reason to hope for; and after a time I wrenched my right hand through the loop that held it. And I peeled it, too, peeled it horribly. But after that, work was easy. I got my arm loose, got my jackknife out of my pocket, managed to open the big blade with the stiff, swelled fingers of my other hand. Then I cut and slashed for a minute, tore the bandage off my mouth, and spit out a deer’s-horn charm. I was nearly smothered with my efforts, for, of course, I couldn’t breathe through my mouth till I got the scarf off. But I soon gained my breath and sat up, a free man.

“Then I began to think and to act. My right hand was just streaming with blood, and an idea struck me. I smeared it all over my face, till it was perfectly red. Then I got up and fished a white sheet out of one of my chests, a piece of ‘white factory’ that I’d used in some of my tricks. I put that around me, turned down the lantern and the other light inside the curtains, got out my six-shooter, then leaned back against the wall and waited.

“It was nearly half an hour before I heard the old heathen coming. He stole in, soft as a cat, and slid along up to the curtains. I always carry three lamps with me. Two of them were burning in the room, but he seemed puzzled about the light behind the curtain. Presently he opened a crack and peeked in.

“What do you think I saw? The horriblest face ever a human being wore! The cheeks were painted a blarish green, half-moons of ghastly yellow under the eyes, a jet-black ring about the ugly, grinning mouth, and three blood-red stripes across the forehead.

“The little black eyes shone with a fierce, beastly glitter that couldn’t be described. He’d got himself up in a more fearful shape than I had. He was going to scare me—but he didn’t succeed—not any!

“He gave a surprised ‘Whooh’ as he looked on the floor. There was nothing there but a bloody spot. I’d cleared away the ropes and tossed them to one side. Then he looked up and I stepped forward, jerked the curtains on one side and exhibited my get-up to him. With a sharp yell he threw up both his hands, and there came over his bedaubed face the ghastliest look of fright it’s ever been my fortune to behold. I wish I could have painted it; I should be famous today.

“I didn’t give him any time to recover. I jumped for him, and struck out as I jumped. He went his length on that platform like a beef-ox. Then I grabbed the pieces of rope and before he came to himself enough to realize what the movement meant, I had him tied; yes, and had that old deer’s-horn charm between his jaws, bound there with his own red scarf, tighter than wax! I’d bound him with limp muscles, and he was there to stay! He came to himself in a minute and glared at me frightfully.

“ ‘Ha! ha!’ says I. ‘You’ll breathe on the white dog, will you? Lie there and learn to let the medicine of the white man alone!

“But I didn’t waste time palavering at him. I hustled my things out of there, hitched onto my cart, and skipped out and away. And, gentlemen, I never went fooling around any Comanche village again.”

THE OLD JUDGE’S STORY

“I HAVE LIVED on the frontier all my life, beginning as a boy in Ohio and regularly moving west with each fresh migration of settlers to newer territories where the sod was still unturned. And though I have gone through some rough experiences, as all pioneers must, I have never had any serious trouble with my fellowmen, either white or red, save on one occasion. That was in the summer of ’53, the year after I had settled at my present farm on the Iowa River bottomlands.”

It was after this manner that “Old Judge Crego,” as he was commonly called, prefaced his account of his pioneer troubles with the Musquakie Indians in the early days of Iowa’s history. The old gentleman had been a county judge in Illinois or Indiana, the writer has forgotten which.

“Yes, I had trouble then; serious trouble, too. It happened in haying time about the last days in July. We were living in a new log house on the east side of the river—myself, my wife and child, and our hired hand, a young fellow named Aleck Wingate. We had one child, our Susie, five years old.

“Our cabin was then the highest mark of civilization—in one sense at least—upon the Iowa River, for there were no settlers above us and the nearest family below was seven miles distant. We were indeed well out upon the frontier; yet we had lived there for more than a year, meeting with no foes more dangerous than the beasts.

“We knew there were hunting parties of Indians frequently roaming about the country, chasing the herds of elk, which were then very numerous along the upper Iowa and its western branches. But these Indians, we were told, belonged to the friendly Iowas, Musquakies, and to Johnny Greene’s tribe; and so when a band of some thirty, calling themselves Musquakies, came and camped at the mouth of a creek two miles above us, we felt no uneasiness at their presence, our only annoyance coming from the begging propensities which they speedily developed.

“They would come singly, or in twos and threes, stalking in the door generally at mealtime and begging importunately for ‘bled’ (bread) and ‘sug’ and ‘tobac,’ the latter of which Aleck always kept a bountiful supply on hand. Aleck and I were then at work harvesting a twelve-acre field of wheat which we had managed to get in the spring before; and as this field was in an opening in plain sight of the cabin, we were, during the first week of the Indians’ stay, always within call of my wife, who often sat in the open door, with Susie playing at her feet, and watched us as we cradled, bound, and ‘set up’ the grain.

“When we went at our haying on the wide marsh which lay upon the west end of my land across the river, we were much farther away. One morning, about ten o’clock, as we were at work, Aleck looked up—he was moving just ahead of me—and threw down his scythe with a shout of surprise.

“ ‘Look!’ he cried. ‘Is Mis’ Crego crazy?’

“Some twenty rods distant my wife was running through the grass, with Susie in her arms. I saw in an instant that she was terribly frightened. Susie, too, was screaming.

“ ‘Why, why, Em!’ I shouted, when she came within calling distance, ‘what does this mean? Is it Indians?’

“She came out onto the mowed ground, threw herself and child down upon a swath of hay, and there she lay for a minute grasping for breath. Aleck and I, who had both run to meet her, stared at her and at each other in indignant amazement, for we had both by this time divined something of what her story would be.

“ ‘John,’ she gasped, at length, ‘there’s an—Indian—at—the house! He—he—shook me—pulled my hair—and—and—kicked Susie!’

“I waited not to hear another word.

“ ‘Stay with them, Aleck!’ I shouted, and was off at full run.

“MY WIFE screamed to me to come back, but my temper was started and I was determined to punish the insolent wretch if I had to chase him into the midst of his own camp.

“I splashed through the river, and when I reached the cabin and dashed in at the door, I found the savage wretch seated cross-legged on the center of our table, stolidly gnawing a lean pork shank which my wife had boiled for dinner. The pulling of a squaw’s hair and the kicking of a papoose were affairs of such minor importance in his tribe, that he probably could not conceive that I should be violently angry that he had exercised a man’s supreme privilege in my home. Or more probably, he merely thought my wife had run out of doors and hid herself and child until he should go away. Be that as it may, I gave him no time to think or act after he saw me. I knocked him over, table and all.

“He threw the table off with an angry grunt, sprang to his feet, and started out. He went away slowly. I knew Indians well enough to know what the fellow meant by that sullen, dignified gait; he would have his revenge.

“I felt that I had been hasty; that, in fact, I had done a most unwise thing, notwithstanding the Indian’s brutal treatment of my wife and child. Not that I was sorry to have punished the fellow, and turned him out of my house, but I had placed myself and family in extreme jeopardy by my hasty course of action.

“If I had taken him and bound his hands, and then driven him back to his camp at the muzzle of my rifle, both he and his fellows would no doubt have looked upon it as a merited punishment for his trespass upon my premises; but to have struck him I knew was an indignity to which no brave would tamely submit. Events afterward proved that I judged the matter rightly.

“My wife and Aleck came hurrying to the house after me, both scared half to death, and when I told them what I had done we held a council. We concluded without much argument that it would not be safe to leave the house alone, and of course Em and Susie could not be left alone there for a single hour so long as that party of Indians remained about.

“We finally arranged that old ‘Tad’ Newcome, a one-legged trapper who lived in the woods three miles below us, should be hired to come up and stay at the house during haying and, if he would, until the trapping season set in.

“One evening, as Aleck and I were driving up from the ford with a load of hay—we had taken my horses and the wagon over after we began haying, so as to haul home and stack a load every night—we met old Tad stumping towards us, his hat off, his face white and working strangely, and his actions showing that something terrible had occurred.

“ ‘Whoa!’ shouted Aleck, who was driving; and he looked up at me.

“I slipped off the load and stepped out in front of the old trapper as he came up.

“ ‘For heaven’s sake!’ I exclaimed, ‘what is the matter?’

“ ‘Jedge,’ said he, with a kind of gasp, as though the news choked him, ‘they’ve got the baby!’

“I staggered back against the hay like a drunken man. For a moment it seemed as though the blood had all left the surface of my body and gone to my heart, and I felt so faint and sick that I could not speak.

“ ‘Jedge,’ said the old man again, and his voice shook as though he had an ague chill, ‘Jedge, I-I-I never dreamt’—but he broke down and could not finish.

“ ‘My wife,’ said I, getting my voice, ‘is she safe?”

“He nodded his head and pointed to the cabin.

“By that time I had gathered my senses enough to note that Aleck was flying around the horses, unhitching and throwing the harness off them like a wild man. I saw what was his purpose, and my wits seemed to come to me with sudden sharpness.

“ ‘That’s right, Aleck’, said I, ‘off with everything but the bridles.’

“ ‘Now,’ said I turning to the old trapper again, ‘tell me how it happened, when they took her and which way, and tell me quick!’

“ ‘IT WAR ’bout a hour ago,’ he answered. ’The little thing run round back o’ the cabin, whilst I was settin’ smokin’ in front, ’n her ma wus a-workin’ at her ironin’ inside. Purty soon I heerd, or though I heerd, a kind o’ smothery screech out back to’rds the edge o’ the woods. I run roun’ an’ couldn’ see nothin’ o’ the baby ner nothin’ else. I wus a leetle scairt, an’ I called to ’er ma ter come ’n’ help me find the young un. Said I guessed she’d strayed off down to’rds the creek. That scairt yer wife ter’ble, ’n’ though I didn’t say nothin’ ’bout Injuns, I knowed she was a-thinkin’ of ’em, ’n’ we scattered out in the woods.

“ ‘Wal, Jedge, we hunted long enough fer me to run acrost a fresh Injun track on the edge o’ a gopher knoll. I didn’t say nothin’ ’bout that ter the wife, but she give it up purty quick, ’n’ says, “Go ’n’ git John quick, ’n’ tell ’im the Injuns ’ve got our baby.”

“ ‘An’ now, Jedge,’ he went on, all the time in a hopeless tone of voice, ‘I don’ wanter diskerridge ye, but it’s my honest opinyen ye’ll navver see that baby alive. Them Injuns is sech revengin’ critters. He went down the crick, Jedge, ’n’ you wanter go *up* crick; mind now what I tell ye, *up* crick ter their camp without no guns nor weapons o’ any kind. Ye want to ride right in, ’n’ demand that baby, ’n’ demand her *strong*, ’n’ if they’ve got her alive, ye’ll git her, ’n’ if they haint, ye wont’, and with that the old fellow turned and stumped off towards the house.

"By this time Aleck had the horses ready for mounting and was waiting. We jumped onto their backs and rode up the river. I did not dare wait to go and see my wife.

"I do not think Aleck and I were more than fifteen minutes reaching the Indian camp. It was located in a beautiful fir-oak grove, five lodges, or tepees, being grouped in a cluster at the mouth of a creek. It was dark and the campfires were flickering in front of each lodge as we rode up. We could see a number of bucks, squatted smoking, about the two central ones.

"They paid not the slightest attention to us until I had dismounted, given my rein to Aleck and walked into their midst. I looked them over quickly and carefully, as I answered 'How do' to their grunted salutations, and soon my eye fell upon the identical Indian for whom I was searching. He was sitting with his face turned partly away from the fire, and was looking doggedly down the long pipe-stem at which he was pulling stolidly. I knew his ugly visage instantly and stepped in front of him, but still he did not lift his eyes.

"'Get up!' I commanded, and Aleck afterward said that my words sounded like the click of a gun-lock.

"The Indian sprang to his feet with an angry grunt, while his companions rose to their feet also, with guttural exclamations.

"'Where is my child, my little girl?' I asked, keeping my voice as calm as I could, though I felt it quiver as I spoke.

"The Indian gave an impatient shrug and made a gesture of not understanding, but he began backing away as though to avoid further questioning.

"I stepped forward and reached out my hand to seize him by the shoulder or the throat, I was not particular which, and as I did so I heard Aleck's voice, sharp and keen with warning:

"'Judge! look out!' and then I felt a stunning, crashing sensation in my head, and went down under a blow given treacherously by an Indian behind me.

"IT MUST have been an hour or more before I came to myself, and when I did so I found myself upon the ground where the Musquakies had left me, whether for dead or not, I never knew. The Indians had pulled up their lodges, mounted their ponies, and fled.

"When I had recovered enough to take in the situation, I got up and staggered off toward home. I turned so dizzy, sick and faint a dozen times before I reached home that I felt certain I was about to drop down and die. But at last I got there, and opened the door, half expecting to find everybody gone or murdered, and what do you think I saw?

"There was my wife, sitting in our old rocking-chair, in the middle of the floor, holding Susie asleep in her arms!

"I fainted dead away. I was brought to my senses by old Tad and my wife, who had worked over me for a long time, and when they finally got me so that I could sit up, they told their story.

"About an hour and a half, as they judged, after Aleck and I had started for the Indian camp, as my wife lay sobbing on the bed and the old trapper sat gloomily in the armchair, they heard a child's voice, little Susie's, crying at the door. My wife flew to it, and snatched up her child, and old Tad, without waiting an instant, snatched up his cap and rifle. Fearing that Aleck and I had got into trouble, he started for the Indian camp. He found the camp deserted, and did not see me, so came back only to find my wife working over me and almost in despair of my life!

"Where Aleck was, they did not know, but he soon came in to inform us, and with him came several men on horses from the settlement below. He had ridden there with all speed to bring them to the rescue.

"Aleck had tried to warn me at the camp when the redskin who struck me lifted his hatchet, but his outcry was raised too late. He had seen me go down, and then, as a number of them turned threateningly toward him, he wheeled the horse around and made swiftly across the 'Big Bend' to the settlement below. He hoped to rouse them and cut the Indians off, as he correctly guessed that they would beat a quick retreat. Aleck had not doubted that they would kill me out of revenge, and our neighbors were all surprised, and not a little rejoiced, at the turn of events.

Winnebago Chief

"We did not pursue the Indians, all agreeing that no good could come of it after what had happened. By a good deal of questioning we got out of Susie that a 'bad black man' had carried her away, and took her to his queer house where the 'naughty folks' frightened her so that she dared not 'talk or cry,' and then that after a while the bad black man 'brunged' her home again.

"I do not know what the Indians had meant to do with her; but after what had happened at their camp, they no doubt feared either to keep her or harm her, and so had brought our child back to us.

"That was the only trouble I ever had with Indians, and was the last, in fact, that we ever saw of any of those Musquakies."

WAPPER-JAW JOHN

I remember "Wapper-Jaw John," the gray-haired Winnebago, who when I was a boy, occasionally used to visit the neighborhood in which I lived. Despite his strikingly deformed and ugly face, people who knew him seemed always to be kindly disposed toward him. They bought his curiously-wrought willow and split baskets, and often gave him food and a night's lodging.

His face was angular and deeply wrinkled; the under jaw was set with a curious twist on one side, and it twitched and grimaced grotesquely when he talked—and he could talk only brokenly.

He was a harmless old fellow, with a good deal of shrewd sense. He was unlike the other members of his tribe, and kept apart from them. The other Winnebagoes, so far as we knew them, were worthless, begging vagabonds, who to the number of a hundred or more visited us semi-annually.

John did really earn an honest living, and was never known to beg, although, like other wandering Indians, he carried his "papers," a lot of written testimonials certifying him to be "a good Indian." Two or three of these precious documents were of considerable length and they narrated John's services and friendly exploits in behalf of white people at times of Indian outbreaks. He carried the papers in a beaded buckskin wallet in a pocket that he had made for this purpose in the breast of his coarse shirt.

One of these accounts covered several foolscap pages. It was written in a close, fine hand that was perfectly legible, though the paper was yellow with age and wear.

I remember the evident pride and satisfaction which John displayed, and the great care with which he handled this paper when, occasionally, he presented it to some member of our family to be read or inspected. He always got it out when he came where there were children or young folks, for they liked to hear the story repeated.

At this date I cannot, of course, remember the exact sentences in which John's narrator had told of his brave and humane exploit, but the incidents are still fresh in my mind.

It was in June, 1832, several weeks after the outbreak of the Sacs and Foxes, remembered as the Black Hawk War, that Wapper-Jaw John rendered heroic service to a venturous little family of settlers in one of the narrow valleys among the bluffs opposite Sauk Prairie. At this time, according to Smith's *History of Wisconsin*, the Sacs and Foxes had scattered their war parties all over the North, from Chicago to Galena, and from the Illinois River into the Territory of Wisconsin. They occupied every grove, waylaid every road, hung around every settlement, and attacked every party of white men that attempted to penetrate the country.

This condition of affairs had lasted nearly a month, compelling settlers on all hands to gather themselves and their effects at fortified points and into hastily constructed blockhouses. Yet in this perilous time one family, a young man and his wife and child, whose home was upon the extreme northern frontier, were living in complete ignorance that there was any Indian outbreak.

Early in the previous April James Streeter had moved up from northern Illinois with his small family and had settled upon a squatter claim in a pocket of the Black Earth Valley. He had the property usually possessed by the "mover" upon the frontiers in those days, it consisting of a yoke of oxen and a wagon, a cow or two, some chickens, and a few simple household utensils.

After their arrival upon the claim, the young settler and his wife were kept so busy in building a small cabin, and in clearing, breaking up and planting a small patch of ground, that they found no time to cultivate acquaintances in a region where their nearest neighbors were nearly twenty miles distant.

As the coming of this family into the region was unknown to the settlers, its members failed to receive warning from the couriers who spread the news of Black Hawk's uprising among the hills south of the Wisconsin River. Fortunately for the Streeter family, their coming was also unknown to the hostile Indians, the cabin being a little beyond their usual range of attack.

THE husband and wife worked on undisturbed until a cabin had been built, and three acres of ground thoroughly broken up and planted to corn, potatoes and garden seeds. The plants had come up and had been hoed once, when the couple found that their small stock of provisions was nearly exhausted.

The nearest market was Dodgeville, more than twenty miles distant from their claim. It was necessary that one of the couple should stay at home to watch the cows and the growing crops, and Mr. Streeter set out alone with oxen and wagon to get flour and other needed articles.

He started on his journey just after sunrise one morning. His wife finished her morning's work about the cabin and went out with a hoe to work in the field, taking with her the child, a little girl four years of age.

Though living miles from any neighbors, the hardy women of those days stayed alone while their husbands were gone for days, and sometimes for weeks, upon hunting or trapping excursions or to distant marketing points.

Mrs. Streeter worked for some hours "hilling up" young potato vines, while Elsie, the little girl, played with a small kitten, their one domestic pet. Then, with a sudden scream, the child came running to her mother and caught her by the dress. Mrs. Streeter looked about in alarm, fearing that a rattlesnake had bitten the child, and discovered the cause of her fright to be an Indian who had come out of the brush a few rods distant and was approaching them.

Although she was not afraid of Indians, the woman was annoyed that one of them should come while her husband was away. She knew that often they were lawless and thieving when they discovered women alone.

As the Indian came toward her, his face moved and grinned so curiously that she felt an impulse to laugh until she saw that its expression came from a deformity.

"Hoogh-oogh!" he grunted, as he came up. "You go, you squaw, puck a chee heap klick! You go longa me! Heap Injun comin'!" and he pointed up the valley. "We go yonder!" pointing this time toward the Wisconsin.

The woman was frightened at his words and manner, notwithstanding that he tried to laugh and look as pleasant as his queer features would permit, and though he had no weapons in sight.

"Men kill heap. Me no hurt. You go. We heap puck a chee," and he reached down to pick up the child.

The little girl screamed with terror and Mrs. Streeter caught her up and stepped back.

"No, I will not go with you!" said she. "You're a bad Injun and you're lying to me!" She had quickly concluded that the Indian merely wished to entice her away while his companions pillaged the premises.

Again the Winnebago—for it was John—tried to explain to her that he meant to be friendly and to aid her to escape from danger.

"Heap Outagamie!" (Fox Indians) said he. "Men come, shoot, kill. Kill papoose, kill white squaw. Squaw go me, so," and again he motioned toward the river and, by imitating the act of paddling and by sweeping his hand forward, signified that he would take her across it in his canoe.

"No, you go and leave me!" said the woman, sternly. "I won't go with you. Go!" she repeated, pointing toward the woods, and then she turned, with the little girl in her arms, and started toward the cabin.

Instantly the Indian sprang forward, snatching the child from her and, catching her by the shoulders, forcing her down to the ground upon her face. He quickly tied her arms. John had evidently come prepared to carry out his plan by force, if necessary, and the poor woman felt that her instinct had been true. Not daring to struggle, she submitted to be bound a captive.

Elsie, the little girl, had started to run into the woods, but John caught her and took her, screaming, into his arms. He walked quickly back with her to Mrs. Streeter, who had risen after a struggle to her feet.

"Come," said he. "You go longa me now, heap klick! Me take papoose. We puck a chee," and he started toward the river, beckoning her to follow. He had Elsie in his arms, and there was nothing for the now thoroughly frightened and trembling woman to do but to go with him.

IT WAS several miles to the river. The Winnebago hurried forward at a half trot, the child crying piteously at every step, while the distressed mother, nearly out of breath, kept close at his heels, trying to cheer her little girl with words of affection.

John was probably too stolid to care greatly for the papoose's wailing or for its mother's distress of mind, but he was intent upon doing them a friendly service, and no doubt was carrying it out with as much kindness as he was capable of exercising.

At a little after noonday, they came to the river at the mouth of a creek, and here John put down the child, which he had carried and led alternately, and going into the edge of a willow thicket upon the bank, dragged out a long canoe. It contained a gun and some blankets. The canoe he slid down into the water, and ordered Mrs. Streeter to get down the bank and step into it.

With her hands bound as they were, she found it difficult to get into and sit down in the "tittlish" narrow trough, but she finally managed to take her place in the bow of the slight craft.

The Indian then carefully placed Elsie upon her knees in the center of the canoe. "No touch um," he commanded, tapping the sides of the canoe. "Keep a heap still." The little girl, tired and subdued, dared not so much as stir.

John picked up a paddle which he had laid upon the bank, got carefully into the canoe at the stern, shoved out into the river, and paddled swiftly down the stream.

The anguish of the poor woman was keen as she thought of the uncertain fate of her little child and herself. She could not believe the Indian's story that he was rescuing them from danger. His violence and his rapid retreat, and this journey leading to the west and away from the white settlement, could to her mind mean only that he was carrying them away into that wretched captivity which she knew that more than one woman and child had suffered at the hands of savages.

All that day the canoe sped rapidly downstream, keeping as close under the bank as possible, and it was not until after sundown that John landed and got his captives out upon the bank where they could rest their cramped limbs. He then undid a roll of blankets and got out some dried meat. The woman could not eat, but by coaxing induced the tired and hungry little girl to swallow a few scraps of the raw, tasteless venison.

After a time the Indian untied Mrs. Streeter's hands, being careful to keep between her and his gun. Then he motioned to the blankets.

"Squaw make um bed," said he. "Heap sleep."

Glad of so much freedom and a chance to rest and to comfort her child, Mrs. Streeter made a rough couch, took Elsie in her arms, and lay down upon it. The little girl was soon asleep, but the mother lay narrowly watching the Indian, waiting for a chance to escape if he should drop asleep or relax his guard in any way.

She got no opportunity, however. John sat near at hand, leaning against a tree, stiff and upright, with his gun across his legs. After about two hours of rest, he ordered her to get up again and get into the boat, telling her to "take papoose."

She carried the sleeping child down the bank, and while the Indian steadied the canoe at the stern, got in at the bow. John threw in the blankets, got in, put his gun between his knees, and took up the paddles. All night they floated swiftly down the river, the long, steady sweep of the Indian's paddle doubling the rate at which the canoe was borne by the rapid current.

Mrs. Streeter endured her anxiety and fatigue as bravely as she could, not daring to make any demonstrations but all the time on the watch for a chance to escape from her captor.

At a little after sunrise the Winnebago landed upon a bar at the north bank, and ordered her to get out of the canoe. After carrying Elsie asleep in her arms all night, she found her own limbs to be so cramped and stiff that at first it was impossible to use them. The Indian swung the stern round, dragged the canoe out upon the bar, and helped her out.

He now, for the first time, aroused in her a little hope by saying, "Heap white mans, heap soje," pointing to the northwest. "Walk, sun so," showing her where the sun would be when their journey should end. He again offered his captives some dried meat, and the pangs of hunger compelled both woman and child to make a hearty meal.

After they had rested awhile and got the cramp out of their legs and arms, the Indian pointed out the direction in which they were to go, and ordered Mrs. Streeter to walk ahead and lead the little girl. He let them walk slowly, keeping a rod or two behind them, with his gun and blankets. After three hours of tramping they came out of the woods upon a hill overlooking a broad valley—the Mississippi Valley—and then the Indian came eagerly forward.

"See," he said, his face grinning and working with evident pleasure as he pointed to a distant cluster of buildings upon the bank of a wide river which lay in front of them. "See, Plala doo shang!"

It was the frontier fort and trading post of Prairie du Chien. Mrs. Streeter had heard of this place, but had known only vaguely where it was situated.

She now perceived that her captor had intended all his acts in friendliness. An hour later she and her child were safely housed at the fort, and her thankfulness at this outcome to her adventure may be imagined.

Mrs. Streeter's alarm for her husband's safety was great until John, whose services were again secured, made a trip to Dodgeville and brought him across the country to her. Mr. Streeter had discovered their danger from meeting a body of soldiers on the second morning after his departure from home. They had accompanied him hastily back to his cabin, only to find it burned down and the premises deserted. He had mourned his wife and child as dead until word was brought by the Winnebago of their rescue and safety.

THE DESPERATE ESCAPE

THE DREADFUL Indian massacre of '62 depopulated whole counties of newly settled territory in a single day—the 18th of August—and drove from the Minnesota frontiers thousands of people in a few days' time.

During this eventful period there were many thrilling and desperate adventures and hairbreadth escapes. The local historians who published narratives gathered haphazardly at the time, did all they could to cover the ground of incident. The main facts and causes of the bloody uprising have been compiled and preserved in several volumes published at St. Peter and St. Paul.

In one of these, several paragraphs are devoted to the murder of the men in charge of the stores at the isolated trading post on the eastern shore of Big Stone Lake. This account briefly relates the desperate escape of a French-Indian boy, Baptiste or "Bat" Gubeau—as this common name among the Canadian French is frequently abbreviated.

In the Minnesota massacre it was Little Crow's ruthless policy to exterminate all the whites west of the Mississippi. Every one with white blood in his veins who could not or would not take part against the settlers was to be killed. Contrary to the usual rule in Indian wars, the fur trader, from the very circumstance that he fancied he was safe, fell a swift and easy victim to the rifle and hatchet of the Sioux.

All the employes of the four stores and warehouses at Big Stone, Myrick's, Forbes', Robert's, Pratt & Co.'s, were either French or half- and quarter-bloods of that extraction. Among those of mixed blood was the "warehouse boy," Bat Gubeau.

On the 21st of August four of Robert's men, Bat and three Canadians, Patnode, Laundre and Pachette, were cutting hay on a marsh near the lake shore below the post. They were at work in their loose shirts and leggin's, mowing with scythes, one following the other. Without a second's warning a party of "Blanket" Sioux came up out of the tall grass a few rods distant and began firing upon them. Patnode, Pachette and Laundre, who were ahead of Bat and most exposed to the Indian fire, were killed almost at the first shot.

Young Gubeau saved his life from their fire by quick-wittedly throwing himself on his face as though shot, lying across the swath and blade of his scythe.

The Indians scalped his comrades and stripped them of their hat and shoes; then several of them came to him and turned him over. He knew his captors well and could understand their language almost as well as the *patois* of his Canadian parents.

"We killed them," one replied, with black looks, "because all whites and fur men have always cheated and lied to the Indians, and we'll kill you because you are a dog of a mixed blood. We shall kill you when the sun goes down, after a scalp dance and after the squaws have burned the Indian blood out of your body with brands from their fires."

This is, in effect, what the savages said, as near as Baptiste could interpret it in his broken English.

The speaker was a Wapekuta medicine man, well known at the trading post as a malignant hater of the white men and a constant fomenter of bad feeling among his own people.

While two of the Indians were tying Bat's hands behind him with strips of buckskin, the medicine man began prancing around and telling, in a boastful chant, of the murders which had been committed upon the white settlers at the Lower agency, at Beaver Creek and Birch Coolie. He sang boastfully that but two suns more would pass before every white man west of Minnehaha would die. The Sioux nation, possessed of the guns and ammunition taken from the dead settlers and soldiers, could hold its country and beat the white people always. Then he warmed up and began recounting, after the whooping, singsong fashion of his kind, the exploits of himself and the others with him.

THE POSSESSION of a prisoner who could understand their peculiar chants and the braggings in which they so liked to indulge was unusual good fortune. The vauntings of the medicine man seemed to act upon the savages like the baleful charm some reptiles are said to exercise. One by one they threw aside their weapons and joined the medicine man in his weird leaps and chantings about the prisoner.

Bat said not a word, but sat quietly, his shrewd eyes watching for a chance to break through the ring and escape. He was strong, lithe, and a swift runner, and a plan of action soon came to him. He felt that it was desperate enough, but it was his only chance.

A bayou or narrow bay ran up from the lake into the marsh upon which he and his companions had been cutting hay, and the head of it was not more than a ten minute's run distant. This strip of water was grown thickly about with rushes, and was from four to six feet deep.

If he could break away, escape his pursuers' shots and outrun them, he thought he might find a hiding place among the rushes until night should come on.

About the time he had canvassed the chances of this plan, the Indians about him had begun to wind up their dancing with a peculiar gyrating movement known among them as the Moon Dance. In it the dancers wheel slowly about bowleggedly, tetering first upon one foot and then upon the other, and swaying the body from the hips in a snake-like movement. The head is rolled in imitation of a lolling bear and the arms are worked writhingly while the savage sings in a grunting tone: "E-yongh, e-yongh! Hi-yee! Hy-yer! E-yongh, e-yongh!"

The prisoner kept his eye upon one of the Indians, whom he knew—for he knew them all well—to be the best runner among them. As this one swung around between himself and the line of retreat he had marked out, Bat sprang up and with an agile jump planted both heels of the army shoes he wore in the "small" of the dancer's back.

The Indian went down with a screech of pain and surprise, as the keen-witted Canadian passed over him and shot away toward the lake.

Certain that he had disabled their swiftest runner, Bat felt chiefly concerned for the moment in dodging bullets and arrows. He sprang this way and that at as sharp angles as he could and at the same time make good headway.

The Indians caught up their guns instantly upon seeing what had happened, but luckily only a few of their arms had been reloaded, and the shots aimed by Indians, breathless with the exertion of a shrieking dance, missed their target. Throwing down their guns, the whole party gave chase, yelling frightfully as is their fashion.

Bat glanced backward, and saw them spreading out in pursuit, the swiftest runners heading straight for the bayou on either side. There was no longer any danger from bullets, so the boy put himself down to his utmost speed, and bent his head toward the nearest point of rushes. He was hampered by having his hands tied behind, and the triumphant yells, which sounded a little louder at each passing minute, caused him to fear greatly that they would overtake him.

Over mowed ground, through tall grass he ran like an antelope for several minutes. He had gained a number of rods on the Indians while they were picking up their guns and firing, and this advantage was what saved his life. He reached the low bank of the inlet in advance of the foremost Sioux, but so near were they that, as he plunged among the rushes, a hatchet thrown by one of them flew past his head and dropped into the water in front.

He threw himself headlong into the water, and dived amid the rushes. Then he pushed himself along by kicking in the mud at the bottom. When his breath gave out, he raised his head out long enough to get a fresh breath, then ducked and shoved ahead.

In this way he was speedily out of sight and reach of the Sioux, who did not follow him into the rushes. His pursuers spread out, and hurriedly surrounded the bayou hoping to catch him in the grass as he attempted to crawl out upon the other side.

But Bat had no notion of going out of the bayou at present. He found a bottom shallow enough to stand upon, and then began working his wrists out of the thongs which bound them. This he was soon able to do, as the water-soaked buckskin stretched at every strain.

Bat waited and listened. Soon he heard Indians talking upon the bank of the bayou opposite his entrance. They were looking for his trail at the edge of the water, and asking each other if he had crossed, and which way he would go. Finally one of them said, "No, he's in there! The dog will not come out." Then all was quiet.

Bat did not stir again, for fear he should be discovered by the rattling of the rushes. The time wore on heavily. Toward night mosquitoes rose out of the water and pestered him frightfully. He dared not thresh about, for fear his whereabouts should be discovered. As the vicious insects alighted upon his face and neck in swarms, he discovered a method of alleviating his sufferings. Every few seconds, as his face became black with them, and their stings began to make him wince, he would quickly and softly lower his head under water, and hold it there as long as he could keep his breath. The cool water soothed the irritation of their bites, and gave him refuge from them a good part of the time.

DARKNESS came at last, and with it a breeze which rustled the rushes, so that he could stir about without attracting attention by noise. He now speedily made use of his legs and arms in working his way down nearer the lake where, in a thicket of tall cornstalk grass, he crawled out of the bayou, feeling stiff and water-logged.

He lay among the stalks resting and listening for an hour or so, and then, bending low in the grass, made his way to the highland prairie, a mile or more distant. Not daring to attempt to reach Fort Ridgely through the country which he had learned from his captors was overrun by the Sioux, he set out for St. Cloud, nearly 200 miles distant on the Mississippi.

He traveled three days and nights, occasionally dodging war parties of Sioux. During that time he lived upon roots and grass; these he chewed and swallowed the juice. At length he walked into the streets of St. Cloud. There was a large gathering of settlers there, and the buildings, mostly of logs, had been fortified and put in a state of defense.

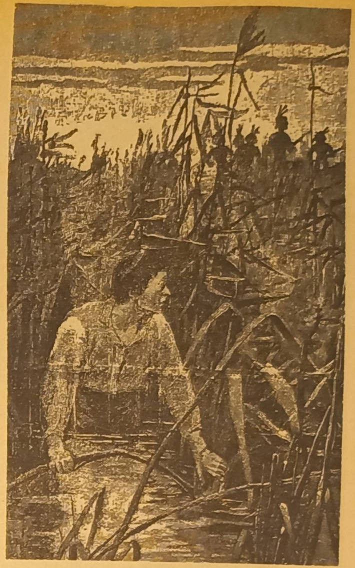
A crowd of men stood in front of the first store he reached on entering the village. Faint and exhausted, Bat pushed through them, and asked inside for something to eat. A number of settlers and others immediately came inside, and in rough tones asked him what he, a half-breed—he was a quarter-blood—was doing among the whites.

Bat told his story in broken English, but the crowd, incensed at the hundreds of murders committed and the loss of friends and relatives, were in a frenzied state of fury at the sight of one belonging to the race which had committed such ravages.

"He's a miserable spy!" shouted one of them. "A sneakin' Sioux, come among us to see how many there is of us! Let's hang him!"

Beardless, more than naturally swarthy from exposure, haggard and ugly in countenance from hunger and fatigue, Bat's appearance was against him. The crowd fiercely took up the cry, "Hang him!"

The nearest men sprang forward and secured the unfortunate fellow. His hands were speedily tied with cord; from the stock of goods a rope was procured, and he was hustled out of the store by the incensed settlers who declared their intention of stringing him up to the first tree on the riverbank.



Soon he heard Indians.

It was useless to plead or struggle, and despairingly the poor exhausted youth allowed himself to be dragged along the street. Then a villager, who had the year before lived at Big Stone, pushed into the crowd to have a look at the prisoner and fortunately recognized Bat at once.

"Hullo!" he shouted. "Stop this, men! I know that boy. He's one of Robert's men at Big Stone."

This, of course, put an immediate end to the proceedings. An innocent life had nearly been sacrificed to the intense feeling wrought up over the treacherous and wholesale murders so recently committed by Indians and half-breeds all about them.

It is hardly necessary to add that the men were sorry enough of their conduct when they learned of Bat's innocence, and that they treated him afterward with all the kindness of which they were capable.

BOYER'S STRATAGEM

PRIOR to 1857, a large tract of lake territory lying between the Upper Des Moines and the Big Sioux Rivers was infested by one of the most villainous bands of Indian outlaws which the Indian policy of the government has ever called into being. It was the band of eleven, led by Inkpaduta—Scarlet Point—who in the winter of '57 massacred a half-hundred settlers in their scattered cabins about Okoboji, Spirit and Pelican Lakes, and carried a number of women into a captivity far worse than death.

These Indians, disaffected Wapekuta Sioux, had been outlawed from their own tribe for the murder of their chief, Tosagi. They were the pest and terror of settlers in middle and western Iowa from the time that scattered colonies first came in, until their depredations and atrocities culminated in the Spirit Lake massacre. On that occasion whole settlements were annihilated, their inhabitants being generally taken by surprise and killed inside their snowbound cabins.

Previous to this massacre, which resulted in the capture and punishment of a part of them and the disbanding of the rest, these Indians subsisted by begging and plundering among the frontier settlements, by hunting and fishing about the Northern lakes, and by a sort of blackmail upon the Wapekutas, whose village was in the pipe-stone region.

The village of Inkpaduta was on the Upper Des Moines, near the Minnesota line. It was more than a hundred miles from any settlement, until the ill-fated squatters of the Spirit Lake tragedy settled about the lakes. There were no troops stationed within a week's march, and the frontier settlements were too weak and scattered to offer organized resistance.

Occasionally bold trappers, in spite of numerous warnings of the dangers, established and maintained their trapping grounds within the hunting circuit of Inkpaduta's band. Among them was Jake Boyer, a fearless frontiersman who went among Indians regardless of danger—one of the sort of adventurers whom, strangely enough, the savages seldom molested.

Jake knew Inkpaduta and his followers. He visited their village every fall and spring to trade ammunition or trinkets for furs. On one of these excursions he carried a double-barreled rifle which he had bought in Dubuque. It was a fine weapon of German pattern, silver-mounted, and had cost him a hundred dollars. The Indians were much taken with this gun, and one of them—Feto Atanka (Big Face)—wanted to swap a pony for it. Boyer told him that nothing less than twenty-five prime mink skins would get the gun; that when he could produce so many whole skins, smooth and white inside, he would swap. These terms of trade were made known by signs and by the use of such simple English words as the Indians understood.

A few months later, in autumn, Boyer was visited at his cabin on the Ocheyedan by several of Inkpaduta's band, among them Husan (One Leg), Makpi Opetu (Fire Cloud) a son of the chief, and Big Face. Boyer found them squatted in front of his dugout upon the side of a bluff, as he came in from a morning round of his traps. They rose as he approached with his rifle across his shoulder. After a friendly round of "How-Hows!" Big Face drew from his blanket a bundle of black-looking skins.

"Huh!" said he. "Me bling um mink, you give um up gun."

JAKE saw at once that the mink were warm-weather skins and worthless. No doubt they were the pelts of all the minks taken or shot by the members of the band during the summer and early fall months, and had been entrusted to Big Face in order that so fine a rifle might belong to one of the band.

The trapper drew back and shook his head in refusal to receive the skins. He was about to explain, what they perfectly well knew to be true, that the pelts were of no account, when, with a sudden spring, Big Face was upon him. The others instantly sprang forward also and Boyer's rifle was wrenched from him. When he was forced to let go his gun, he dodged quickly into a thicket of bushes which grew up to the door of his habitation.

The Indians fired several shots after him, but he was not harmed. He reached his canoe, in which he kept a squirrel rifle for shooting muskrat and other small game, secured the weapon and made his escape through the tall grass of the bottom, whither the Indians did not pursue him.

He made his way to a settlement sixty miles distant and tried to raise a party to go and hunt Inkpaduta's band, and drive them out of the region; but he could not find half a dozen men within a circuit of thirty miles who had interest enough in his cause to make it their own. Only one adventurous fellow went back with him to his trapping grounds on the Ocheyedan.

Upon reaching the dugout they found, to their surprise, that its contents had not been disturbed. Lying inside the door was the identical pack of worthless mink skins which Big Face had brought to trade for the rifle. The traps were also all in their places.

Evidently the Indians had been somewhat alarmed after Jake's escape, and wished to leave the impression that they had been dealing in good faith, and had kept to the letter the bargain which had been made for the gun.

This fact gave Boyer confidence, and he boldly set about his trapping again, determined to watch his opportunity, outwit the Indians, and recover his valuable rifle. During the next month he busied his brain every day with schemes, and finally hit upon a plan which he determined to carry out at once.

Leaving his companion in charge of the dugout and the trapping, he set out for Fort Dodge with two small ponies packed with the fall catch. At the Fort, which was merely a frontier trading station, he sold his furs, procured ammunition, blankets and some trinkets to trade upon, and set out for Inkpaduta's village, as he had been in the habit of doing at that season of the year.

In spite of all that had happened, he expected to make the savages believe that he was still friendly to them, and could not afford to lose their fur trade for such trifles as the loss of his rifle and the attempt on his life. He did not believe they would dare injure him again, for they would surely know that he had spread the story of their attack upon him at the settlements, and his going to them directly from the Fort would naturally make them cautious how they offended him. After getting among them, he hoped to recover his much prized rifle by a stratagem.

He found only a few squaws and children at the Des Moines village, but was informed that the bucks were camped at Lost Island Lake, where they had gone to hunt for elk.

It was but a half-day's ride to the place, and he discovered the tepees of the band as he approached the lake shore at sunset. Most of the Indians had got in from the day's hunt and, as he rode up, were lying about the fires, waiting for the women to boil some meat for their evening meal.

They got up and gave some grunts of surprise as he approached, but immediately broke into most cordial "How-How's!" and grinned in a way that betrayed their pleasure that he should come among them in so friendly a fashion. He had always dealt more fairly with them than traders were in the habit of doing.

Big Face, One Leg and Inkpaduta were among those who greeted him. He shook hands with all, telling them he had come to "swap" again, and acted as though nothing had happened. They were immensely pleased, and one of the young bucks assisted him in unpacking and then picketed his ponies with their own.

That evening and the next morning were spent in trade. For a half-dozen red blankets, some ammunition and beads, Jake came into possession of all the beaver, mink and muskrat skins the Indians had.

After the swap had been completed to the satisfaction of all parties, Jake proposed to Inkpaduta that he and a picked number of his men should ride over to his tepee on the Ocheyedan—a little more than a half-day's ride—and hunt elk at the head waters of Stony Creek, where he knew that a big herd of them were feeding.

He had no winter's meat laid in, he told the chief, and since he had traded his large gun to Big Face, he had no rifle that carried a ball large enough to kill an elk. If he would go over with his men and kill two big elk for Jake, he would give the chief the smallest pony he had brought with him.

Inkpaduta was taken with the offer, and evidently accepted all the trapper had said in sincerity. He consulted his bucks and found them eager to go, as the white man had described the herd as a big one.

Camp was hastily struck and the whole party set out for Jake's headquarters, where they arrived that evening and camped for the night. Jake had told Inkpaduta of his partner who, he said, had no gun but an old musket that would only shoot small shot.

THAT NIGHT, when they were alone in the dugout, Jake instructed Williams, his partner, that as soon as the party should have got out of sight, he was to pack what furs he could on the pony left him, cache the rest with the traps, and make haste for the nearest settlement on the Little Sioux.

Next day, at noon, the hunters were camped near the source of the Stony, and scouts were sent out to look for the elk herd, which was sighted before night.

A plan of the hunt was determined on before they slept, and Jake managed that he was to be one of the party. They were to go in three squads, enclosing the band in a triangle in which Big Face rode with Inkpaduta and one of the chief's sons, Roaring Cloud, or Makpeahotoman.

Big Face had made no attempt to conceal the rifle, which was still in his possession. In fact, he had carried it with a good deal of flourish and display, evidently proud of owning such a piece of property.

Before daylight the next morning the hunting parties were mounted and circling the region where the elk had been seen. A keen wind was blowing from the northwest, and as the elk were in that direction the herd was surrounded without difficulty. The parties converged, one from the north, another from the west, and the third, in which was Jake, moved slowly forward from the southeast.

The plan was that the herd should be driven toward this last party, who were to rush in upon their front and turn them about. This would bring the whole hunting party upon them.

In one respect the plan was perfect. About sunrise the big drove was seen by Inkpaduta's party, and Boyer observed, with no little satisfaction, that the elk were coming directly toward him.

They came right on without seeming to see the hunters, who had spread a little and lay close along the backs of their ponies.

There were more than two hundred elk, and Boyer said it was a splendid sight to see them come on, the bulls in the lead. "An acre of branching horns," he expressed it, "moving down swift like the front of the wind in a blizzard."

When the foremost elk were within gunshot, the Indians straightened up and with loud yells dashed their ponies at the face of the herd. But instead of turning, the whole bunch spread out like a fan and went by like a shot, scattering continually as they sped on.

The Indians whirled their ponies and gave chase, having fired several ineffective shots, and as each selected his game the manoeuvre drew them rapidly apart. This was precisely what Boyer had hoped for, and he followed Big Face, keeping him all the time in view. The Indian soon overtook a fat cow-elk, whose calf had got in her way and impeded her progress. Big Face rode alongside, shoved the muzzle of his gun almost against the cow's side, and killed her instantly.

He had fired one barrel before, and with a whoop he now circled his pony about, sprang to the ground and stood over the dead elk, evidently satisfied with his morning's work.

This was not what Boyer wanted at all, for there were still other Indians in sight. In fact, nearly the whole party was by this time racing along in pursuit of the herd.

Knowing that he had not a moment to spare if he would allay suspicion and catch Big Face with an unloaded gun, he drew up alongside. Quickly dismounting, he stepped in front of the Indian and covered him with the light rifle, which he had not unloaded.

"Give me my gun or I'll shoot," said the trapper sharply.

Big Face saw that he was tricked, and that Boyer had the best of him. Like all of his kind he was a coward at heart, and with a sickly grin of fear he laid the ill-gotten rifle against the elk's body and stepped back.

"Now, let go that pony and walk off," commanded Jake, with a meaning gesture. The Indian obeyed and hurried away toward the retreating elk at a pace the meaning of which Boyer knew well.

Jake's first movement was hastily to load his recovered rifle with heavy charges, having kept balls in his pockets that would fit the bore. Then fastening his small rifle to the saddle of the pony he had ridden, and tying that animal to the lariat dragging at the neck of Big Face's pony, he mounted the Indian's horse, and turned and rode northeast toward the Minnesota settlements which were the nearest white habitations.

Just as he started, he looked back over his shoulder and saw Big Face making frantic gestures from the top of a knoll about a hundred rods away. But the whole party, elk and all, had passed out of sight into the valley of the Stony, and the last that Jake ever saw of the band, as he spurred his pony in the opposite direction, was the outwitted Big Face waving his arms.

It was a daring stratagem which had secured him his rifle and a "pony for damage," and one which a man less hardy and keen-witted would never have planned—and certainly could not have succeeded in carrying out.

Inkpaduta and his men evidently gave the big elk herd a long chase, without any notion of what had happened in their rear. If any of them had seen Big Face and Boyer near the dead elk, they must have thought the white man had stopped only to take charge of his game. At any rate they did not overtake Jake, who pushed rapidly on to Lake Shetek where at a settlement he was safe from Indian assault.

Later, he joined Williams at Fort Dodge, having passed through Inkpaduta's country in the night. After that he trapped west of the Big Sioux, as he considered the lake region "unhealthy" for him.

HOW HE GOT IT

"JORGENSEN, can you bring me down, on your next trip, a piece of pipe-stone big enough for the top to a center table?"

This request, which looks and sounds plain and innocent enough, was addressed, some twenty years ago, by a St. Louis merchant to a Danish fur-buyer with whom he dealt, buying of him every few months a boatload of peltries, brought down from the upper Missouri country.

The Dane, Odolph Jorgensen, a short, thick-set, blue-eyed fellow wearing a fierce, stiff mustache, stood in front of the merchant's counter, stowing in his wallet the drafts just received for his last boatload of furs.

He looked up at the questioner with a shrewd twinkle in his blue eyes.

"Yaas, for two tousand dollars," he answered, laconically.

The merchant stared. "Why, man, it ain't such a fearful undertaking!" he put in, with a good deal of astonishment.

"Yaas," said the Dane, "it's vort that, efry saint."

"All right!" returned the merchant—he was wealthy. "I'll give you $2,000 for a piece of pipe-stone, regular in shape, three feet by five, and two inches thick or more."

"I pring ut down een Nofaimber," answered Jorgensen, and that ended the conversation.

Odolph knew that he would risk much, his life even, in executing such a commission; but he had grown hardy in five years of fur-buying in the Indian country. Yet if he could have known all the danger involved in entering upon the "Neutral Ground," and carrying off a block of the sacred pipe-stone, he probably would not have taken the risk.

As it was, he determined to go about it at once, and in the only way he approved of doing business—an honorable one. He had no right to take even a pebble from the sacred ground of the Indians without their consent, and that could only be obtained at a heavy cost and at no small danger of treachery.

Nevertheless, he put his barge in tow of a steamer—he shipped his peltries down in a flat-boat on his own account—and with his assistant, Hans Obermann, boarded his boat and went up the river to Yankton, his headquarters. From there, leaving Hans in charge of his affairs, he took a horse and rode straight for Yankton Agency, some sixty miles farther up the river.

On arriving, he went to the tepee of a Yanktonais chief, whom he knew and who could speak English brokenly. After much preliminary talk, he told the Indian what he wanted, and offered the chief $100 to go with him to the pipe-stone country and help him get a block of stone.

The chief listened in sullen surprise at first—they are all extremely jealous of allowing white men access to the pipe-stone quarries, even as visitors—but at length the promise of so great a sum of money began to have its effect. He finally agreed that if Odolph—as Jorgensen was known to him—would give him $100, the pony he had ridden up there, two new blankets and five pounds of tobacco, and would keep the matter perfectly secret, he, the chief, would go and help him get the pipe-stone.

After much haggling, Jorgensen agreed, and the chief, Niche Kotonka (Bad Buffalo), mounting one of his ponies after a consultation with some of his "bucks," set out with the Dane on the return trip to Yankton.

From this point Jorgensen, accompanied by Obermann and Bad Buffalo, who joined them two miles out on his pony, drove north in his wagon. They reached Pipe-Stone Creek, at the foot of the quarries, one beautiful evening just before sunset.

After camping and eating supper, the Indian mounted his pony, and told Odolph that he must go up the stream to where the spirits of two women dwelt in the rocks and "make medicine" to them before they could touch the stone. He cautioned both the Danes not to lay so much as a finger or look upon a piece of it until he returned.

"JORGENSEN knew of this superstition and, humoring the Yankton's caution, he and Hans lay upon the grass and smoked their pipes until Niche Kotonka came back. It was then dark, and all three rolled their blankets about them and slept till morning.

After breakfast the next morning they hitched their horses to the wagon, and the Yankton led the way to a quarry where the stone, in thin strata, cropped out on the side of a shallow ravine.

This famous pipe-stone underlies but a small strip of territory along the creek which goes by this name, and is found cropping out in numerous small ravines and gullies; and in these places, where it is easiest of access, the Indians go to procure it.

As they only get small pieces for pipes, and various little ornaments which they fashion with knives and other instruments, and polish by rubbing, there has, of course, been no very great diminution of quantity at the quarries. It is now well known that this peculiar soft rock is susceptible of a very high polish, much more mirror-like and beautiful than that which can be put upon the finest of dark marbles.

It was the extreme beauty of this polish upon Indian ornaments and the knowledge that, owing to the jealous guardianship of the Indians there would be considerable difficulty in obtaining so large a piece of the rock, that had induced the St. Louis merchant to offer Jorgensen a large sum for a block of table-top size.

Thus far all had gone famously in the enterprise. The stone was found easy of access at the quarry to which Bad Buffalo led them. And, with the help of a sledge-hammer and crow-bar, Odolph and Hans soon succeeded in breaking into proper shape and dimensions a fine block of mottled stone, varying in color from light pink to the deepest ruby red. The most common color is a dark red, or nearly "liver color."

The Indian then demanded and received the one hundred dollars, which Jorgensen had agreed to pay him before starting upon the return. The other property was to be turned over at Yankton. After this had been done, they set out upon their way back. The chief, by agreement, was to accompany them all the way as a safeguard should any party of Sioux accidentally discover their trail and the object of their trip, or come upon them with any hostile intent—something which any white traveler might expect in those regions at that time.

That night they camped on the east bank of the Big Sioux at the crossing, or ford, of an old military trail, one they had followed for some distance in coming out of Yankton.

The next morning, when Odolph and Hans awoke, the chief was gone. Odolph had left him on guard at two o'clock—they had kept guard by relief—and the rascal had stolen out to his pony, mounted and ridden away. He had taken nothing, however, not belonging to him, having refrained, probably, with the hope of leaving behind an impression of honesty and fair dealing.

"JORGENSEN suspected treachery immediately. He remembered with alarm the consultation with the braves at the Agency, of which he—and the chief knew it—understood not a word; also the strict injunction of secrecy which Bad Buffalo had laid upon him, and the now doubly alarming and significant fact that the chief had not entered the town of Yankton at all, but had stopped all night with a half-breed some miles above, and had contrived to join Hans and himself the next morning upon the prairie where there would be no witnesses.

All of that had seemed natural enough at the time, knowing, as the fur trader did, the peculiar characteristics of the Indian. Now, however, the thought came to him with startling significance that no white man had seen the Indian in their company at all.

Odolph felt sorely chagrined at his short-sighted confidence, and told his fears briefly to Hans.

"We must put that stone in the river," said he, "and get out of this country by some other way than we came, and we must do it soon."

Hans was badly frightened, but he obeyed commands with his usual sturdy faithfulness, and in a short time the two had crossed the river in their wagon, having dumped out the precious stone into four feet of water, and were driving hurriedly down the valley on the west side. They pushed on this way for several hours along the valley and across the points of numerous bluffs that pushed out into it, and then halted in the mouth of a deep ravine, where they determined to lie in wait until dark. Then they would drive straight—or as straight as possible—across the prairie for Yankton.

Odolph reasoned that if they could reach that point without being seen by Indians—for he firmly believed that a party of Bad Buffalo's bucks were lying in wait for them along the military road—the chief would conclude that Odolph had dodged them and got through safe with the pipe-stone, and the white men could very safely go back in time and get it. On the other hand, if they were caught, as was more likely, the rascals could have no cause for picking a quarrel.

The sequel proved his surmises correct, but his tactics availed him little as a means of preventing trouble.

After halting in the ravine, the Danes picketed their horses upon the side-hill, ate a cold lunch of raw bacon and crackers, and then threw themselves upon the grass, with their carbines beside them, to await the coming of night or whatever adventure the afternoon might bring them.

They had not a great while to wait for an adventure most unwelcome in its nature.

They had lain an hour or two, and Odolph was stretched upon his back with half-closed eyes, when Hans suddenly sprang up and exclaimed in frightened tones, "Min Gud, Odolph! De komme at drabe os!" (They are coming to kill us.)

Odolph sprang to his feet in time to see upon the ridge a squad of Indian horsemen who had come over the northern bluff and were ambling down toward them.

There were eighteen or twenty of them, all bucks, and armed to a man with carbine and musket.

"Those fellows mean mischief, Hans, sure enough," said Jorgensen, speaking in their native tongue. "Stand back here away from the wagon, a little behind me, and do as you see me do," and throwing his carbine carelessly across his left arm, the fur buyer awaited the Indians' approach with all the careless assurance he could assume.

As the squad drew near, Odolph and his frightened companion saw that the faces of all of them were hideously bedaubed with glaring paints, green, black, yellow and vermilion.

They were scattered out in single file before reaching the bottom of the ravine, and the leader—a chief, if Odolph could judge from his toggery—rode directly to the wagon, without so much as deigning to notice the white men, leaned forward upon his pony's neck, and peered scowlingly into the box.

He looked earnestly for a moment, and then, uttering an angry grunt, glowered savagely at Odolph, who looked him shrewdly and keenly in the eyes and said, "How!" as pleasantly as he could.

But the Indian was in a bad humor, and without replying to this civil salute, he turned to several repulsive-looking bucks who had now ridden up, and gave a few guttural words of command.

A half-dozen or more of them instantly sprang from their ponies and giving the lariats in charge of others, speedily pulled the blankets, grub-box, and other contents out of the wagon, gave the blankets to the chief—there were only two rolled together in a bundle—then, with their hatchets, they fell upon the wagon-box and began hacking it in pieces. While they were doing this two of the mounted Indians rode out, pulled the picket-pins and led Odolph's horses away up the ravine.

Jorgensen and his man stood looking helplessly on, knowing well that they must do nothing else if they would save their lives.

The angry Indians soon demolished the wagon, chopping the "reach" in the center and piling the wheels and fragments of the box in a heap together. They then scratched matches—of which they seemed to have a good supply—and lighted splinters in several places at the bottom, and in a few moments the whole heap was enveloped in flames. They stood back and laughed as the blaze crackled about the wreck, and maliciously eyed the two Danes as though they wished they might dare to fling them also into the burning mass.

After making sure the fire had made too great headway to be put out, the dismounted ones got on their ponies and the whole party rode off up the ravine.

"NOW," said Odolph, as the last Sioux disappeared over the summit, "we must run for it, Hans. We must make the river and get across at once, or we'll never get out of this hollow alive."

The river was not more than 200 yards distant, but even as they reached the bank they heard the clatter of horses' hoofs upon the bluff above. Looking back, Odolph saw the whole troop riding along the ridge at a head-long gallop and evidently making ready to fire upon them.

"Into the river, Hans!" Odolph shouted, and they plunged in. The bank was sloping and there was no shelter unless they could reach the timber which grew upon the other side.

The water came up to their armpits and. holding their carbines above their heads, they pushed through the current at a rate that made it boil behind them.

They had not more than reached the middle when the Indians drew up on the crest of the bluff above and began firing down upon them. The bullets pattered "chook! chook!" close about their shoulders.

"Down, Hans! Down to your nose!" shouted the ready-witted fur buyer, and sinking down until only the tops of their heads and the muzzles of their carbines protruded above the surface, the emperiled Danes scooted through the water like hunted deer.

The moving heads presented small marks at that distance, and some of the Indians dismounted and came bounding down the steep side of the bluff to get a close shot as the white men came up on the opposite bank.

But Odolph understood this game also, and heading downstream—he was in the lead, for Hans faithfully followed in every move—he made for a big fallen tree that leaned out from the bank and had formed a sort of boom for the lodgment of a mass of drift-stuff. Behind that they would be safe.

The Indians saw this move and with yells of disappointment halted, fired a few ineffective shots and then hustled back to get out of range of the carbines which they well knew were loaded with waterproof cartridges and would be turned upon them in a moment from behind the drift. The whole party then hurriedly withdrew out of sight.

Odolph and Hans, who had reached the shelter of the drift, now crawled up the bank and walked out among the trees to where they would safely pull off their dripping clothes and wring the water from them. Here they stayed, on the watch, until dark.

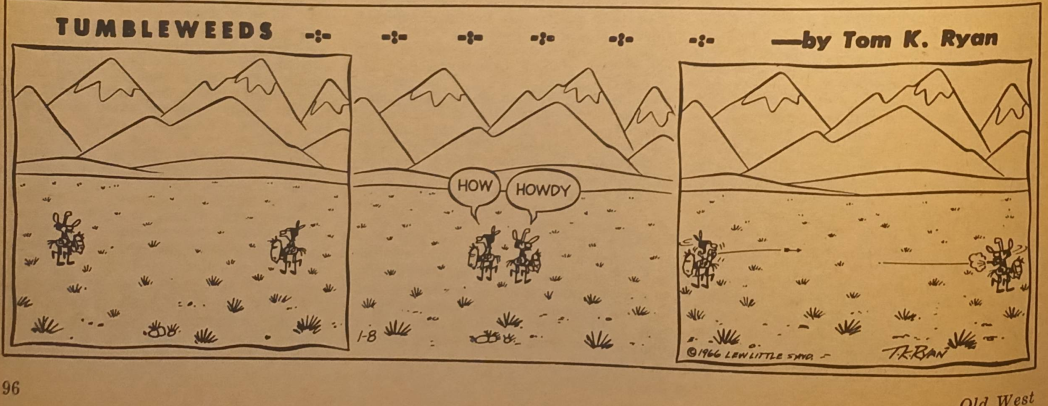
Having seen no signs of Indians prowling about, they then set out in the direction of a Norse settlement some twenty-four miles to the southeast, near the head of the Floyd River.

They reached the sod shanty of a Norwegian just after daylight the next morning, and were hospitably received. They related their adventure, and a few days afterward, securing the services of an ox-team and two of the settlers to go with them, they made a second and successful journey after the pipe-stone.

It was brought back to the settlement and subsequently taken to Sioux City and shipped to St. Louis on the first downward-bound steamer.

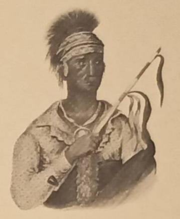
It goes without saying that Niche Kotonka never put in an appearance at Yankton, and in fact, though Odolph had occasion several times afterward to pass through the Agency, he never could succeed in getting a sight of the treacherous chief.

The pipe-stone was received by the St. Louis merchant and paid for. It made a beautiful table top, and yet remains in possession of the family. It is greatly admired by guests, not only for the exquisite polish of its mottled surface, but also as a witness of the Danish fur-buyer's determined fulfillment of a perilous contract.



Biographical sketch prepared under auspices
of Department of War at Washington in 1854

AMERICAN INDIAN GALLERY



NEOMONNI

THIS IS the fifth chief, in grade, in the Ioway tribe. In attempting to describe his own age, he said that he was born when his tribe made war the first time upon the Osages; and that, he believed, was about forty years ago. This is as near as the Indians usually approach to accuracy in regard to their own ages.

He describes himself as having had a pacific disposition in childhood and as having had no desire to kill anything until he was ten years old. At that time a great flight of wild pigeons covered the country, and he went out with other boys to kill them. Having been employed for some days in this way, he became fond of the sport, and then killed a squirrel. After that his brothers offered him a gun, of which at first he was afraid but, being induced to receive it, he went out and shot a turkey.

He remembers that while yet a boy, being one day in the village, some warriors returned from an expedition, shouting, and making a great noise. The people collected around them while the warriors sang and danced and exhibited the scalps they had taken.

His father took him by the hand and said to him, "Son, listen to me. Look at those scalps and at those great warriors! This is what I like to see. Observe those braves and learn to follow their example. Go to war and kill, too, and the chiefs will look upon you as a brave man."

Such teaching would not be lost upon a boy, and least of all upon an Indian lad whose first lesson inculcates the shedding of blood and whose innate destructiveness, practised in the beginning upon the lesser animals, is rapidly developed and improved as his strength increases, by the strongest incentives, until it attains its maximum in the great exploit of manslaughter.

Neomonni was soon after permitted to accompany a war party, and being too young to bear arms, was employed in carrying the cooking utensils and other burdens. It is thus that Indian boys, like the pages and squires of chivalry, are trained for the business of war. He was in the rear, when an onset was made upon a camp of the Kansas and, running eagerly forward to indulge his curiosity, witnessed the killing of a woman, stuck his knife into the expiring victim, and had the fortune to seize upon two children who became his prisoners. These were afterwards given up by him to General Clark, the superintendent of Indian affairs, at St. Louis.

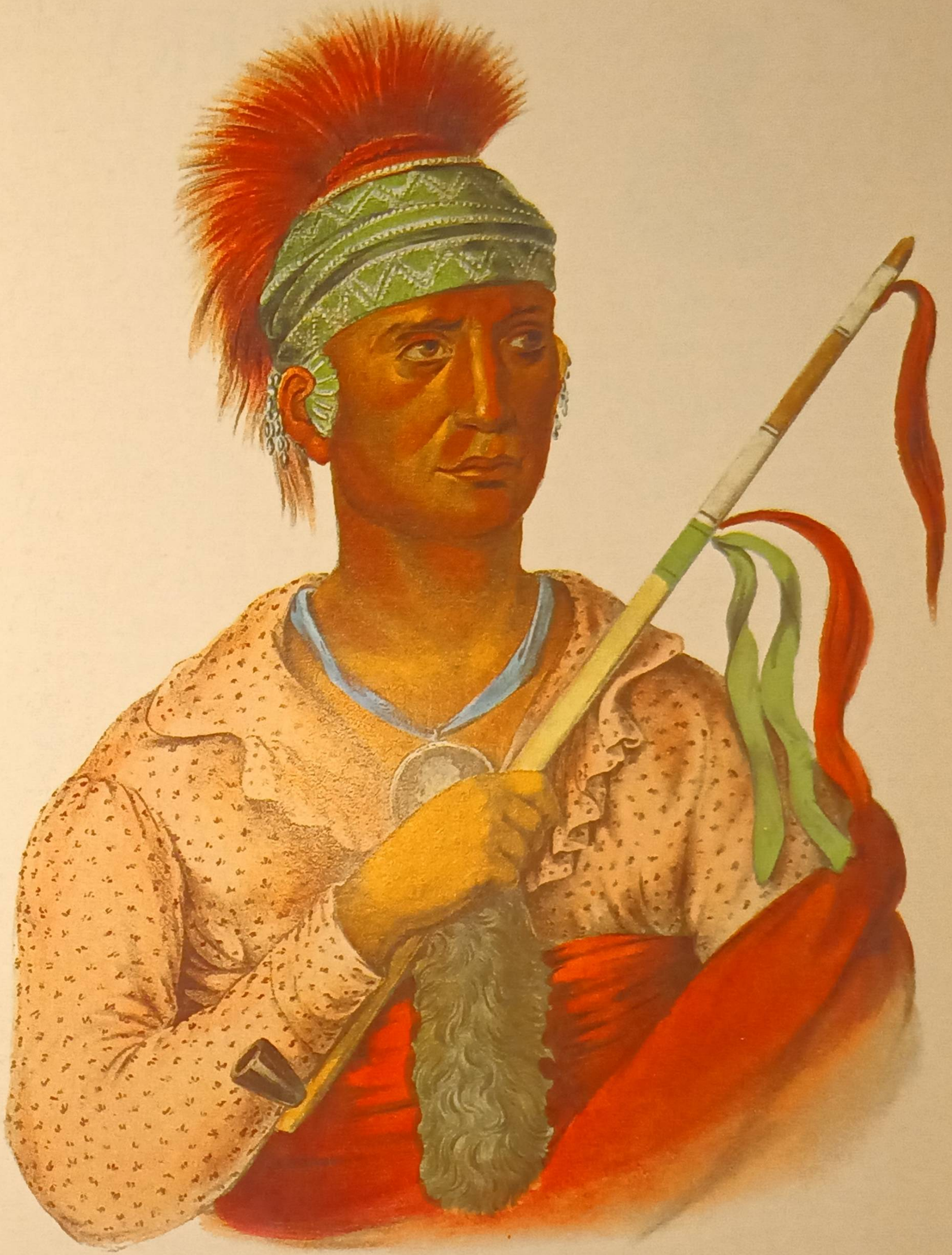
WHEN about seventeen, Neomonni was at a hunting lodge with a small party under his uncle, Hard Heart, who left them for a short time to go to procure powder and lead. While lounging about camp he espied an Omaha, who was peeping at him, and endeavoring at the same time to avoid observation. Neomonni called the stranger to him and invited him to spend the night at the lodge. The Omaha, who probably could not readily escape, came to the camp, and they watched him all night.

His death was resolved upon, but as an Indian seldom acts except by stratagem, the tragedy was deferred until morning. At dawn they began to move their camp. While on the march, one of the party shot the Omaha; and Neomonni, after he had fallen, discharged an arrow into his body and scalped him. An old man of the party, whose son had been killed by the Omahas, exclaimed, "Now I'll be captain!" by which he meant that having a cause for revenge against the Omahas, he had the best right to take the lead in the savage gratification of exulting over a fallen enemy.

As our readers would not be edified by a particular detail of the sanguinary deeds of this chief, we shall not pursue the minute recital with which he was good enough to favor us. However interesting such adventures might be to the spectators of a war-dance or the grave members of a council, we fear they might not be equally pleasing to civilized ears, and shall,therefore, abridge a narrative which contains but a repetition of such deeds as those already repeated.

The cloud out of which the rain comes—for such is the signification of the compound word Neomonni—is a warrior of repute. In one of his adventures he accompanied the celebrated Otoe chief, Ietan, to the River Platte. In summing up his various exploits, Neomonni claims to have taken three scalps of the Kansas, two of the Omahas, one of the Missouris, one of the Sioux, one of the Sauks, and two of the Osages.

In the reputable business of horse-stealing he has been engaged thirteen times, and has taken forty horses. On four expeditions he acted as captain; and he has presented sixty-seven horses and twenty rifles, on different occasions, to individuals or tribes other than his own. These acts of liberality are recounted with much complacency because, while they show on the one hand a wealth gained by daring and successful stratagem, they evince on the other a generosity, public spirit, and zeal for the honor of the tribe, highly becoming the character of a great chief.



NE-O-MON-NI,

AN IOWAY CHIEF.